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WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY OHIO

A CALL TO ARMS

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

In memory of Captain Philip Kilburn Lighthall, who offered to his country, on the deck of the "Tuscania," "the last full measure of devotion"

It is I, America, calling!
Above the sound of rivers falling,
Above the whir of the wheels and the chime of bells in the steeple
—Wheels, rolling gold into the palms of the people—
Bells ringing silverly clear and slow
To church-going, leisurely steps on pavements below.
Above all familiar sounds of the life of a nation
I shout to you a name.
And the flame of that name is sped
Like fire into hearts where blood runs red—
The hearts of the land burn hot to the land's salvation
As I call across the long miles, as I, America, call to my nation
Tuscania! Tuscania!
Americans, remember the *Tuscania!*

Shall we not remember how they died
In their young courage and loyalty and pride,
Our boys—bright-eyed, clean lads of America's breed,
Hearts of gold, limbs of steel, flower of the nation indeed?
How they tossed their years to be
Into icy waters of a winter sea
That we whom they loved—that the world which they loved should be free?
Ready, ungrudging they died, each one thinking, likely, as the moment was come
Of the dear, starry flag, worth dying for, and then of dear faces at home;
Going down in good order, with a song on their lips of the land of the free and the brave
Till each young, deep voice stopped—under the rush of a wave.
Was it like that? And shall their memory ever grow pale?
Not ever, till the stars in the flag of America fail.
It is I, America, who swear it, calling

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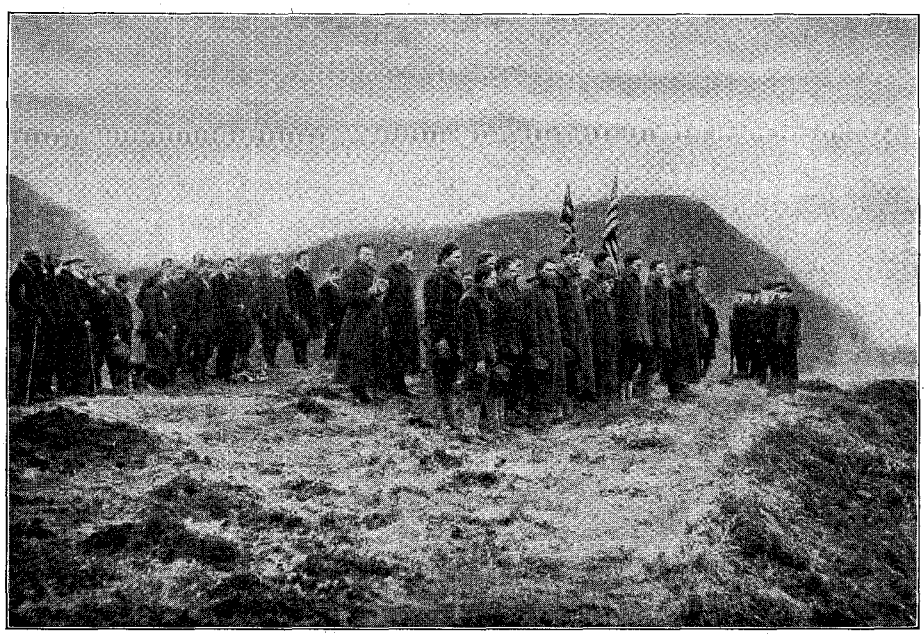
Over the sound of that deep ocean's falling,
Tuscania! *Tuscania!*
Arm, arm, Americans! Remember the *Tuscania!*

Very peacefully they are sleeping
In friendly earth, unmindful of a nation's weeping,
And the kindly, strange folk have honored the long, full graves, we know;
And the mothers know that their boys are safe, now, from the hurts of a savage foe;
It is for us who are left to make sure and plain
That these dead, our precious dead, shall not have died in vain;
So that I, America, young and strong and not afraid,
I set my face across that sea which swallowed the bodies of the sons I made,
I set my eyes on the still faces of boys washed up on a distant shore
And I call with a shout to my own to end this horror forevermore!
In the boys' names I call a name,
And the nation leaps to fire in its flame
And my sons and my daughters crowd, eager to end the shame—
It is I, America, calling,
Hoarse with the roar of that ocean falling,
Tuscania! *Tuscania!*
Arm, arm, Americans! And remember, remember the *Tuscania!*



From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

Survivors and mourners at the burial of the *Tuscania* victims, whose graves are three hundred feet below, close to the water's edge on the Scottish coast. The squad who fired the salute stand at the extreme edge of the cliff.

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THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

THE LARGEST NAVAL SCHOOL IN THE WORLD

BY CAROL HOWE FOSTER

Instructor in the Department of English, U. S. Naval Academy

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE SPECIALLY FOR SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE AND FROM OTHERS TAKEN BY THE STAFF OF "THE LUCKY BAG," U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

Assembling for luncheon formation.

Before each meal the midshipmen form on the terrace in two double ranks. After roll-call and the publication of orders, they march into the mess-hall. The low building is part of the admirable temporary quarters erected for the reserve officers.

WHILE the naval schools of England, France, and Germany are at present but shadows of their former substance, and while the attendance at most American colleges has been greatly reduced on account of the war—sometimes by as much as three-fourths—the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, has been increased enormously. New construction is under way at a cost of several million dollars. The number of authorized appointments has grown in two years from one thousand one hundred and sixty-six to three thousand one hundred and thirty-one. In the unlikely event that all vacancies should be filled next fall, the Academy would have an entering class of almost two thousand midshipmen. It was far different in the year of its founding, 1845, when the Naval

12422

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School at Annapolis took into the naval service only seven acting midshipmen. This development is worth reviewing.

Long before 1845 the need of a naval school had been pointed out by more than one Secretary of the Navy; but the obstacles were formidable. To the mind of the older and more "practical" naval officer the notion of a naval school on land was preposterous. "As well teach a duck to swim in a garret," he said. After this argument had been knocked out by the advent of steam and the consequent demand for officers with some grounding in engineering, came the obstacle of Congress. It would permit a war-vessel to be repaired annually at half the original cost, but it refused, with a canny eye on corn-fed constituencies, to vote a single dollar for a new naval school. Economy ruled the whole world in the long days of pacifism following Napoleon's wars. At last, however, after many attempts had failed—one in 1827 by the heart-breaking margin of one senatorial vote—Congress was circumvented by George Bancroft, who was Secretary of the Navy from 1845 to the fall of 1846. By combining vision with adroitness Bancroft used the means ready to his hand and succeeded where others had failed.

Tecumseh "the god of 2.5."

The "woodenest" man in the Academy, and yet manages to stay in. Formerly he was the wooden figurehead of the old *Delaware*.

In casting about for ways and wiles Bancroft soon found that there was at Annapolis an abandoned army post, Fort Severn, which the War Department was willing to transfer to the navy. This army post, then, not because it was thought to be the most suitable of all sites, but because it could be had for nothing, became the cradle of the nation's naval school. To those who know the Academy to-day, with its fifty-one buildings, including Bancroft Hall—said to be the largest single barracks in the world—it is interesting to recall the appearance of the old fort. Near the eastward end of the present gymnasium, or Luce Hall, stood in 1845 the main building of the old post, properly speaking a battery. This was a circular structure one hundred feet in diameter with massive stone walls fourteen feet high. The roof was several feet below the top of the wall and was sodded, serving as a platform for the eight guns. There were nine other much smaller buildings, and a large mulberry-tree; and the whole covered a tongue-shaped area of nine acres and three-quarters, enclosed by a red-brick wall nine feet high.

But the site for a school was of no use without money for repairs and the fitting up of classrooms and living quarters. At this point some genius in the Navy Department reminded the Secretary that he had a lump sum of twenty-eight thousand two hundred dollars that he could spend at his discretion for instruction. "This money was not appropriated by Congress specifically for this purpose, but was considered in the estimates for the yearly appropriation bill; and it was the custom of the Department to take this amount from the pay of the navy and from the allowance for contingent expenses, putting its expenditure in

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The regiment of midshipmen returning from chapel Sunday morning.

They now number about fourteen hundred; next year there will be about two thousand.

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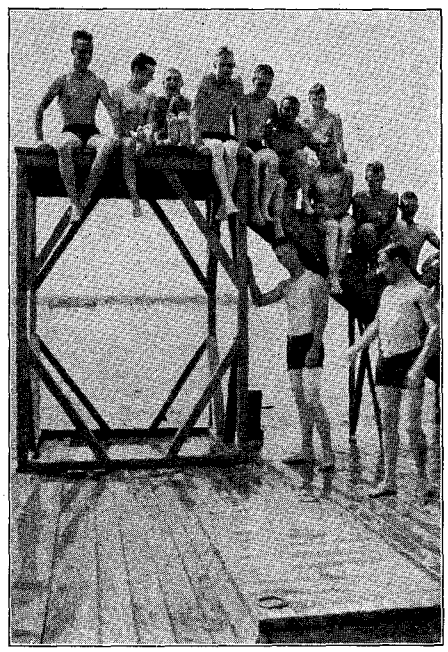
a separate item of 'Instruction.' Owing to the fact that professors received no pay when off duty, the amount expended in any year might be reduced or increased by placing a greater or less number of professors on waiting orders. Thus in 1845, when two professors were waiting orders, the sum allowed for instruction remained the same as in 1844, while the amount spent was reduced." *

The civilian teacher, by the way, has often had a more onerous part in the education of our navy than is generally appreciated. In the early years before the Academy was founded, the schoolmaster aboard ship was supposed to teach the midshipmen mathematics, navigation, English, history, ethics, languages, and whatever else they needed to be taught except seamanship and gunnery. To accomplish this he was not furnished such adventitious aids as a schoolroom or definite authority. His annual pay hardly exceeded that of his pupils. Yet despite the paltriness of their position and pay some of the schoolmasters were men of high attainments. William Chauvenet and Henry H. Lockwood, who in the early forties were at the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia, demonstrated the possibilities of real teaching, and helped to convert the Old Navy to the idea of a naval school on land. Professor Chauvenet afterward became Chancellor of the Washington University of Missouri; and Professor Lockwood served in the Civil War as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. But on board ship even the competent teacher was so handicapped by the faults of a bad system that he effected little instruction. He held office at the pleasure of the captain, and was paid only when the ship was at sea. His task was not made easier by the fact that his charges might be called at any moment to help furl sail or row the "skipper" ashore. Midshipmen, furthermore, came into the service at almost any age. Farragut, our greatest admiral, became a "middy" at the age of nine; Jacob Jones at thirty-one; Maury at seventeen. Still another handicap of the schoolmaster was his anomalous position on the ship. Until 1842 he was not allowed to eat with the officers, but was required to mess with his pupils. He had no rank. A self-respecting man could not live in an office of such mean dignity; and sometimes the old navy schoolmaster earned the execrations he received from the mouths and pens of naval officers. Matthew Fontaine Maury, one of the most brilliant men of the service, wrote in 1840 with quaint detestation: "I was afterwards transferred to another vessel in which the schoolmaster was a young lawyer, who knew more about *jetsam* and *flotsam* than about lunars and dead reckoning—at least I presume so, for he never afforded us an opportunity to judge of his knowledge on the latter subjects. He was not on speaking terms with the reefers (midshipmen)—ate up all the plums for the duff, and was finally turned out of the ship as a nuisance." *



A party of midshipmen at the swimming float across the Severn.

The Academy is noted for its high standard of physical development. This is an average group.

* See page 39 of Soley's "History of the Naval Academy," 1876.

* Harry Bluff (pseudonym): "Scraps from the Lucky Bag," *Southern Literary Messenger*, May, 1840, p. 315.

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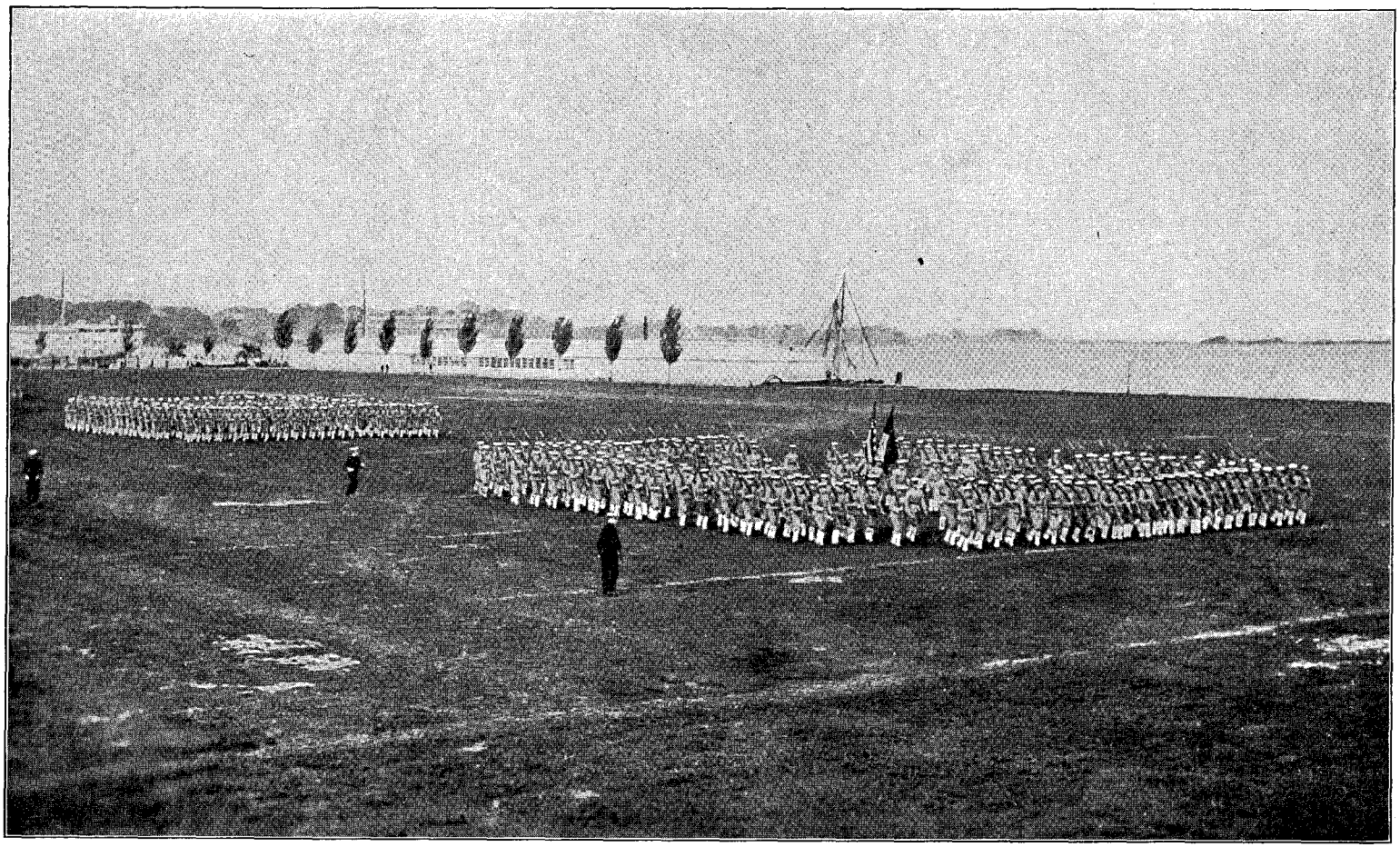

Forming battalion squares at infantry drill.

At the left appears the stern of the *Reina Mercedes*, which was sunk in Santiago harbor by stray shells from Sampson's bombardment of the forts. The foremast of the *Maine* may be seen near the middle of the line of trees.

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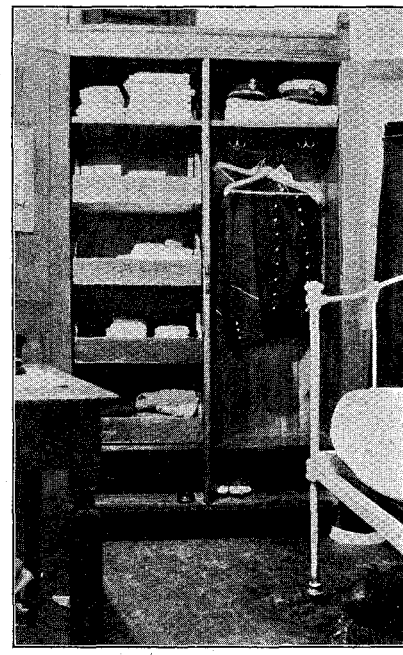
Yet the shortcomings of the pedagogues only accentuated the navy's need. The artless roistering of navy youths on shore leave came to be a proverb among writers. The rough language and demeanor, the unhewn notions, of many older officers were a reproach to the service. By 1845, when steam was commonly used in our navy, it no longer sufficed for an officer to be a good seaman and a skilful gun-captain. He had to be also a man of some scientific knowledge, with a modicum at least of the world's stored wisdom. Yet to bring about Secretary Bancroft's desire to make "the officers of the American Navy as distinguished for culture as for gallant conduct," an entirely new system was necessary. So using the occasion given him by the remissness of the schoolmasters, and the power given him by the wording of the Naval Appropriation Act, the Secretary placed most of them on waiting orders, where they were technically not entitled to pay, and employed the funds intended for them in fitting up the fort as a school. The civilian teachers of the navy thus left coldly on the beach were, willy-nilly, the financial benefactors and founders, the Leland Stanfords and Ezra Cornells, the John Harvards and the Eli Yales of the Naval School at Annapolis. Three of the schoolmasters, Professors Chauvenet, Lockwood, and Girault, who had been retained on duty, with a surgeon, a chaplain, and three officers, formed the first faculty. The first superintendent, who later was the ranking officer of the Confederate Navy and commanded the *Virginia* at Hampton Roads and the *Tennessee* at Mobile Bay, was Commander Franklin Buchanan.



Corner of a "youngster's" room.

This room, in spite of one's first impression, is "in disorder" on account of the position of caps, shoes, shoestrings, collar, and paper. "Plebes" have no stripes on sleeve, "youngsters" have one, second classmen two, first classmen three diagonal or one to five horizontal on cuff or a "buzzard" on the arm.

During the fall of 1845 seven candidates were taken into the new school. They came from civil life, between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, and were examined in reading, writing, geography, and arithmetic before being admitted into the service. After a year at the Naval School as acting midshipmen, they were to have three years at sea, and then return for another year of study at Annapolis, this time as midshipmen.

Acting midshipmen from civil life, however, were in the minority at first. Most of those in attendance at the school were midshipmen who had been to sea for five or six years, and had been ordered to Annapolis for a year of mental training. For the first five years, from 1845 until 1850, the Naval School at Annapolis was chiefly a place where the junior officers of the navy could interrupt their sea service and prepare to take their examinations for promotion. Instruction had to be adapted to students of extremely varied ages and stages of advancement, who were, in addition, likely to be ordered to sea at any time. They regarded themselves less as pupils than as officers on leave of absence from sea duty. Consequently the most military exercise was duelling, the most popular uniform dressing-gowns, and the favorite study researches into the spiritual possibilities of barley and the grape. In these earliest times the upper classmen or "oldsters" were a cross to their instructors and a source of unholy inspiration to their juniors. But in 1850 the Naval School

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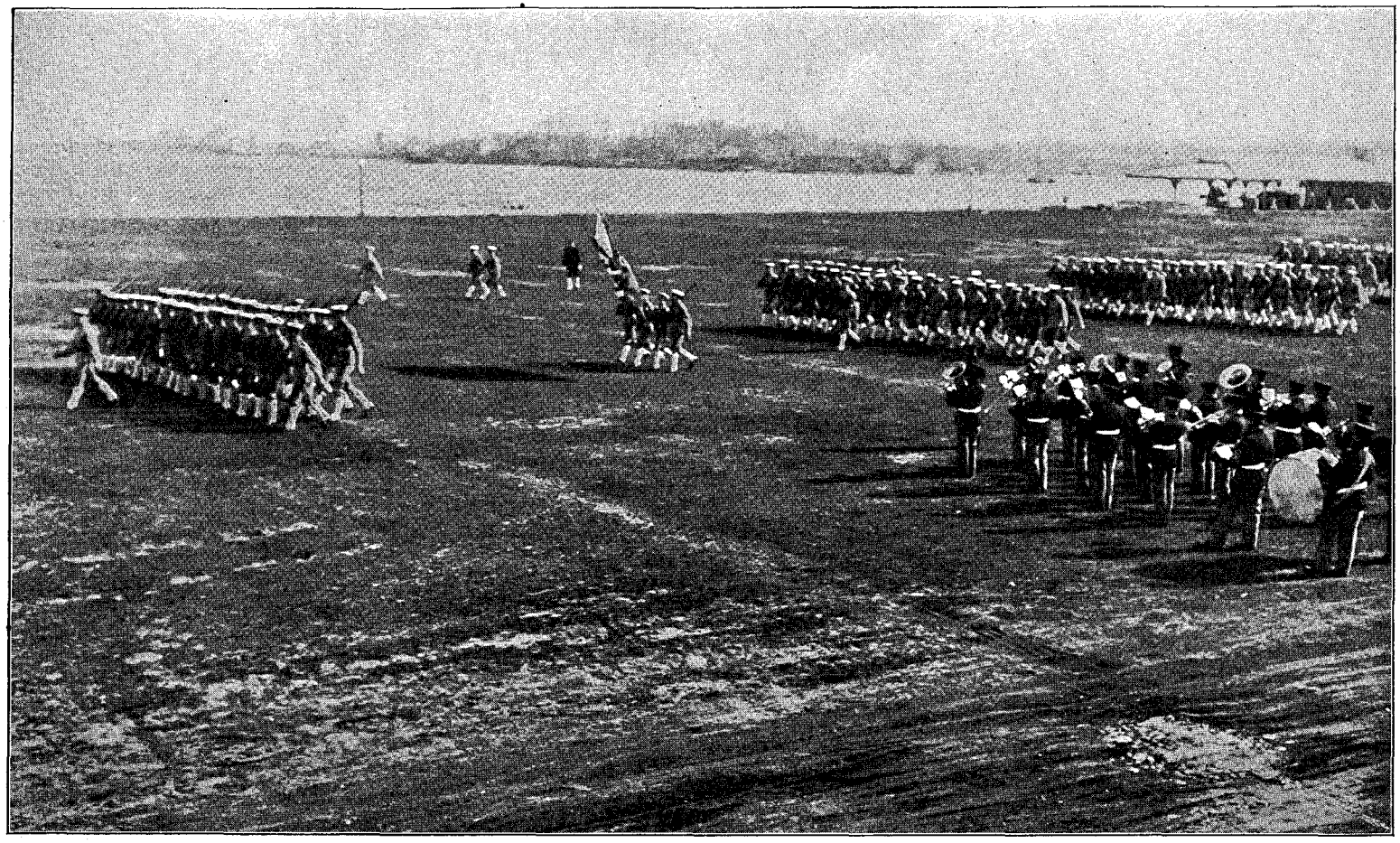

Battalion at infantry drill, in column of companies.

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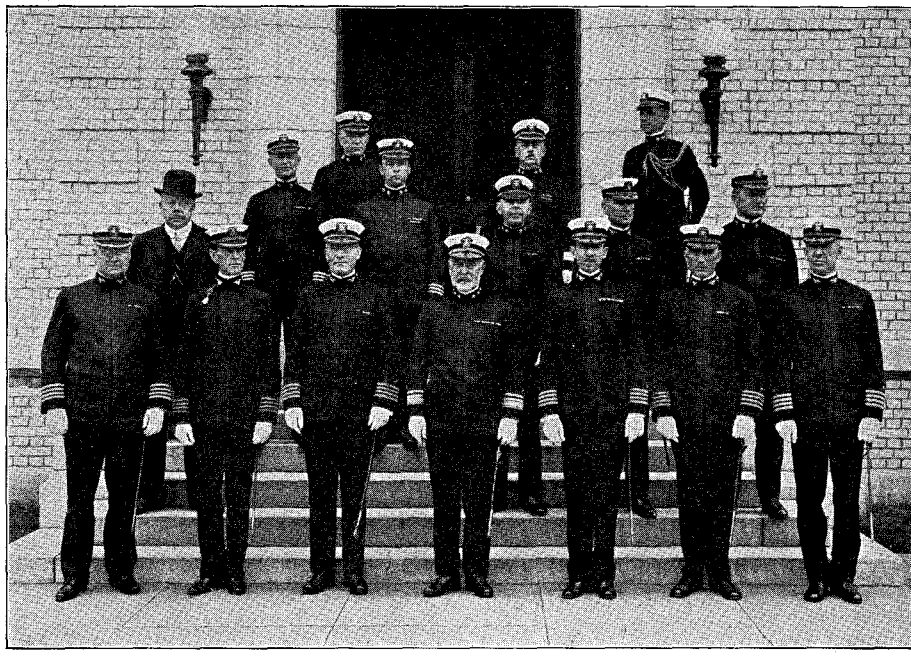

The Academic Board, May, 1918, consisting of the Superintendent, Rear-Admiral Eberle, and his Heads of Department.

became the United States Naval Academy, and the regulations were revised. Duelling, cards, tobacco, liquor, clubs, and societies, the use of firearms, and marriage were more effectively forbidden than before. It was decreed, moreover: "No *professor, instructor*, midshipman, or acting midshipman, *nor any other person doing duty in the institution*, is to go beyond the limits of the inclosure without the permission of the Superintendent." Also, summer practise cruises were introduced in 1851, so that students at the Academy could acquire some of the wisdom of the sea and still remain under the salutary direction of instructors. On leaving the Academy acting midshipmen became midshipmen and remained at sea.

There have been many changes since 1851. During the Civil War the Academy was moved to Newport, on the historic *Constitution*, while its former home was used as a base hospital by the army. On the Academy's return to Annapolis in 1865, Vice-Admiral Porter, the Superintendent, instituted regular dances, or "hops," and, most important of all his reforms, the honor system by which a midshipman's word was not to be questioned. He also encouraged athletics in every way. In the presence of a throng of midshipmen he even boxed with one of them himself, and allowed the nose of the Vice-Admiral of the Navy to be smartly tapped by his enthusiastic young opponent—to the manifest glee of the assembly, and to the shuddering horror of the Old Navy when it learned of this innovation. By the end of Porter's superintendency in 1869 the Naval Academy had worked out the system followed to the present day. Since 1851 academic work has not been interrupted by three years at sea. Through drills and summer cruises practical skill and seagoing habits have been acquired without sacrificing progress in the theory and science of the naval profession. During their four years at the Academy its graduates have felt its potent spell, and have afterward won honor for it and themselves. The results achieved challenge comparison with those of any college, and have made a reputation second to none. The fundamental reasons for this success will now be indicated. In the opinion of the

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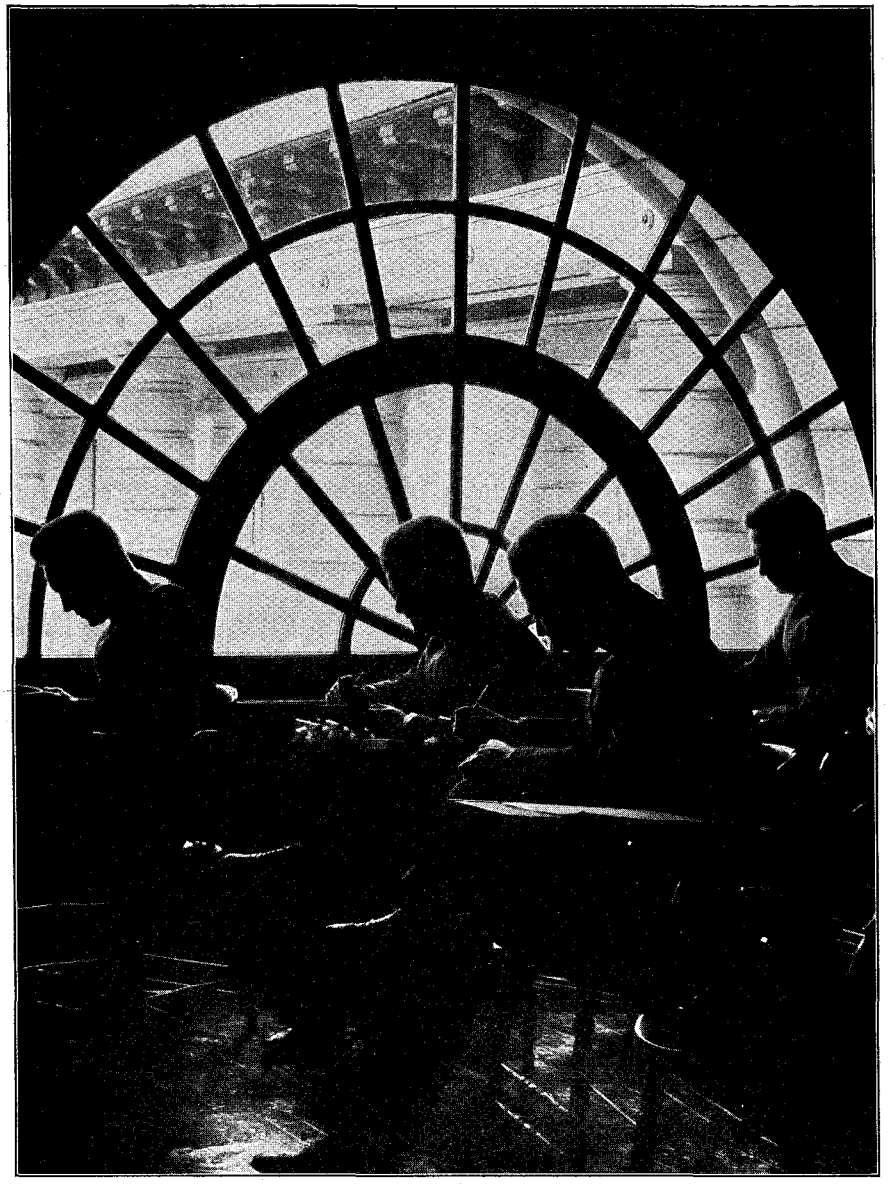

Members of the first class taking an ordnance examination in the armory, known officially as Dahlgren Hall.

writer there are four: small sections; military discipline; definiteness of aim; incessant competition.

For purposes of instruction the Academy's students have from the first been divided into small sections. This undoubtedly has laid one of the cornerstones of the Academy's success. It has made it possible to have personal direction and scrutiny by an instructor of each student's work in every branch. If the recitation sections—which now consist of ten to sixteen men—ever become so large that there can no longer be a clear understanding by the instructor of the individual difficulties of every student in his section, the Academy will begin to lose its power. When responsible for only a small group a teacher can see that each one prepares the whole lesson. Special

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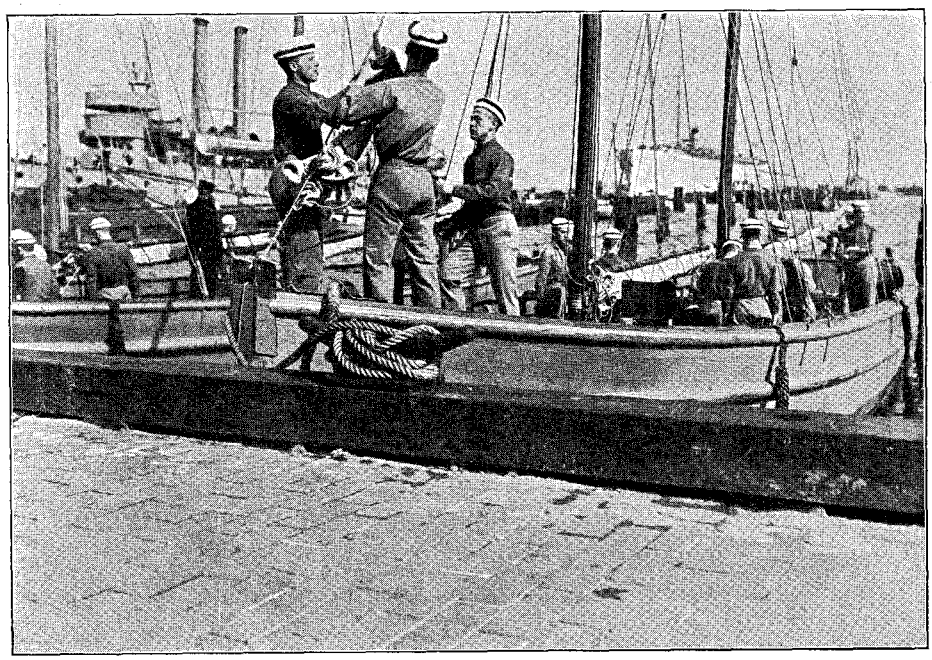
exercises can be laid out and corrected for each student, and individual instruction largely takes the place of the ordinary lecture method.

To the college teacher nothing could be more novel than the recitation system at Annapolis. Half of each class recite the first hour of the period, half the second hour. Before each recitation seven hundred young men—half the regiment—fall in in two long blue-clothed and straight-standing ranks in front of Bancroft Hall and answer the roll-call. Led by the drummers and buglers—"Hell Cats" of the "Bungle Corpse"—they then march the quarter of a mile to the recitation buildings. There, after certain military evolutions baffling to the layman, they receive the command, "Section-leaders take charge!" and go to the section rooms. Inside the rooms or at the doors the instructors are waiting. The regulations prescribe the procedure at all recitations. After every midshipman has taken position in front of his chair in the attitude of "attention," the section-leader faces the instructor, who also stands at "attention," and says: "Sir, I report the *n*th section, Jones, J. J., absent." The instructor replies: "Seat your section!" The section-leader tells the section: "Seats!" And after all this the recitation proceeds much as it would elsewhere.

In spite of personal contact by virtue of small sections, the military idea of discipline pervades all the Academy's work. Even in the section room the midshipman is required by the Regulations to stand at attention when reciting. Aside from recitations, midshipmen are organized into a regiment of sixteen companies. Company spirit is appealed to. Whether as private in his company or as officer, a midshipman is brought to feel that he carries a heavy responsibility to his comrades for the way he wears his uniform, for his neatness, his faithful discharge of duty, and his co-operation in Bancroft Hall with the disciplinary authorities. The confidence reposed in him is shown by the fact that there are twelve hundred high-spirited young men living in one building, and that it takes only one Duty Officer to maintain order and enforce the military regulations of the midshipmen's life. They govern themselves.

The details of discipline are prescribed



Embarking in sailing launches for seamanship drill.

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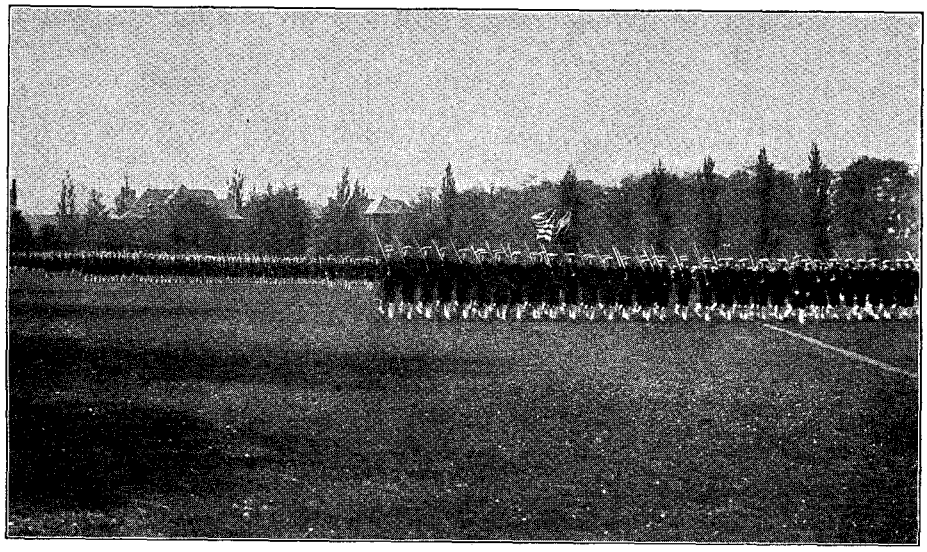

Nineteen hundred midshipmen and reserve officers passing in review before the Superintendent and the Board of Visitors on Worden Field, May 6, 1918.

in the Naval Academy Regulations, called the "Midshipman's Bible." This gives the minutest specifications as to the position in the room for shoes and shirt and everything else the midshipman possesses. Offenses must be reported as nearly as possible in the language of the regulations; and the regulations are held responsible, by the sardonic, for some ludicrous reports. In the daily account of offenses charged against midshipmen have occurred the following atrocities: "Hanging around galley, hungry look on face, with intent to steal"; "Wearing white socks in place of white gloves to infantry drill"; "Sitting on back of chair with feet on same."

The main characteristic, however, of the discipline here is its fairness. No matter what the charge against him may be, every midshipman, before being assigned demerits or punished in any way, is allowed to make a statement in writing of his side of the case. With very few exceptions midshipmen are brought to a realization of having deserved punishment before punishment is inflicted. The Commandant of Midshipmen is an extremely busy man and is hardly given time to eat his meals. Every day he must confer personally on different matters with dozens of people besides midshipmen, and yet he is never too busy to see a midshipman and explain his point of view with all fulness and fairness. The spirit of discipline emanates from the Commandant, but its embodiment is in the first class. No senior class in any college or university has the power intrusted to it that the first class wields here. The under classes live and work, eat, play, and sleep under the eyes of the first class. Failures to live in the spirit of the place and failures to observe the regulations come, in the first instance, before the company officers of the regiment of midshipmen—that is, virtually, before the first class. They get from the Superintendent and the Commandant the spirit of navy discipline, its team-work and fairness, and impart it to the rest of the regiment.

Another advantage enjoyed from the first by the Academy as an educational institution has been its definiteness of aim. Although material of enormous variety must be converted quickly into a single type of man, all the energies of the student during his academic course are concentrated on this one goal. To prevent distractions, he is advised or restricted in his work, his play, his eating and sleeping, and even in his social recreations. Every midshipman has three

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recitation and five study hours a day. Part of every afternoon is devoted to drills or athletics. By the sound of the gong he ends his meals. Even in dreamland the "Hell Cats" of reveille harshly limit his domain. If he leaves the academic limits, except on special occasions, he must give his authority to the midshipman on guard at the gate, or else he must scale a ten-foot wall surmounted by barbed wire. Only during certain hours may he call upon his fair friends, or—if he is under punishment—be called upon by them. These restraints are often irksome, but the student knows that if he obeys the regulations and does the Academy's required work he will have an honorable career open to him—a career, moreover, in which advancement will depend on the same faculties of hard work and attention to duty that have enabled him to graduate.

The diploma of graduation is a prize of well-recognized value and serves throughout the course as a constant incentive to effort. The greatest incentive, however, and the strongest reason for the remarkable success achieved by Annapolis graduates, is a third essential, the competitive system. This system begins for some with a competitive examination for appointment to the Academy.* Only those who can pass a severe mental and physical examination are admitted. When, for example, the fourth class last summer would report for lectures, with seven hundred and fifty members, there would not be a single pair of glasses worn. In his academic work the midshipman has been marked for every recitation in every subject, on the basis, since 1850, of 4.0 as the maximum. If he makes a miserable recitation, or "busts cold," his classmates surreptitiously—and to the surreptitious amusement of the instructor—turn their thumbs down. The gladiatorial mercy of the place goes further, and puts him on the "tree," or published list of those unsatisfactory, if his marks for the week average less than 2.5 in any branch. Weekly marks are combined with the examination mark to give the final. According to their final marks, the members of each class are arranged every month in order of merit for each branch of study. The student who distinguishes himself in scholarship is more honored here than in most other colleges. If he wins an average mark in all branches of 3.4 or 85 per cent for the year, he wears during the following year a gold star on the collar of his uniform. This is a mark of distinction held in sensible honor both by students and by faculty. The greatest care is taken to have all marks fair and just. Instructors are shifted every month so that no section has the same instructor for more than four weeks. If an instructor is ill his sections are distributed to other instructors; hence every midshipman can get his daily mark. His marks bring him into daily competition with his classmates, and are a potent reminder of the value of regular, steady work. In the course of four years this system of unremitting competition has a marvellous effect on a youth's habits of study and application.

The achievements of Annapolis graduates in war and peace have abundantly justified the nation's confidence; but the young American has a right to ask, before he gives himself and his opportunities over to the Academy: "What will Annapolis do for me?" No complete answer can be given to all the young men aspiring to enter the naval service by this route, but some of the reasons may be indicated why any young man can well afford to take the risk. In most of the thousands of candidates' themes with the title, "Why I Wish to Enter the Naval Academy," have recurred the ideas of money and social position. It is true that the midshipman, instead of paying tuition and other expenses, receives six hundred dollars a year, and as soon as he graduates one thousand seven hundred dollars; and by the time he has been out in the service five years two thousand four hundred dollars a year. Moreover, the social standing of naval officers is as high as that of any class of men in the country. These, however, are externals. There are deeper benefits to be gained.

In the course of his short years at Annapolis the young American will develop his individual powers to a remarkable

* Such competitive appointees, by the way, are more successful than others both in passing the entrance examinations and in completing the academic course. See the writer's "Requirements for Admission to the United States Naval Academy" in the *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, February, 1918.

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Marching from Bancroft Hall to recitation.

Every recitation and drill is preceded by formation and roll-call.

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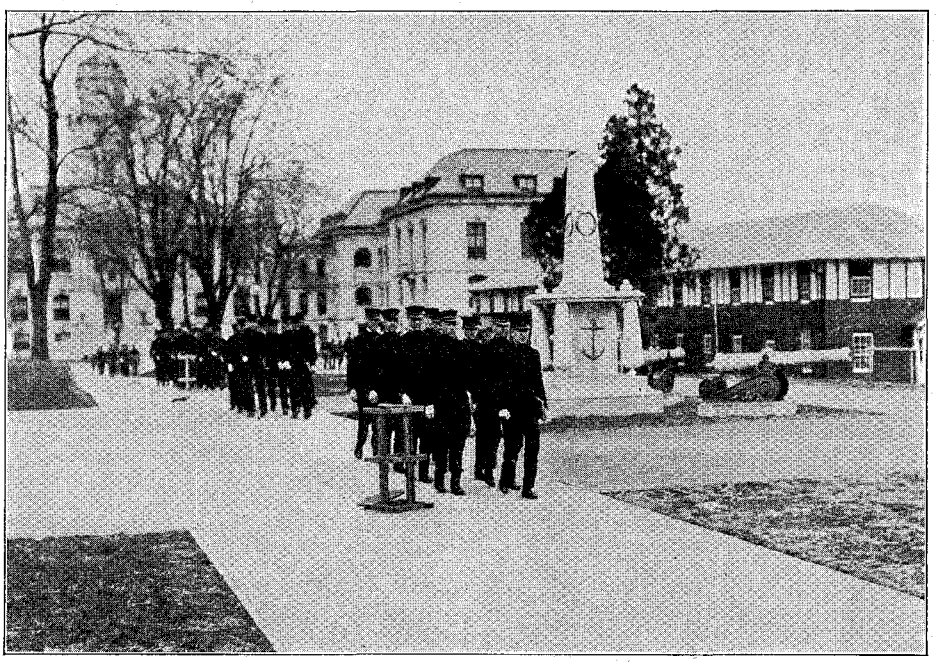

Returning from recitation. Academic group of buildings in the background.

and, in proportion to the time spent, an unparalleled degree. For one thing, he will learn the value of minutes. Every day he does an amount of work of various kinds—from blacking his own shoes and putting every single thing in his room in its place, to learning a twenty-page lesson in naval history or forty pages of seamanship—that would be impossible if he did not follow a daily schedule based on minutes. Almost literally every minute has its task. The commonest complaint of "plebes," or beginners, is that they haven't time; but by the end of the year they find themselves able to complete tasks in an hour that a year earlier they could only have begun in that time. Through routine comes efficiency in the use of time.

Furthermore, the power of memory developed by midshipmen in the course of three or four years is observed by everybody familiar with their work. When reciting they will reproduce page after page of the text-book with astonishing fidelity. This power comes only by habit, under pressure of daily necessity, of closing the mind to everything but the task of the moment. Concentration of mind to a remarkable degree may be expected as a second peculiar benefit to be derived from Naval Academy training.

A sense of responsibility is another habit that the young citizen will acquire. He will learn that a man is strictly responsible for his own acts, and that he may even be accountable for the acts of others. He may be detailed, for instance, as section-leader in a group with a dozen other midshipmen. From the time they form in front of Bancroft Hall to the time when he stands at attention before the instructor's desk and says: "Sir, I report the *n*th section, Smith, B. B., absent," he is accountable for any infraction of the regulations by any one in the section. He may even receive twenty-five demerits for the "talking in ranks" that some one else is guilty of. Having full authority to maintain order and quiet in the section, he is expected to maintain them. In this daily facing of responsibility he develops a habit that every naval officer must have, and develops it more directly than he could elsewhere.

Still another thing the midshipman will be taught, explicitly if necessary, is good manners. He will learn that failure to salute an officer of the Academy is not

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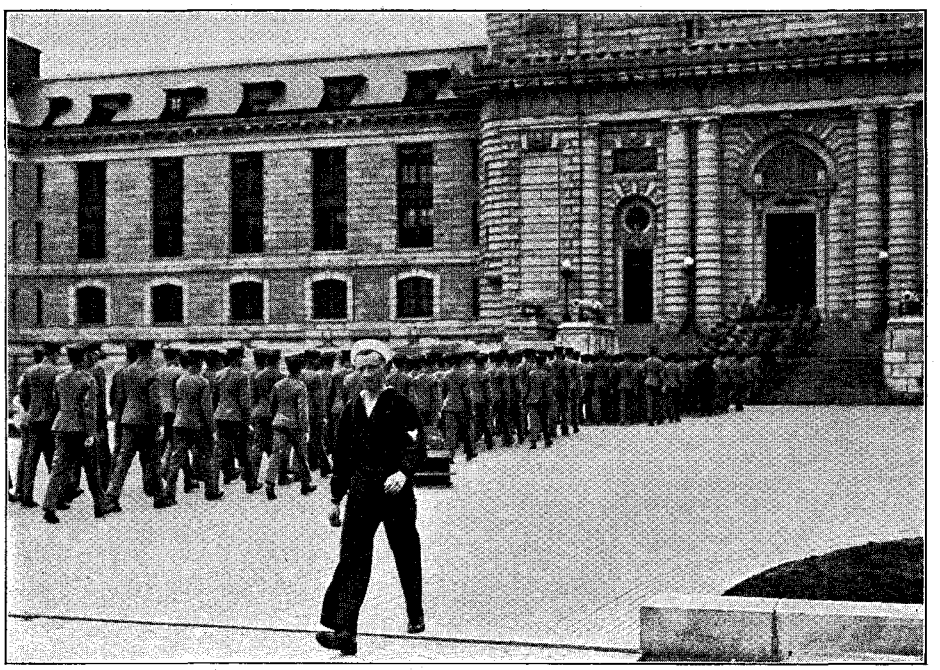

Reserve officers on their way to the mess-hall.

Four hundred and fifty of them are now having four months of intensive training at the Academy. They mess with the midshipmen in Bancroft Hall.

only a breach of the regulations but also a breach of military etiquette. So with the word of three letters that to some youths, if we may judge by the reluctance with which they use it, is the bitterest word in the language, the word "sir." It is no small boon to a young man to know or learn that "sir" can be said at the proper time without any derogation of his own dignity. Even so difficult a thing as table manners is taught by the upper classmen to those who need instruction. The ears of the backward one will be dinned with the cry, "Man overboard!" when he leaves his spoon in his cup, or "Boat your oars!" when his knife and fork are leaning against his plate, or "Rig in your boom, mister!" if his elbows tend to a horizontal position. In ways unofficial but ingenious and thorough, rebukes for table manners are conducive to cerebral activity. "Safety first" prompts the "plebe" to sit erect on the front edge of his chair, with elbows snug to ribs.

There is one more benefit, a fifth, so familiar that it is often forgotten at Annapolis. An evenly developed physique is acquired by every Annapolis graduate. A first classman's "brace," or carriage, differs from a "plebe's" largely because of the physical training he has had. Every year each midshipman is given a careful test for almost every muscle in his body, and if he is much deficient, especially in swimming, he is assigned special work in the "gym," on the Weak Squad. Until his defect is corrected he is, in midshipmen's slang, a "Swedish gymnast," a member of the "Squid." The superior physical development and condition of midshipmen is apparent in every athletic contest. Even the casual observer is struck by their well-developed shoulders and by their endurance. One might scan the entire regiment and not see a single scrawny neck.

Regularity of exercise, sleep, and eating, is one reason for the midshipmen's good physical condition. Another is the military cleanness that prevails throughout their larder, galley, and garbage cans. Huge electric ovens, bread mixers, pots, pans, and floors are all kept clean, not according to the standards of domestic

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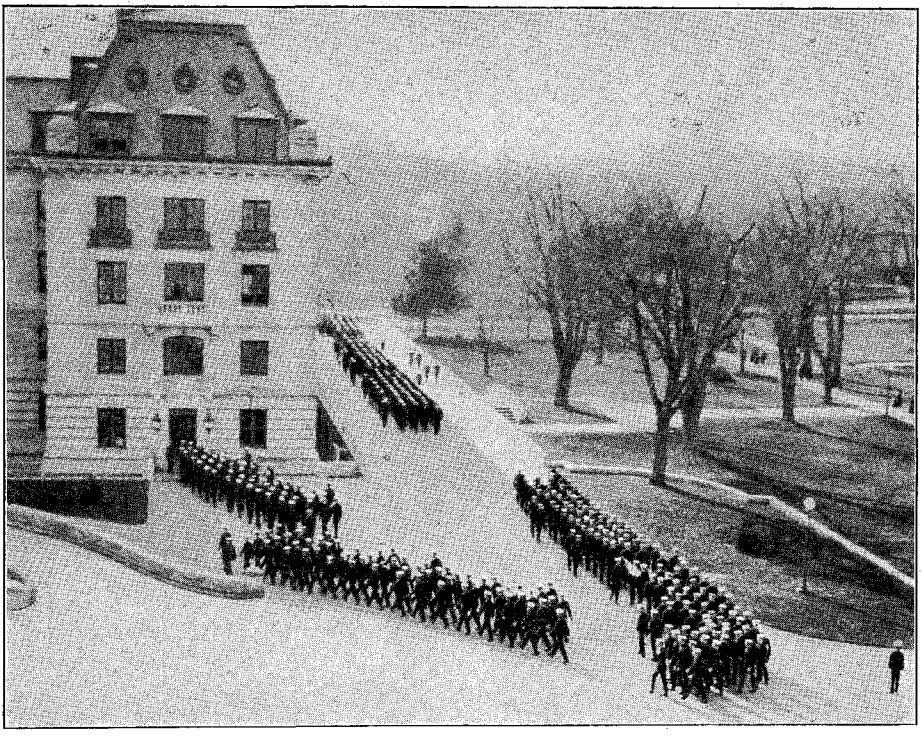

Going to dinner; after formation, roll-call, and the reading out of orders by the adjutants.

servants but militarily and germicidally clean. The Naval Academy dairy also carries a large responsibility for the regiment's health. Some years ago, when a surprisingly large percentage of the midshipmen seemed to be always off duty on account of gastro-intestinal disorders, an inspection of the commercial dairies supplying the Academy revealed shockingly unsanitary conditions. As a result, the Midshipmen's Storekeeper succeeded in having the Academy own and operate its own dairy. The effect of improved milk on the regiment's health was startling. To quote a comment more enthusiastic than logical: "Sickness was reduced six hundred per cent." The paymaster's report, by the way, about five years ago came to the attention of British army authorities and resulted in establishing government dairies for many army posts in India.

The Naval Academy does many things for its students, but its most valuable service and its chief claim to greatness lie in its teaching of ideals. At the Academy standards which the officer of the United States navy is expected to live up to are shown by example and are stated to the student explicitly. The cult of duty is divided into simple principles that any one can grasp. They are taught by explanation, repetition, reward, and punishment. A midshipman's final mark is materially raised by good conduct, lowered by bad conduct. The ideals of military character are never lost sight of; they are the most emphasized thing the Academy has to teach. The first of these is obedience—unhesitating, thoughtful, and loyal obedience. The principle is well recognized that he must first learn to obey who would learn to command. The ideal of obedience the midshipman strives for is not to question even in his own mind any lawful order he receives. The cheerful "Ay, ay, sir!" with which he will execute the most distasteful of orders, is an inspiration to one accustomed to the more dilatory and recalcitrant obedience of civilian students. Thoughtfulness is the hardest phase of

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obedience for him to learn, but with greater age and experience comes greater thinking power, and by the time he is a first classman he gives, when carrying out orders, unmistakable evidence of thought. As a principle of military doctrine he has been told what to do rather than the method of doing it. Instant and instinctive obedience is demanded, but thoughtfulness and initiative also are inculcated.

On one occasion the first class came to feel that the regiment was becoming too careless in certain details of military discipline that were desired by the authorities. After full discussion of their responsibility for the morale of all the under classmen, they voted unanimously at a class meeting in favor of making the Academy absolutely "reg." Then the school witnessed an abolition of special privilege more astounding than the first Russian revolution. From that day all the regulations against talking, or turning of head, or scratching of nose in ranks, and for other points of military smartness, were carried out loyally. Some graver evils that had crept in, like gambling, were stamped out ruthlessly by the first class. It is doubtful if any school in the country to-day equals the Naval Academy in its ideal and in its attainment of the spirit of loyalty. Loyalty, as the midshipman learns soon after entering if he does not know it before, is essential to good team-work; and with the American naval officer the instinct for team-work is almost primary.

The midshipman of to-day is far superior in loyalty to his prototype of 1845. Within the enclosure of Fort Severn the first students were quartered in five small buildings. Of all these the Abbey enjoyed the best reputation. "In harmony with its name, its occupants were supposed to be pious and of a serious disposition. No skylarking disturbed its serenity, no roaring choruses came from its portals, and no illicit lights appeared after hours at its windows. So orderly and well behaved was it that the officer of the day was prone to omit it from his regular inspections. But when its extreme goodness came at last to look unnatural, suspicion lay but a step beyond. Then followed a sudden raid of the authorities and a swift descent from grace, for behold a tunnel through the wall at the back of the house stood revealed, out of which its staid dwellers regularly escaped into town, or, as they called it, 'Frenched.' The silence which had prevailed at night was the silence of solitude, for the youngsters supposed to be peacefully studying or sleeping were indulging in hilarious larks outside. And when they were not at that they were receiving contraband bottles through the hole. So fell the Abbey, and Rowdy Row with open arms welcomed it to congenial wickedness." *

Still another ideal is pluck, which is developed here to an unusual degree. A display of "grit" is the surest road to the regiment's admiration. In the War of 1812, James Lawrence, after he had fallen in action, kept repeating in delirium: "Don't give up the ship!" The next year Perry went into battle on Lake Erie with his flagship, the *Lawrence*, flying the motto: "Don't give up the ship!" In the Civil War the *Cumberland*, when rammed by the *Merrimac*, sank with her guns firing as long as they were above water, and with her ensign flying to the last. The tradition of fight to the last thrills every midshipman on the football field as he sings: "Fight! Navy! Fight!" Even in the section-room it drives him to do his best. When told by his instructor to do the seemingly impossible, a midshipman never says, "I can't." He may say, "I don't know," but in the course of ten years' teaching at the Academy the writer has never heard the same one say even this more than once. Lawrence's words, "Don't give up the ship," are to-day a living force. In the very breath of life at the Academy is the tradition of doing one's best. His duty is his best.

Honor is a fourth ideal that is ever before the midshipman. Only a few times in the history of the Academy has he lapsed from his honorable aim. Not alone his own honor, but the honor of his class, of his service, is his concern. His honor and his conduct are also the concern of his classmates, for if he violates the "code," or if he is detected in cheating or lying, he will be reported to the authorities by the honor committee of his

* Park Benjamin, "United States Naval Academy" (1900), page 162.

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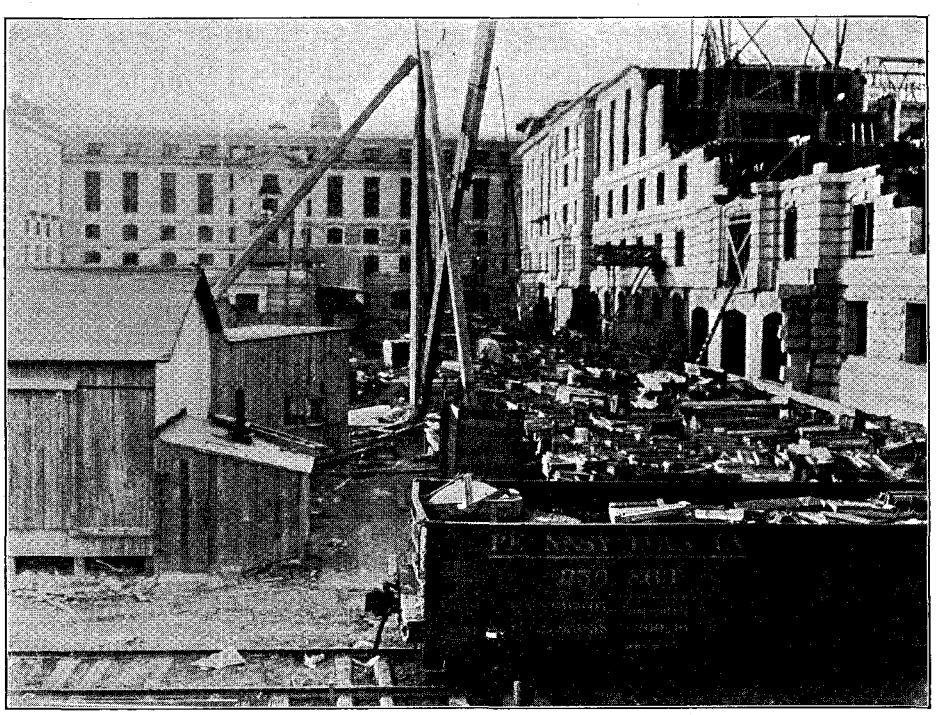
class. Usually he does not wait for his resignation to be asked for, but leaves quietly and quickly. Since a midshipman's word is never questioned, the responsibility of every one to his class is heavy and keenly felt. Lying is leprosy.

After a few years of this moral discipline the young ensign is, as a matter of course, an officer and a gentleman. But he is also an idealist. He has thought concretely about obedience, loyalty, pluck, and honor. Duty to him is not a vague and complex ideal. His ear is quickened to hear its call and his will is trained to follow it. His duty is his vocation. In his heart he has the ideal of Nelson, who "loved his duty as a mistress."

The importance of the Naval Academy to the country has been reflected in its physical growth. At first it covered nine and three-quarters acres. The first addition, in 1847, was of six acres and included that part of the present Academy between the chapel and the Severn. The academic limits now comprise 134.5 acres. The appropriations also serve as an index. As we have seen, for the school's first year they were nothing; and when the first appropriation for his pet venture came up in the Senate in 1846 it was only Secretary Bancroft's personal influence and popularity that saved the item. Although in the sixties and seventies the budget was considerably larger than in antebellum days, it was pared down almost to the vanishing-point in 1882, when by law the number of graduates commissioned each year was reduced to ten. But with the splendid record for efficiency and enthusiasm for duty made by the Academy's graduates in the Spanish-American War came wide recognition for the place of their training. Congress voted ten million dollars for new buildings, and doubled the number of appointments. At the same time the teaching staff was enlarged by the addition of more civilian teachers in non-professional branches.

Still further recognition of this school's national importance has come with the Great War. The year 1916 saw the launching of our great building pro-



This part of the new three-million-dollar addition to Bancroft Hall will provide quarters for about five hundred midshipmen. It is to be completed by October.

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gramme, and with it an unprecedented shortage of officers in the fleet. In spite of active efforts to develop naval reserves, the Academy has remained the only reliable source from which the navy can draw competent officers. For this reason nearly six hundred additional appointments were created in 1916, and were followed soon after our declaration of war by the authorization of about nine hundred more. The latest increase, in December, 1917, was of five hundred and thirty-one. There are now five midshipmen authorized for each senator, representative, and delegate, besides fifteen appointments annually for the President and one hundred annually for the Secretary of the Navy.

Appropriations have increased as well as numbers. For the fiscal year of 1919 the people of the United States will spend on the education of some twenty-two hundred midshipmen about three million dollars. The larger items of expense will be, very roughly, as follows: upkeep, $700,000; cost of practise ships, $500,000 (estimated); interest on money invested, $400,000; faculty, $600,000; pay of students, $1,320,000. A college would need a large endowment to be as well equipped as the Naval Academy, or command as highly trained a faculty as the Academic Staff. To teach the science of modern naval warfare is a special and necessarily costly part of national safety and defense. No college has so important a responsibility. None has met its obligation more successfully.

Yet even this enlargement of resources has not kept up with the school's responsibilities or with the demands made upon its faculty and administration. In view of the increased service rendered under the wise and inspiring guidance of Rear-Admiral Eberle, the present Superintendent, the Academy might have asked for even more money than it has received. The stride has been lengthened until classes are completing four years' work in three. The instruction has proved to be so valuable, also—even a few weeks of it—that hundreds of ensigns and lieutenants who have recently entered the navy from civil life are being sent to Annapolis for three to fifteen weeks of intensive training. Last summer the First Reserve Officers' Class was graduated, and their work since then has amply demonstrated the need and value of Naval Academy indoctrination for all officers in our navy. Two reserve classes have already been graduated, and the third numbers four hundred and fifty. Rumor has it that next summer's reserve class will have over a thousand members. Nowhere else can the initial training of naval officers be directed with so much thoroughness and balance, and with the benefit of so much experience. The Academy has many specialists in naval education. Nowhere else are the great traditions and ideals of the navy so well cherished.

The Academy's graduates who have seen active service in European waters during the last year have nobly lived up to the navy's best traditions. Our destroyers reached the other side in April, 1917, when the U-boat sinkings were at their maximum. As soon as they arrived the Americans were asked: "When will you be ready to put to sea again?" The reply was instant: "We are ready now." Still more gratifying is the record they have made for seamanship and alertness. Not one has failed to put out according to schedule, and not one has had to put in under stress of weather. It may have been a coincidence, but with the arrival of the American destroyers in the latter part of April the curve of U-boat sinkings began its downward trend with a sharp drop. For their skill and spirit Annapolis graduates have been tendered medals of honor by the British Government. For their exploits and their modesty they have been received by the British navy into full fellowship.

Foreign naval officers have often been frankly incredulous of any school's being able to accomplish in four years or less what our nation's Naval Academy has attempted. But their incredulity is being turned to enthusiasm. As the number of midshipmen mounts toward three thousand and the annual total cost toward four millions, there are critics in more than one country echoing the verdict of the Paris Exposition in 1889—that the United States Naval Academy is "the best educational institution in the United States and the best naval school in the world."

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AMERICA'S "OVER THERE" THEATRE LEAGUE

A PLAYER ON THE FIGHTING FRONT

BY E. H. SOTHERN
Author of "The Melancholy Tale of 'Me'"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM PAINTINGS IN WATER-COLOR BY CHARLES HOFFBAUER OF THE FRENCH ARMY

ONE day some American military autotrucks were disembarked at a certain port in France. As they stood on the quay a group of British Tommies contemplated them.

"A-T-L-A-S," spelled one, regarding the cryptic letters in large capitals on the side of the huge vehicle. "ATLAS. That's its bloomin' name, I suppose," said he.

"U. S.," said another warrior, fixing his eye on a second inscription. "So they've come!" Then picking up a piece of chalk which lay hard by, he added the letter T to the first legend, and behold the proclamation read AT LAST!

We who were told the story should have laughed. But we could not. We well knew how, for more than two years of heroic stress, the man who wielded the bit of chalk, with legions of his grim, gay brothers, had watched and waited for the people of our land to wake and rise and stand beside him in the break-up of the world. No doubt there had been good reason for delay. But we felt conscious that these men we had come among had waited long, not quite understanding, but still strong in their faith that in the end we would see clearly and take our place—"At last!" In one stroke of the piece of chalk was written a pæan, swift, triumphant—America and Britain, America and France had clasped hands and sworn to suffer and endure until the end.

Now in this crowded seaport the streets swarmed with thousands of troops marching—marching by day and by night, coming and going, and on the thronged pavements hundreds of American officers hurried in every direction. For a year now their presence has been an old story. They no longer attract attention. America is in the war. The scene is new to us, however, and it is with beating hearts that we look on, and in our throats the words swell up grateful and hopeful: "At last."

Here, too, are hundreds and hundreds of alert, smart women dressed in khaki. Women are in the fight. These are the *Waacs*, or Women's Auxiliary Army Corps—clerks, chauffeurs, stenographers, all on business bent. The women of England, they, too, are soldiers, helping to win the war.

By day and night the city throbs with life. The streets are dark, but as we lie in our beds we hear the constant tramp of marching men. We rise and gaze into the gloom. There they go, the ghostly companies who will stand between us and the thing which would devour the world. The city never sleeps.

This night movement is one of the most impressive things of the war. As one travels from place to place, when evening falls, the great gray wagons which all day have lurked in villages and towns begin to move. The guns are limbered and the blue-clad Frenchmen take the road. As we approached them in our car they looked like the disembodied spirits of Napoleon's warriors in Rostand's play. They sprang from the mist and passed like figures in a dream, a vaporous multitude that came and vanished—silent, stern, and sinister, pressing along the highways to the front.

It was at the suggestion of General Pershing that Mr. E. C. Carter, the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in France, requested that some men conversant with theatrical

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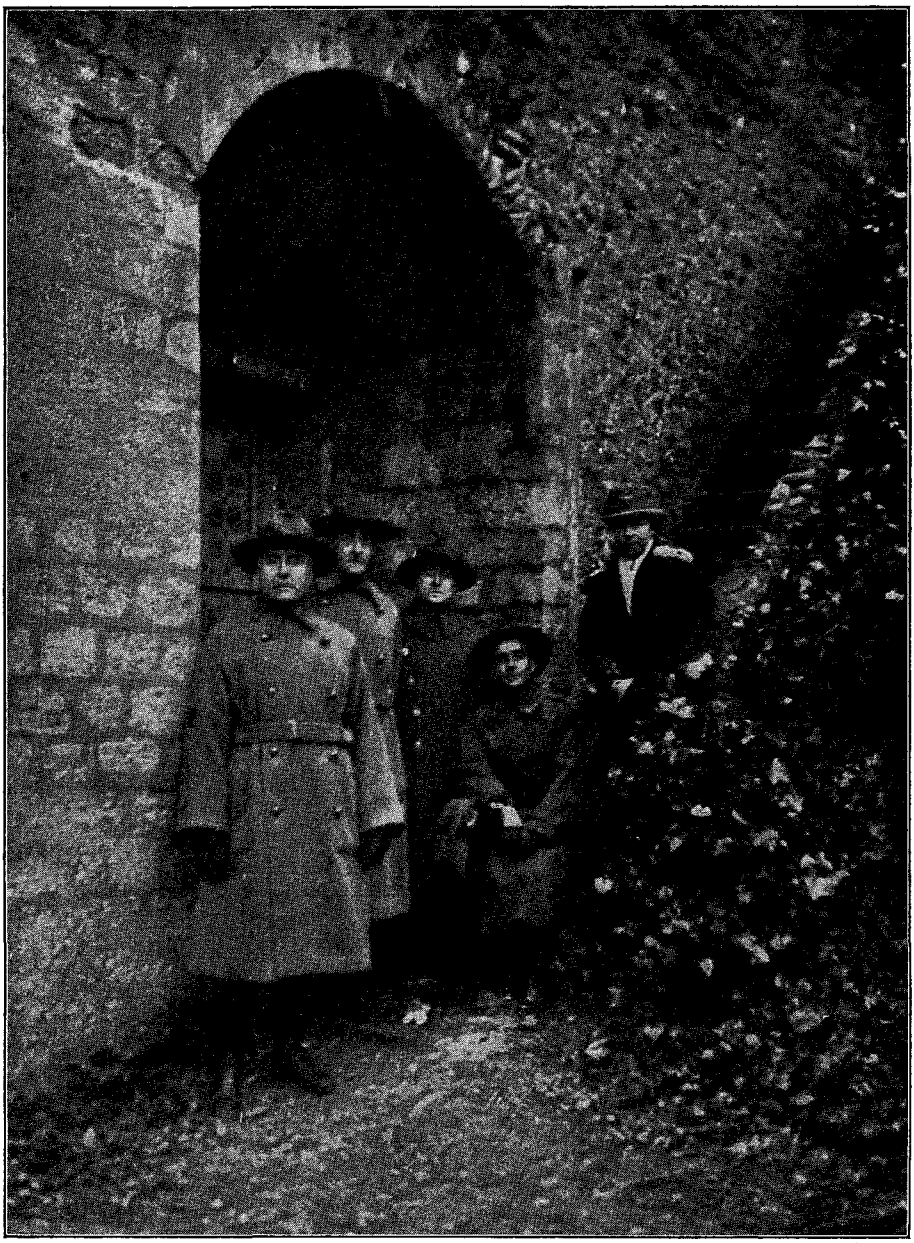

Mr. Winthrop Ames. Mr. Lyons.
Mr. Sothern. Mr. Steele. Mrs. Ames.

Mr. Sothern and party before fragment of château of Duc de Longueville et Brie at Coulommiers.

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matters should be sent abroad to investigate the possibilities for providing entertainment for the American troops. Thus it came about that Mr. Winthrop Ames and I were invited to look over the ground. We went, we saw, and we were conquered. The Y. M. C. A. has undertaken and is carrying out a stupendous task which is being developed victoriously amid dreadful obstacles. Its banners, emblazoned with the legend "Service," are borne by thousands of devoted men and women up to the devastated villages, into the farthest trenches. There is not a spot in France so remote or so fraught with danger that a Y. M. C. A. secretary is not there among the American and among the French soldiers ministering to their comfort, feeding their hunger, slaking their thirst, offering relief from the wearing and wearying monotony, and with small physical ministrations relieving the fearful strain of trench life. These secretaries are drawn from all the best manhood of America. They are men of wealth, many of them, too old, or unfitted for service in the army; men who have given up their business or professions to do this work, a great many college professors and students from the universities; many are clergymen, painters, writers. There are some actors too.

The women who serve in the canteens and who live under conditions of considerable hardship are women of gentle nurture who submit with enthusiasm to every kind of discomfort, turning their hands to any sort of labor, always gentle and kind and indefatigable. No wonder they are an inspiration to the soldier boys. They represent home and all that is sacred in home-ties—mother, sister, sweetheart.

Often the tongue-tied warrior will sit and stare at the smiling canteen worker by the hour with a loving hunger in his heart.

"Can I do anything for you?" said a woman to one of these lonely ones one day.

The soldier had approached the counter where the ruddy-cheeked lady was dispensing sandwiches and hot chocolate, and with several other fighting-men was gazing on her with wide eyes.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No, lady," said the shy son of Mars. "I just wanted to hear you talk."

So there they stood and listened to such phrases as "cheese or ham—packet of cigarettes—matches—two cups of chocolate"—as Romeo hearkened in Verona's garden to his lady's sighs. And why was the soldier so thirsty for this music? Listen, O scoffer of the Yankee twang, the Pittsburgh burr, the Southern drawl. His spirit yearned for the murmurs of his native land. No English, no French lips could spin the thread which linked his soul with home, which took him back in memory to some little Western town, some Southern village. But here was the magic clew, the "open sesame"; with a rush of remembrance the old scenes were before him and his heart was full. Once upon a time I visited Oberammergau to witness the Passion Play. I stood outside the house of Pontius Pilate, with whom I had lodged the night before. I watched the mighty audience on its way to the great auditorium wherein the sacred drama should be portrayed. The pathway on the other side of the road was raised some three or four feet, a grassy bank supporting it. The throng passed by, eager, excited, or devout. Suddenly a young man with a kodak slung over his shoulder paused and stared at me. He jumped down from the path and, rushing across the road, he seized my hand.

"American?" cried the young man.

"Yes," said I.

"Thought so," said the young man, and giving my hand a great shake he ran back to the path, sprang up the bank, and went on with the crowd.

Why? He was lonely—lonely amid the throng. The sight of a fellow countryman had sent the flood of remembrance surging in his veins. A word, a cry, he was alone no more.

Again, I stood in the Douane or custom-house on the border between France and Switzerland. A portly and prosperous-looking American paced to and fro impatiently as his wife and three grown-up daughters fussed and fumed over a number of trunks full of clothing. My friend and I stood patiently awaiting the investigation of our small belongings. The portly man circled about us twice or thrice with inquisitive eyes. At length he approached.

"American?" said he.

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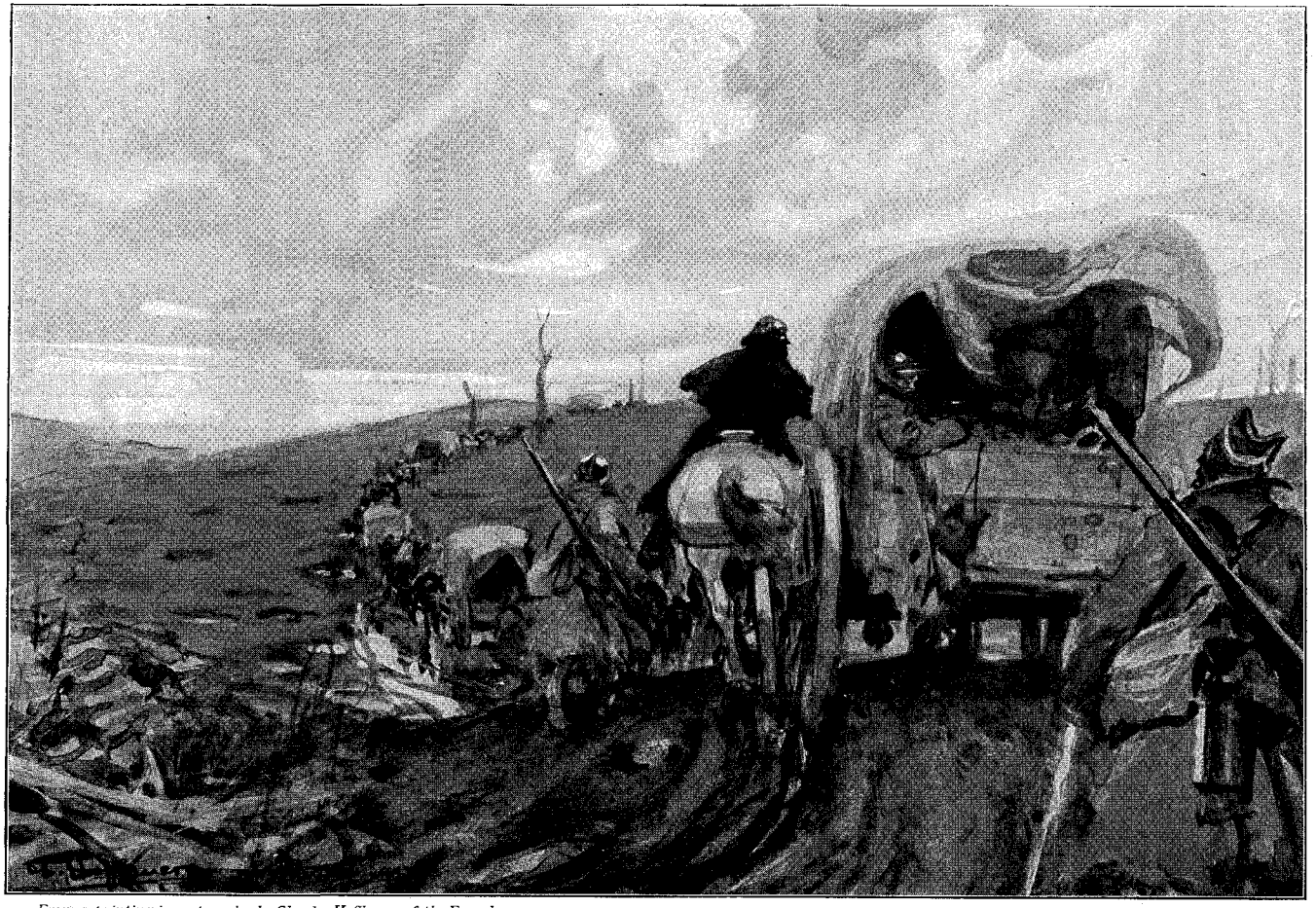

From a painting in water-color by Charles Hoffbauer of the French army.

When evening falls, the great gray wagons which all day have lurked in villages and towns begin to move.—Page 22.

At the time this sketch and the one reproduced on page 29 were made, the artist was serving as sergeant of infantry in the French army.

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"Yes, sir," said I.

"Ha!" said he, "I thought so," and again he went to his women and regarded them with disfavor. Then he paced the floor again. Again he approached us.

"Holiday?" said the portly man.

"Yes," I replied, "we're on a holiday."

"Ha!" said the restless one, and his glance wandered to his four females with no love therein.

"How much longer have you got?" said he.

"I have about two weeks more," said I.

"My God! I've got *eight*," said the exile.

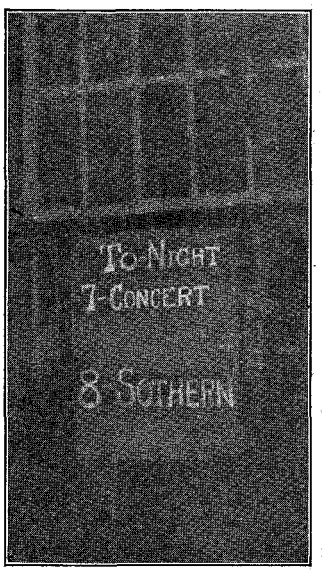
What to him were the everlasting hills, the storied cities, the pellucid lakes, the sacred fanes, the legends, the immemorial halls? "Give me Pittsburgh!" I can hear him cry. "Old Louisville is good enough for me!" And who shall mock his longing?

What takes the wretch back to his charred acres within the shade of Ætna or Vesuvius? What draws the peasant again to his devastated hearth, shell-shattered by the Hun?

This spot was home. It is in ashes, but it is the tomb of all his heart's desires, and here upon its ruins will he build anew.

Homesickness is the weakness of strong men. Misjudge it not, though this longing may relax the sinews and may dim the eye, it is an anchor and a balm, a very present help in time of trouble, but a hunger that should be fed that the heart may be stout and that the weary may endure.

"These men must have entertainment," said Mr. Carter, and so said General Pershing and all his officers with whom we talked, and that entertainment must be provided by Americans was the conclusion. For the sight of familiar faces and the talk of familiar things warm the heart that is far from home.



Here the function of the theatre will not be merely to amuse. It will own a fairer, a nobler office. To fortify, to console, to strengthen, to support.

What is morale? Let us consult the dictionary. "The moral condition—or the condition as affected by considerations of duty—mental state, as of a body of men." When I told a friend of mine that I was about to go to France to prepare the way for sending theatrical performances to the troops, he smiled.

"It is the first time," said he, "that I ever heard that fighting-men must carry with them their companies of comedians."

I did not reply, for I was slow-witted that morning, but I reflected on my way home. "A new word must be coined," thought I, "a new phrase which will not attach to *entertainment* its ancient significance." Here the function of the theatre will not be merely to amuse. It will own a fairer, a nobler office. To fortify, to console, to strengthen, to support. Let us recall that as Pippa passes, with her little song, for some men and women the whole world is changed. I have ever felt that my calling, clad in motley as it often is, may minister to gentle and even glorious ends. I can imagine a man laughing himself out of a murderous mood. I frankly believe that my own father's performance of Lord Dundreary has saved some souls, although I imagine that if his addle-pated lordship were an actual entity he would be sorely bewildered to find himself regarded as a first aid to the ungodly.

It is not the comic muse only which may relieve mental strain. The contemplation of a noble tragedy may uplift the spirit cast down by fatigue or doubt, and it is a notable fact that an English actress, Mrs. Wheeler, is now playing the Greek tragedies at a British base town to enthusiastic audiences of soldiers, while the English officers and men themselves produced the play of "Hamlet."

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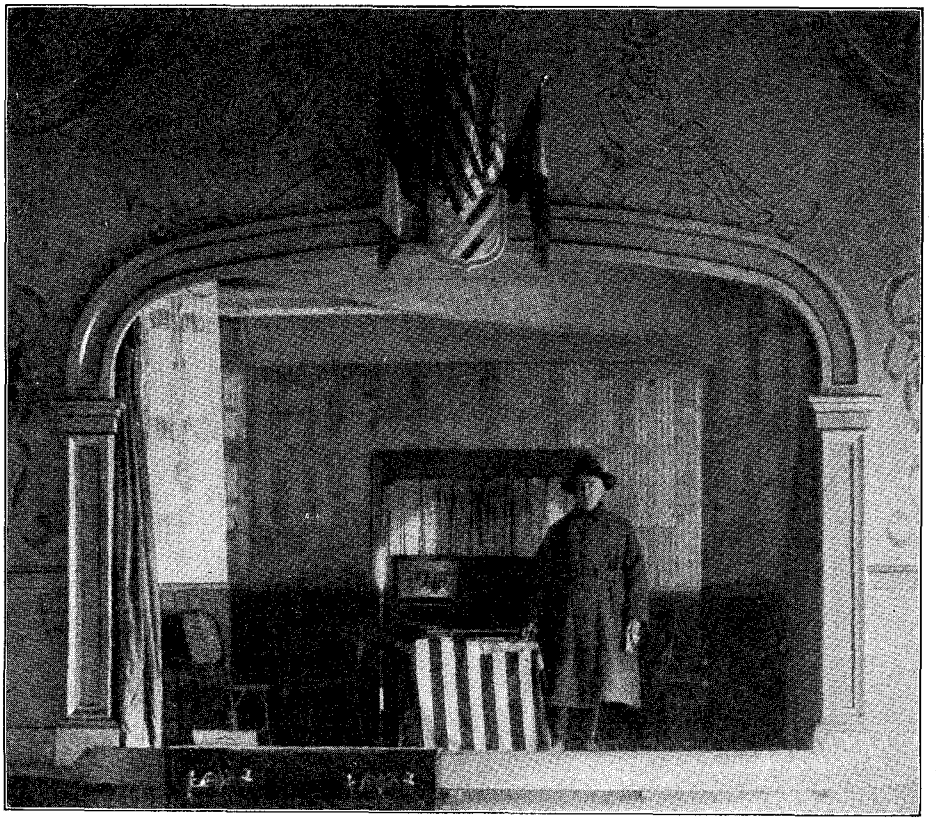
Long-continued strain and responsibility, to say nothing of extreme physical exertion and lack of sleep, will bring men to a pass where a complete change of thought will prove good medicine. Then is the play the thing.

While the men on all fronts are very capable of providing entertainment among themselves and from the many amusing and talented people in the various regiments, they will surely welcome the visits of the actors and actresses with whose work they have been familiar, while the mere fact that such men and women cared sufficiently about their condition and their happiness to venture among them and render this service will, we hope, be gratifying.

The fact that *somebody cares* counts for something. Here is an amusing instance.

Mr. Ames and I while in France were called upon to provide entertainment for the troops assembled at Aix-les-Bains, a health resort which has been selected as a rest station. We were so fortunate as to secure the co-operation of the very remarkable band of the 15th New York Infantry, that splendid colored regiment which has since been renamed the 369th U. S. Infantry. This band had been gathered through the exertions of Colonel Hayward, who had raised some eighteen thousand dollars among his personal friends wherewith to furnish an overwhelming array of brazen instruments with which the fifty musicians marched into Aix-les-Bains. Here, day by day, under the direction of Mr. Europe, they greeted the American troops as they disembarked from trains from the front.



Mr. Sothern on the platform in a Y. M. C. A. hut.

Long-continued strain and responsibility, to say nothing of extreme physical exertion and lack of sleep, will bring men to a pass where a complete change of thought will prove good medicine. Then is the play the thing.

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With the band playing and the sun shining and the townspeople cheering and the mayor and his staff beribboned and silk-hatted, there was a fine to-do, so that when our mud-stained soldier boys arrived we were all in a frantic state of excitement. Every morning they came in—some hundreds of them—and every morning we all stood, cheered, and sang while the colored musicians played with a will.

One night, while we dined with the officer in charge of the band, we were honored by the presence of some eight or ten singers who regaled us with sweet melodies. Especially glorious was a quartet which sang delightfully of peace and war. A rather short and stout member of the mellifluous four was on this night in doleful case. He had a toothache and his naturally round mahogany face was swollen into sadly comic disarray. He sang with one hand pressed pathetically on the swollen cheek, and his great eyes, like two distressful eggs, rolled reproachfully at us who sat enjoying our meal while he and his comrades sang as colored angels sing. He looked on us as who should say: "Have you folks no hearts that you can see a swollen minstrel sing and give no sign of pity? Can no mad molar move you and do gum-boils plead in vain?"

Having experienced dental troubles of my own, I was much concerned for this chubby warbler, so I seized a moment between songs to question him. With tears in his eyes he whispered his agony. My sympathy touched him and, wretched as he had been before, he grew more woebegone.

"I have a toothache plaster in my bag," said I, "and some iodine. I'll send to the railway-station and get it, and we'll put these things on the tooth."

For fifteen minutes more he sang with woful countenance. We who have had gum-boils know what he endured. We know also that such evils are not cured by any magic. Yet, when shortly my bag arrived and I, kneeling down, unstrapped it and dug from its confused contents the toothache plasters and the iodine and schooled him in the use thereof, and when he, having retired behind a door, applied these heaven-sent remedies, he came forth within the space of one short minute radiant with joy. No more were his hands clasped to his swollen cheek; his big eyes no longer ogled us reproachfully. He grinned from ear to ear, and simply beamed with happiness. He plunged wildly into a comic song, and so transformed to ecstasy was his spirit that in a moment his very legs began to twitch with gladness. He broke into a dance, which grew wilder and more wild, clapping his hands the while. He laughed as only colored folk can laugh.

And why? Because somebody cared. For it is entirely impossible that my toothache plaster could have performed this miracle. Gum-boils are gum-boils and still try the patience of philosophers. No, it was because I had cared enough to send for my bag and dive therein and at some pains dig therefrom my simple remedy. But greater and more potent than any drug of the apothecary was the one small grain of loving-kindness which my colored brother grasped so greedily. Here was some one who cared. There was the witchcraft that had set the heart aglow and the feet astir, that had set his mental processes a-singing instead of a-sighing; in short, had entirely changed his state of mind and re-established his morale.

Now, heartache is even more demoralizing than toothache, and homesickness and lovesickness call for doctors as molars clamor for dentists. The Y. M. C. A. hut is the soldier's club, his centre for rest, recreation, his asylum for prayer, contemplation, refreshment of mind and body, his solace, his harbor, and his home. Here, in the secretary who wears the red triangle on his sleeve, he finds a willing servant and confidant, a comrade and a friend, and in the sweet women who serve at the canteen he sees in reflected light the tender graces of his sweetheart, his mother, or his wife.

I know one little rosy-faced girl who has served in a canteen on the American front for a year. She will tell you that she has never heard one uncouth word uttered in her presence.

To wear the red triangle is to be regarded as a bureau of information, a guide, philosopher, and friend.

"Say! where can I get a bicycle?" said a soldier boy to me in Aix-les-Bains.

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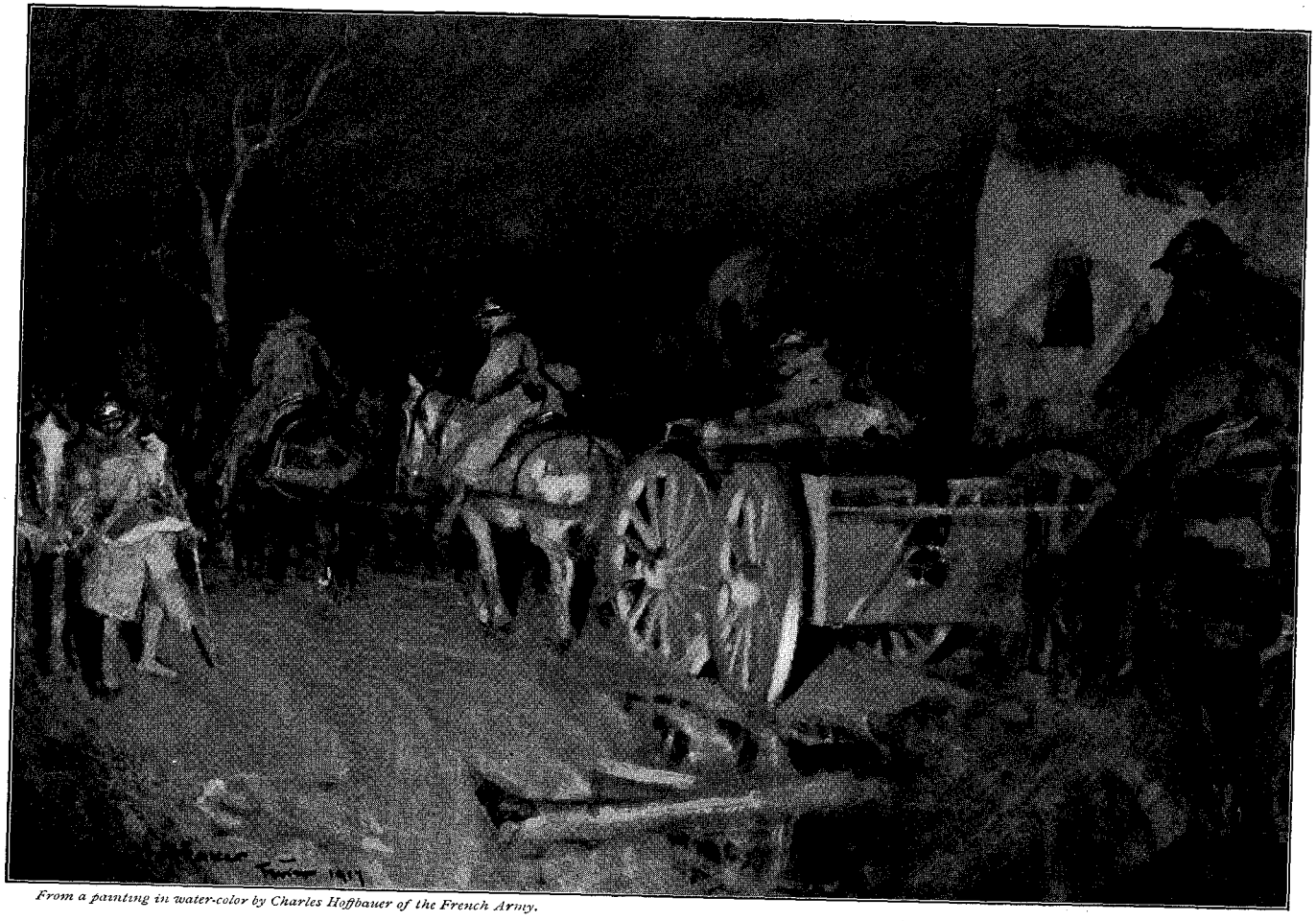

From a painting in water-color by Charles Hoffbauer of the French Army.

As we approached them in our car they looked like the disembodied spirits of Napoleon's warriors.—Page 22.

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Y. M. C. A. hut at the front.

There is not a spot in France so remote or so fraught with danger that a Y. M. C. A. secretary is not there among the American and among the French soldiers ministering to their comfort.—Page 24.

I did not know but I found out and took my inquisitor thither.

"Say! come into this drug-store and help me to get some stuff for my sore foot," said another wayfarer. I entered and attacked the French chemist with my Ollendorf.

"Say! where is the American bar in this burg?" cried a thirsty one.

To my shame I knew not and had to confess my infamy.

"Say, where can a fellow get a book to read?"

We sought the Bureau of Information in the Y. M. C. A. headquarters hard by, a palace which had once been the gilded gambling establishment of Aix and is now a soldiers' paradise. The roulette-halls are canteens and the club-rooms library and rest-rooms, and there I left my friend sunk in a luxurious chair with a volume on his knee.

"Say, brother," said a soldier to Mr. Ames, "where did you come from?"

"From Tours," said Mr. Ames.

"Gee!" cried the soldier, "I wish I'd known you were coming here, I'd have got you to fetch my laundry."

"We are here," said Mr. E. C. Carter to his new secretaries when he addressed them in Paris on their arrival from the United States, "we are here to help these men to win the war. Religious propaganda is not now your first duty. Men who are prepared to make the final sacrifice, who have stood face to face with death in the front line—these men have looked on God. Do not be too ready to call on such men to pray. It may be that *they* can teach *us*. It is for us to stand by and strengthen them with every physical comfort. When they shall need spiritual aid they will surely come to you. Pray that you will be ready, and that when that call comes"—here he used this graphic phrase—"when that call comes grant that you may not hold out to them emaciated hands."

In this furnace of the war men are being remade, reconstituted; yes, even reformers are being reformed, creeds are being welded, differences adjusted, doctrines clarified.

That was an interesting manifesto put forth by young Mr. Rockefeller a while ago. The men who have gone through

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this war will have some questions to ask and some statements to make when they shall come home again.

"The philosophy of suffering"—that you may think is a new quest for simple men; but the secretaries and the women of the huts will tell you that the fighting-men are asking: "Why? Why is mankind made to undergo this martyrdom? To what end? Admitting that good shall come of such apparent evil, how about the evil-doers whose evil brings about this good? What of the hideous human instruments who sack and rape and murder and lie? If certain millions of men are to become better men for this experience, what of the other millions whose infamy was necessary to regenerate their fellow men?"

Here is a pretty question to solve as one serves out sandwiches and chocolate.

The essayists and the philosophers have been in demand in the huts, but with all their wisdom they do not quite turn on the light.

I discovered a poet, however, who puts the matter as it were in a frame for us to contemplate.

The poem is called "The Breaking." It is by Margaret Steele Anderson, and thus it goes:

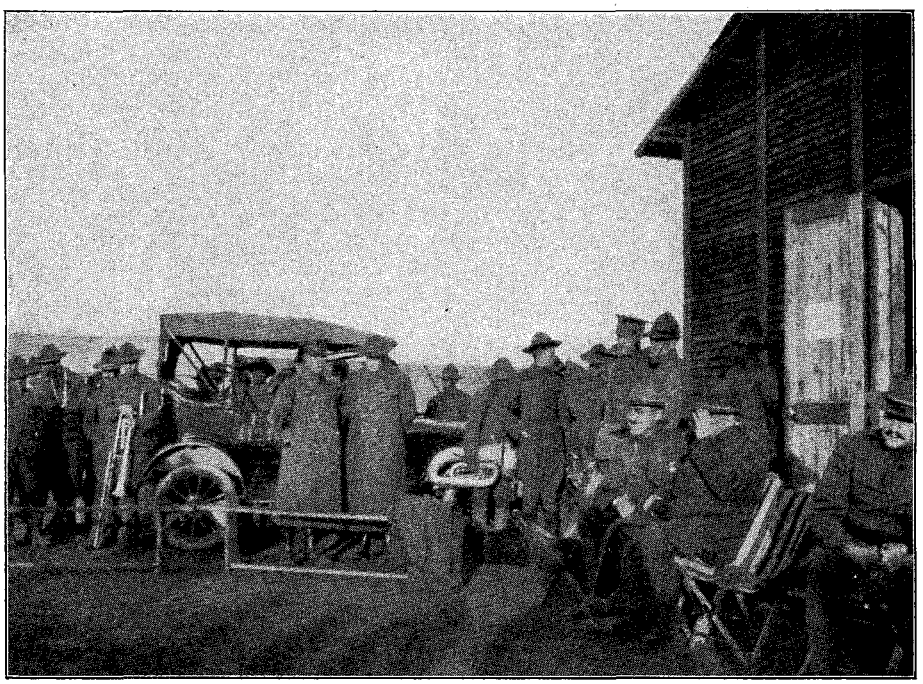
The Lord God speaks to a youth:—

"Bend thou thy body to the common weight:
(But oh, that vine-clad head, those limbs of morn!
Those proud young shoulders, I myself made straight!
How shall ye wear the yoke that must be worn?)

Look thou, my son, what wisdom comes to thee:
(But oh, that singing mouth, those radiant eyes!
Those dancing feet—that I myself made free!
How shall I sadden them to make them wise?)

Nay, then thou shalt! Resist not—Have a care!
(Yea I must work my plans who sovereign sit;
Yet do not tremble so!—I cannot bear—
Though I am God—to see thee so submit.)"

When we saw the troops marching down Fifth Avenue in the early days of our entrance into the war, that was a great sight! The sun shone in April weather. The crowd shouted, our hearts



Listening to Europe's band.

The very remarkable band of the 15th New York Infantry.—Page 27.

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swelled, the flags waved, and we who were called upon to give expression at public gatherings to the general thought, we read poems in praise of heroism, of patriotism, the glory of suffering and of death for a great cause. We had to express ourselves this way. But I noticed that sometimes the men who listened were still. It was the crowd who were not called upon to go which was moved to cheer and applaud.

It was not that the men about to fight did not feel the emotions celebrated by the poet; but they now had shaken hands with Fate, the die was cast. Now these invitations to lay down all on the altar of sacrifice were idle. It had been done.

So it was when we arrived among the soldiers in France. War poems are not in favor. These men need no such incentive. Perhaps I didn't read mine very well, but one night I was admonishing the warriors in a certain Canadian Y. M. C. A. hut in Paris to be heroic, when a sturdy sergeant in the front row shouted out: "Oh, give us something lively! Make us laugh." My repertoire was limited, but I did my best. I felt the futility of urging heroism upon heroes when, on another occasion, I was taken one dark night up to the third trenches of the American front. Here in the several cellars of a ruined house—the whole region had been wrecked by shell-fire—here were gathered in the Y. M. C. A. canteen some two hundred of our men. They were wearing their steel helmets and had their gas-masks on. The place was absolutely dark save for a solitary candle. But there was the Y. M. C. A. secretary, everybody's friend, buoyant and glad, serving chocolate and food and cigarettes—don't forget that, *cigarettes!* The talk that the Y. M. C. A. does not permit smoking is as foolish as though one should say it does not permit breathing. It had been arranged that I should recite to these soldiers. But I simply couldn't do it. I told them so. It seemed too ridiculous to read the things I was prepared to read. Those exhortations to die nobly, to lay down one's life for one's country, surely they were out of place here. Here was the very altar. So we sat around and told stories, and talked of home and Cincinnati and Kankakee and Broadway.

We had been put through a gas-drill before taking this journey, and each of us wore over his shoulders two gas-masks, an English and a French; also we had to put on the steel helmets. We drove for some hours in absolute darkness—no lights to the automobile. We passed many vehicles and many motor-cycles going like the wind. It is marvellous that we avoided a smash-up. Having visited these men in the cellars, we were taken through one of the blackest nights I ever saw into the shattered structure where headquarters had been established. There we were presented to the colonel of this regiment and to his officers. Visitors are rare birds, but our investigation made it necessary for us to explore even this remote post. For here, too, recreation is needed. Indeed, the commanding officer protested that some effort on my part would be grateful and comforting. I was glad to be of service and the scene I shall not forget. We had been led by devious ways through a devastated courtyard, an occasional swift gleam from a small pocket flash-light giving us a glimpse of the earth now and again. On the horizon we could plainly see the flare of the German guns and hear their dull roar. The signal-lights would now and then burst brightly in the sky, hover a space, and die. Suddenly a German shell had struck an ammunition-dump as we had approached in our car. Every few moments now a portion of this dump exploded with a great noise and the flames lighted brilliantly the massive clouds of smoke which rushed toward the sky. Now our own guns, from an American battery near by, began to thunder, crashing out on the black night every few moments, shaking the earth.

We were led over heaps of fallen masonry and through a broken arch, up a great stone stair, at the top of which some one would for an instant flash another small lamp, merely to show us our footing. Now we were taken along a passage, pitch dark. And now we are in a fairly large room with a stone floor and a stone groined roof, a stone mantelpiece on which stand two candles—the sole illumination. The windows are all heavily boarded so that no light may serve as a mark for cannon. The colonel and his officers are introduced and then sit on

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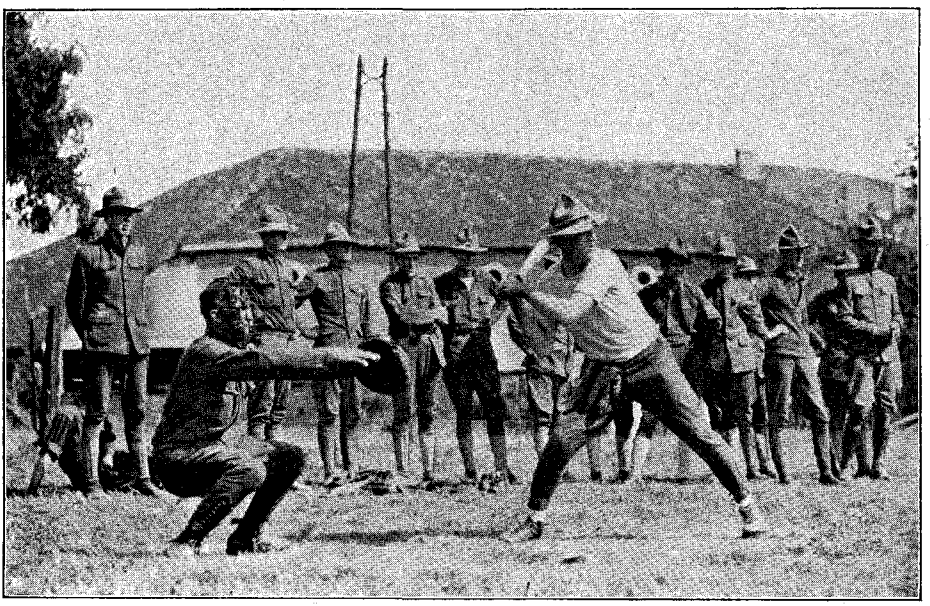
boxes and camp-stools across a corner of the room. There am I in my Y. M. C. A. uniform. In this dim chamber, to the sound of guns, I begin my strange performance. I haven't had much experience as a reciter; in fact, I have always been rather diffident as to such exhibitions. To have an audience so near has hitherto bothered me. But I dare say cannon make a difference. Anyhow, I hold an audience of about one thousand men.

I was busily engaged acting the closet scene from "Hamlet." I had reached the moment where Hamlet stabs Polonius behind the curtain.

"Oh, me! what hast thou done?" cries the Queen.

"Nay, I know not. Is it the King?" demands Hamlet.



A game of baseball introduced by the Y. M. C. A. at the front in France.

began and I read some scenes from "Hamlet" and some of Alan Seeger's poems. I think he would have liked to have them read just there. It was a strange adventure. I shall not forget it. It was an interesting occasion, too, when at another town somewhere in France I took part in an entertainment on Lincoln's Birthday. An officer had made an oration appropriate to the occasion. I was called on to read the Gettysburg address, and was then prevailed upon to once more attempt selections from my plays. This time the scene was one of the regular Y. M. C. A. huts—a double hut; that is to say, two long buildings placed side by side which can be made to open into one another by dropping portions of the common wall. A small stage is constructed at one end. The place can

"Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this," wails the Queen.

As I spoke the line with that vehemence required by the scene, a soldier thrust open the door of the hut and shouted: "Air-raid! Lights out!"

On the instant, every light was extinguished and a sound I had heard on one or two occasions in theatres when an alarm of fire had startled the audience—an ominous wave of rushing noise growing slowly to a dull roar—started from the throng. Then a voice rang out sharp and clear like the crack of a pistol: "Attention!" It was the colonel who spoke. He was seated in the first row near the stage. At once there was absolute stillness. Darkness and silence.

Again the colonel spoke, quietly this time. "Turn on one light on the stage,"

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said he, and a man switched on an electric globe hanging from a beam.

"Mr. Sothern," said the colonel, "would you mind going on with your reading?"

"By all means," said I, and illuminated by the one globe over my head, and addressing an audience which I could not see, I took up the thread of my discourse.

"Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this," I repeated, and I could not help adding in parentheses, "an appropriate line it would seem."

From the darkness came a roar of assent.

Thus I finished the scene. My friend, Mr. Ames, declared that I had never played Hamlet so well, which merely goes to show that the possibility of imminent dissolution may lend eloquence even to dull people, and that aerial torpedoes will put ginger into tragedians.

Had not one thousand soldiers and gentlemen been my witnesses, I would hesitate to relate the last item in this story, and I am aware that any reputation I may have for veracity is likely to suffer if I give way to the traveller's weakness for garrulity. Still, fact is fact, and so remarkable a coincidence must be recorded.

The signal that an air-raid is over is a trumpet-call sounded repeatedly in the streets.

I had finished my reading of the scene from "Hamlet," and was concluding my modest programme with a recital of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." I had reached the line:

> "He hath sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat,"

when lo! the trumpet sounded without.

This, coupled with the previous coincidence, was too much for the audience, which broke into laughter and applause.

"I must thank you for a pleasant evening," said I to the colonel.

The colonel was a courtier.

"The obligation is mine," said he. "Air-raids are commonplace, but entertainers are scarce. The enemy is inconsiderate; we shall have to teach him good manners."

Which reminds one of that ancient legend which prevailed in wild Western dance-halls: "Don't shoot the man at the piano. He's doing his best."

ON SARGENT MOUNTAIN

(MOUNT DESERT)

By Hamilton Fish Armstrong

GRAY hills, gaunt rocks, the twisted, tortured pines—
And over them blue sky and rifts of sun;
Mist on the isles and dim horizon lines—
And then the clean sea-wind, and hopes begun.

Do you remember that gay day together,
The blueberry patches and the little pools,
The openings in the woods, the autumn weather?
And if it's gone who dares say we were fools?

The partridge-berries redden still the mosses,
Still beating up the sound the sailboats come,
Still, far below, the sea-blown headland tosses
The tiny waves into a band of foam.

Oceans may flaunt between, and in my hearing
Re-echo the insatiable gun.
With you I stand upon an upland clearing,
And there the blue sky is, and rifts of sun.

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WINGS OF THE MORNING

By Maxwell Struthers Burt
Author of "John O'May," "A Cup of Tea," "Le Panache," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

ONE suspects an omniscient ironicism—or else a very great tenderness. God, apparently, doesn't like us to become too matter-of-fact. At all events, no sooner have we settled down to the comfortable assurance that at last we have really grown up, that at last we have really achieved common sense, when, through the corridored hours of our days, mystery blows a trifle harder, as it were, stirs the hair on our foreheads, sends us back once more into the state of mind from which we thought ourselves escaped—confused, that is, wondering. And I suppose that is why people have visits like the visit, two years ago, of Ann Graham to the ranch of myself and my wife Martha, on the upper waters of the Big Cloud River—Ghost Bald-Head River the Indians call it, because years ago a war party of Cheyennes scalped some Bannocks on its green and beautiful banks.

The visit grew out of the unexpected. Coming in late one June afternoon from riding through some cattle, I found Martha, with the recently arrived mail, scanning a newspaper a week old. Suddenly she laid it down with a little gesture of distress and went to the window, from which she stared across the level green nearness of the home pastures to where, beyond rolling sage-brush hills, the great mountains that surrounded our place touched a twilight sky. I lit a cigarette and watched her slim figure, outlined in its dark riding-habit, against the square of fading light from outside.

"Alastair Graham's dead," she said finally, without turning. "He was shot down by a German. They've cited him for a war medal." She made with her tongue a clicking sound indicative of distaste. "Most of the article about him has to do with the fact that he was a millionaire and the son of old Huntingdon Graham. As if even death failed to make Fifth Avenue relatively unimportant! Do you want to see it—the paper?"

I expressed no exigent desire. To tell the truth, I wasn't greatly moved by Alastair Graham's death; he wasn't even my first cousin by marriage as he was Martha's; and too many splendid young men had died before him—really splendid young men. I had never found Alastair Graham particularly splendid; the few times I had met him I had found him inexpressibly annoying—a tall, slim, blond youth with the clipped mind and the clipped syllables of his class and city. One felt, as one so often does in the presence of the young very rich, a sense of insult to the human race as a whole. And I didn't even greatly admire his having joined the flying service of France. Had the circumstances been different—but, you must remember, he had been married only a year. There was too much a suspicion of titillation run after; too much the suspicion of a harsh tearing to shreds of life; too much the impression of the lumping together as the means of sensation beautiful young women and aeroplanes. Perhaps I was unjust, but I could imagine nothing of the lucid enthusiasm that must have animated most of his companions; nothing of the grave and splendid courage of the average modern man who goes, against his will, to war. But I admitted regret; one would; especially in the presence of Martha, who regards relationship as a cloak for all incompatibility. I was unaware into what this passion for consanguinity was to lead us.

Within the week Martha had asked Ann Graham to visit us; within two weeks Ann Graham had accepted. Within the week Martha had asked, as a solace for Ann's loneliness, Ann's ancient suitor, Sturtevant Shaw, and within two weeks he, too, had expressed enthusiasm. These

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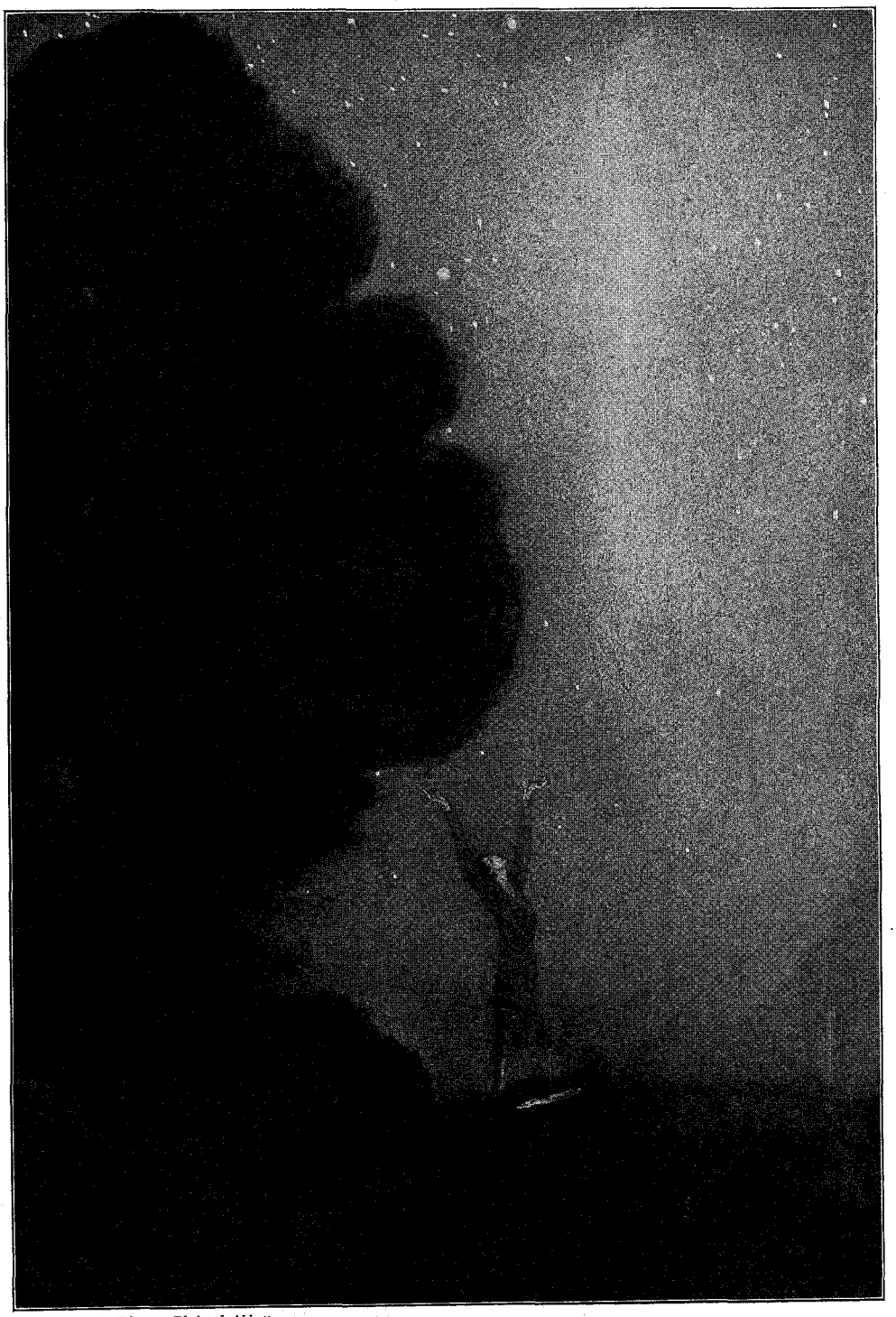

Drawn by Elenore Plaisted Abbott.

"Wings of the morning."—Page 44

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heroically altruistic acts performed, Martha proceeded, with the dryness that conceals a quick and kindly heart, to amplify her reasons for so doing. They were obvious reasons. Ann was too young, too much alone, too lovely to be cast suddenly upon a careless world; recklessness had been her habit. We were her nearest of kin; her only near relatives, in fact, for it was impossible to count as a relative her satyr-like father-in-law. Clearly it was our duty to offer her, here in this quiet, healing land, opportunity to regain some degree of poise; perhaps, although this was highly problematical, even to achieve a new and steadying perspective. You perceive we were idealists of sorts. People who love beyond measure certain countries are likely to be. They have immense faith in their curative powers—in the wide quality of the sea; the soaring quality of mountains. But we were not altogether idealists. Sturtevant Shaw was our concession to worldliness. All her life Ann, we knew, had been used to the attendance of the male—a sort of single-file triumphal procession; possibly a dim racial compulsion for adornment balked in the more primitive satisfactions of conch-shells and slaves. At all events, since marriage—and we had little doubt that Ann, in her own especial way, had loved her husband—had not allayed this thirst, there was little hope that widowhood would prove more effective. In Ann's social environment the mere presence of an habitual love was seldom allowed to interfere with the far more exciting pastime of falling in love. An innocent enough pastime, no doubt—certainly so we imagined in the case of Ann—but a pastime that none the less was a habit. And Sturtevant Shaw, picked from a visioned line of vacuous faces and debonair figures, seemed likely to be the least actively offensive figure of all; the most likely to supply Ann with the necessary piquancy devoid of tactless interference with a sorrow newly acquired. Besides, as a mere practical matter of self-protection, we needed some one to take Ann off our hands. The logical chain was complete. The personal question of whether we ourselves wanted Ann did not enter into it at all.

I wish I could accurately convey to you my impressions when, a month later, in the soft violet of an August evening, I came upon Ann and Shaw on the platform of the little railroad-station fifty miles down the valley, whither I had been sent to meet them in person by a scrupulous wife. They were so exactly, my impressions, what I had imagined they would be. There are no eyes as sharp as those of the not too welcoming host. These two, Ann and Shaw, were so sure of themselves; so impeccable. One was aware how much they felt they were bringing delicate perceptions, civilized reactions, into an uncouth and to be patronized country. And all about them, you see, was this still, unending twilight, like eternity, and, to the east, the pregnant shadow of immense black hills.

They stood in the light of a station lamp, their baggage piled around them, Ann slim and pale in her black clothes, very aureate, and her companion short, bulbous, fashionable. He called me "old man" on the score of an acquaintanceship long since discontinued, and Ann, between almost every sentence, laughed the disconnected, unreasonable laughter of her kind. I put them to bed with a grim satisfaction in the notorious discomforts of the local hotel.

Wide countries, wild countries, seem to have an excellent sense of dramatic fitness; they rain upon one when rain will make for history; they snow when blizzards will heap up a story of adventure; they are beautiful when beauty is the impression desired; and the next day was beautiful beyond compare. There was a fine sense of gold and blue and scintillation. With us went the cool sound of mountain streams, the warm scent of firs under a summer sun. Our way led up over a divide and then down into the valley beyond. In upland meadows Indian paintbrush flamed amidst the blue smoke of lupin. But apparently, as yet, my guests were not prepared to concentrate their minds upon this gorgeousness of scenery. It was as if they had brought with them a bag of unfinished conversational odds and ends from which they busily drew forth embroidered personalities and scandals, worked upon them, put them back, and drew forth others. There was about this an atmosphere of duty as much as one of

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pleasure. My elevation of soul suffered a relapse. Even when we had reached the summit and had come out of the climbing forests to a wind-swept place where the valley rose to meet us, staccato enthusiasm for matters and people far distant did not abate. Through the distance-smoothed gray and green of the plain ran the ribbon of the river, and beyond, range upon range, blue in the August haze, was a tumultuous loveliness of further-encircling hills. It was altogether heart-stopping.

To be sure. "By Jove! How fine!" said Shaw with the evident intention of drawing me, in the front seat, into the conversation. But he seemed unable to maintain this temporary reversion to the traditions of a gentler generation, in which it was considered necessary not to forget altogether one's host; and as for Ann, she had the directness of a more primitive sex. At the moment she was interested in something that had happened at Newport two years before.

And so we drove down the hill and so by dusk came to the ranch.

Along the rim of the western hills the sun had left a band of gold, and up to the doors of the ranch-house had crept the translucent blue haze of the evening. Here and there a window radiated yellow light, and through the quiet atmosphere, layer upon layer, the approaching night was folding over us the mountain chill. It was very silent, except for the murmuring of the river and the creaking of leather as the tired horses shook their harness. I was totally unprepared for the unexpected gesture on the part of Ann.

Shaw had descended from the wagon with the meticulous movements of an overfed and wearied man and had greeted Martha with his usual soft patronization, but Ann, when she reached the ground, did not at once follow him. Instead, she stood for a moment erect and very still, her face turned to the silhouette of the mountains, her head thrown back a trifle, as if she was tasting the air. At first I did not particularly notice her, and then I was suddenly struck by something in her attitude that suggested the calm delight of a swimmer who, coming to the surface, floats in the stillness of twilight water—a quietness, a concentration very foreign to her. But the mood passed, and she turned and ran up to Martha and kissed her. The three of them went into the house. A moment afterward I heard Ann's high, nasal, thoughtless laughter.

But I was not altogether unmoved. As I took the team down to the barns and unharnessed them I found myself wondering about Ann. Her laugh, however, still ringing in my ears, seemed to answer me. If there was in her some small seed worth cultivating, it must be a very small seed, indeed. Distaste was the reaction that at the moment followed. I was not a picture of the perfect host.

When I went back to the house, Ann, sprawled out, with a more than ordinarily altruistic display of slim, silk-clad leg and ankle, in a big chair before the fire, was complaining, with the over-punctuated and over-emphasized diction that, with her kind, passes for humor, to Martha of the hardships of the journey.

And this was my impression of Ann for the first two weeks of her stay; an impression overlaying, complementing the not particularly favorable one I already had of her. This high-voiced, drawling, hyperbolized habit of conversation! This affected habit of resentment toward unaccustomed surroundings! This attitude of the very opulent that nature should in some way or other realize, subscribe to their exceptional position! As if mountains, that is, were venerable, if slightly privileged, butlers. . . . During August in a cattle country, unless there is hay to be put up, a man has comparatively little to do, and I found myself acting as guide to Ann and Shaw. I took them long trips on horseback, I picnicked with them, fished, climbed through the belt of heavy timber that clothed the lower slopes of the hills. Intimacy such as this necessitates eventual hatred or else liking. Mere toleration is impossible. And, curiously enough, it was Shaw whom I began to like. He was not charming; there was something about his sibilant, stuttering name that fitted his bulky, stuttering personality; but he was not the aggressive fool I had thought him. In reality there are probably few aggressive fools. Shaw was a meek man suffering from shyness; a meek man with

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a pathetic and unexplainable interest in mediæval art. He was even puzzled by his position and reason in the world, carrying with him a dim perception that his wealth and idleness were somehow adventitious, not quite to be taken for granted. One was reminded of a near-sighted, harmless bee blundered into an entangling web. And underneath his layers of ineptness I discovered one altogether decisive quality, he was entirely, splendidly, self-effacingly in love with Ann. He carried it like a sword beneath a cloak. I think the uncertainty this disclosure produced within me, the dislocation of my self-assurance, had largely to do with a change that at this time took place in my attitude toward Ann. If I had been so utterly wrong in one instance, there was a chance that I might be wrong in another. At all events, my mind, beginning to seal itself tight, opened ever so slightly to the possibility of new impressions. And then, unexpectedly, here was Shaw breaking his usual silence in regard to subjective matters; breaking it, for him, with startling lucidity. The immediate cause was, I think, a complaint on my part of Ann's habit of linking in the same breath sunsets and divorce; a disillusioning habit; a habit that frequently gave one the feeling of being pushed from a cliff into a quagmire. Shaw and I were riding home together into the gathering darkness, and I came to myself, as it were, to find him trying, intently, to convince me of something.

"No—!" he stammered. "Not that! No! I don't know—it's hard to explain." His eyes sought the horizon in his effort to clarify his thoughts. "I wish I could make Ann clear to people," he continued. "Y' see, I've known her for twenty years—ever since she was a youngster." He laughed embarrassedly. "Sometimes," he said, "I feel more like a father to her than anything else. You believe that, don't you?"

"Yes," I answered, "I do." I hastened to relieve any misconception on his part. "I am not criticising Ann particularly," I added; "I am merely wondering about her type, that's all. It's a prevalent type. It's about three-fourths of our so-called upper class. They're like bright-winged grasshoppers, these women are; just as feverish and strident and apparently fortuitous. What makes them; what are they after?"

He looked taken aback by this sudden flood of psychologic questioning. "I don't know what makes them," he answered at length; "bad conditions, I suppose. But I dare say even grasshoppers have some purpose at the back of their actions. And these people are only trying in their untrained way to find the same few fundamental things that other people, better trained, know how to go after directly. I'm a grasshopper myself, you know."

I found myself voluble with the pent-up irritation of a fortnight. "How the devil," I exclaimed, bringing my fist down on the horn of my saddle, "can a woman who has been through what Ann has been through still remain what Ann is? Can you explain it? I think in place of the old virginal attitude about the body that used to be the fashion there's come a new perverted virginal frame of mind—not about sex! Good Lord, no!—but about life as it really is. A refusal to accept its poignancy; a desire to skim across its surface as if it were the thin edge of lava above a volcano. Was Ann in the least in love with Alastair?"

He nodded his head gravely. "Oh, yes," he answered, "greatly."

"I don't believe it," I rejoined. "Not for a moment. Ann and women like her are dried pomegranates."

He seemed shocked, but he was willing to admit that my remarks were, after all, meant as general ones. "You don't know Ann," he said at length doggedly. "I don't know her myself." He straightened up in his saddle and looked at me with an intent, brooding look. "Ann's changed, you know. Ann never was quite as feverish as she is now. Sometimes I think she must be afraid of something."

"Afraid?"

"Yes."

"Of what?"

Inspiration deserted him. "I don't know," he said lamely; "I often wonder. But people do cover up fear with words, don't they? She's so determinedly hard, isn't she? As if she was afraid to let herself go; as if she was anxious to hang on to all the old tricks for killing thought

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that she knows." He lit a cigarette with fat, too soft hands that trembled a little as he did so. "You don't get Ann," he concluded. "None of us do. We don't get any one ever but very clever, expressive people, and then we usually get them wrong. Nobody's a fool to themselves. And almost everybody over twenty-five's suffering like hell about something—even when they don't clearly realize it themselves."

Extraordinary, wasn't it? It set one to thinking why it is usually the disjointed, careless people who in the end achieve the kindliest, truest philosophy. But I was not to any extent convinced. One wouldn't be so suddenly. I merely found myself studying Ann more closely.

There were about her certain obvious things worth studying. Her mouth, for instance. I recollected that on previous occasions this mouth of Ann's had puzzled me—it was a lovely mouth, thin, red, with the hint of a curve to one corner of it; apparently an adventitious mouth; a mouth much too likely to disarm criticism. I congratulated myself, as I again recollected having done several times in the past, upon being proof against most forms of purely extrinsic pulchritude. Ann sat opposite me at meal-times, and at supper, beneath the descending light of candles under red shades, with which Martha had insisted upon decking the table of a Wyoming ranch-house, I had particularly excellent opportunity to observe the lower half of Ann's face; the lower half, with that mouth striking upon the senses like the single note of a sudden bell on a warm afternoon. One could not but remark, could not but be consistently irritated at the discrepancy between its sweet poignancy and the usual words that fell from it. There seemed here a striking instance of the lavish carelessness of nature. I resented this lavish carelessness of nature; resented it increasingly; quite unlooked for, Ann heightened my perplexity. The incident was like the opening and closing of a lantern shutter in a dark room. Upon a certain night Ann came to me with a book in her hand.

Every one else was, I think, in bed. I was reading by the fire in the living-room. The great room, log-walled, hung with skins, was very quiet and softly illumined. In the room beyond I heard Ann rummaging amongst the shelves of our disassorted library, and presently she was by my side, leaning over my chair.

"Do you think this is true?" she asked.

I looked down casually, but not without some interest, for this was a new and quiet tone of voice on her part. My faint interest turned abruptly to astonishment; she was holding out before me the psalms.

You can imagine the incongruity of Ann holding out the psalms! Thirty years ago the Anns of the world would have known the psalms by heart, but not nowadays.

"Do you think this is true?" she insisted. "I had forgotten all about it."

I read:

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

"If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; . . ."

"And this?" She indicated a preceding paragraph with her finger.

"Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it."

I twisted about in my chair so that I could look up into her face. For a moment her eyes opened wide into mine, then fell in embarrassment, like those of a child who has asked what may prove a foolish question.

"What do you mean, Ann?" I said.

Her words faltered a little. "I—I don't know exactly how to express it," she began. "I've never had anything like it to express before. It—it's the feeling that you are never any more alone—I don't mean people—but—at night it's as if there was no roof to your room at all, as if it was all open to the stars. Do you suppose it is what our mothers and fathers used to called religion?"

"I suppose so," I answered. "It's what they meant, even if they didn't feel it. Have you ever read 'The Hound of Heaven'?"

She shook her head. "What a queer name!" she said. She gathered together her words as if afraid they might stumble too lamely. "You see," she explained, "it never used to be this way. I was al-

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ways thinking of something very near; of what was going to happen in the next hour, or at night, of what would happen the next day." She hesitated as if struck by a sudden objection. "But suppose," she stammered, "suppose this were true; suppose God or something did notice people, do you suppose he would pick an unimportant person—a person like myself?"

Unimportant! Here was further revelation! "Perhaps there's no picking about it," I suggested. "Perhaps the thing you're talking about is with every one, always, only needing something to call it forth. Besides, I've never heard about importance or unimportance in this connection. Do you think yourself unimportant?"

She looked down at me with a swift, troubled glance. "Yes," she said breathlessly, "for the first time in my life."

With a fluttering movement she slipped around past me and sat down, cross-legged, on the black bearskin that covered the hearth, her chin in her hand, her eyes brooding upon the glowing logs.

I sucked at my pipe and gazed at the slim, childlike figure at my feet. The light from the fire touched the gold of her hair with deeper color and heightened the pure outline of her face. I experienced that odd consciousness of the immateriality of the flesh that sometimes, very rarely, and then only in especial moods, comes to all of us in the presence of another person; a strange elation, an impulse of inspiration, a piercing tenderness for this person as a symbol of all baffled, inexpressive humanity. Ann might have been stepping out of her ordinary self as a flame steps out of the indurateness of a log. But the mood faded; faded with some confusion on my part that apparently my convictions could so easily be upset.

Ann stirred from her reverie. Perhaps she, too, was a trifle ashamed. She stood up briskly.

"It's late," she said. "Good night!"

The morning is as cruelly and healthily matter of fact as the night so often is cruelly meretricious. Ann possessed my midnight, but Ann failed entirely to intrigue my breakfast. As a matter of fact, I felt slightly indignant, as if I had been let in for something, she appeared so full-armored, even to too much powder on her nose; she was so brightly vigorous, intent upon an expedition that she and Shaw had planned for the day. And yet I was not very angry with her; in reality I was rather relieved. It is disturbing to have one's preconceived ideas upset. However gratifying it may be to discover a soul where before no soul has been suspected, it is always disconcerting. It is so much easier to keep people in the categories where you have put them; spiritual jacks-in-boxes are upsetting. I was amused at myself.

But I need not have been. Revealing episodes are never isolated except where people fail to see each other again. The first, the second, are like little trickles of water from a dam; presently the dam breaks loose.

August had begun to spread comparatively hot nights across the valley, and now to these had been added the unearthly white radiance of a full moon in great altitudes. There was no dark at all except in the early evenings, and one felt the sustained exaltation that is part of a temporary escape from the laws of the universe. As I had business to transact in the more distant parts of my ranch, I chose the nights to ride in. It was easier on my horse; there was a mystic delight in galloping into the pellucid gold of the air. As a rule I came back late. The ranch would be asleep; a pool of shadowy trees, of shadowy houses, incredibly undisturbed. My dog would come out to lick my hand, tiptoeing, it seemed, his nose cold with the crispness that even in warm weather is never very far away from mountain countries. On one of these nights I came across Ann.

She was standing just beyond a little grove of aspen-trees through which ran the road from the main gate into my place, and I did not see her until my horse snorted and shied to one side, for in the white cloak she had on she seemed part of the moonlight and of the delicate, ghostly silver of the trunks behind her. Apparently she had not heard my approach, for she gave no sign of noticing me; did not stir from her rigid attitude, her hands clasped in front of her, her head thrown back as if she was looking at something

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far down the valley. For a moment or so I watched her from my horse, then I dismounted and walked toward her, not entirely conscious as yet of the oddness of the situation. I imagine I began with the customary laugh.

"Ann!"

I took her arm. The eerie unpleasantness that is part of meeting a person walking in sleep contracted my fingers. But she was not asleep. Her eyes recognized me fully as she turned her head slowly toward me. "Oh," she said, "so it's you, is it?"

"Yes; what are you doing?" No doubt my voice was sharp with the impatience of the masculine mind suspecting feminine excitability. At all events, I was not prepared for Ann's next action. Suddenly she raised her clinched hands and beat impotently upon my breast.

"Oh, you!" she sobbed. "All of you! You laugh at me because I don't understand! You think I'm a fool! No one has ever shown me how to understand!" And she turned and fled through the trees. For a few feet I pursued her; then I went quietly back to my horse. Here was a growing accumulation of things to think over. What couldn't Ann understand? Oddly enough the idea of hysteria never occurred to me. Somehow it seemed too far removed from Ann's shrewd, if staccato, personality.

Nor did Ann the next day mention the scene of the night before. Her very silence gave to it an added weight. I wondered if it was her custom to walk alone, by night, and to search the horizon with her eyes.

Presently a new attitude began to show itself in Shaw. Hitherto the most unassuming of suitors, he developed symptoms of pressing his desires more ardently; of pressing them with an unfailing ardor. Apparently he could never see enough of Ann. He exhibited unusual determination and ingenuity in capturing her for himself alone. In the evenings he had always an endless lot to say to her. I would see them in front of the ranch-house, walking in and out of the shadows of the trees, talking earnestly. With the inevitable idiocy of mankind in this respect I thought this well. If Shaw could only begin to interest Ann in his own thoroughly healthy and material person! Shaw himself put an end to such idyllic conjectures. He burst in upon me late one night, when I was writing at my desk, and, although I did not look up, I felt the presence of his disturbance.

"Well?" I said, turning about.

He was lighting a cigarette with little jerky movements. Under his ridiculous upturned mustache his lips were drawing in and out like the neck of an agitated frog.

"What's the matter?" I asked, laying down my pen.

He flicked the ashes off his cigarette. "Ann," he said shortly.

"Ann?"

"Yes." He was greatly distressed, greatly confused, wanted greatly to talk.

"I can't make her out at all," he said in a monotonous, halting voice. Suddenly he stood up straight, his hands deep in his pockets, and faced me squarely, his jaws set doggedly. "Look here!" he asked. "Did you ever know a sane person to talk about wings?"

"Wings? What do you mean?"

"Just that. Talk about hearing 'em at night! Talk about wings coming and going in the air! And yet she's sane; I know it. To-night I told her she was like one of those people you read about in medicine who's been hit in such a way that part of them's dead. Everything else going on all right, you see, but part of them dead. I—I got damned mad with her. You do, you know, when . . ."

"Yes," I agreed, "you do."

"Well, I suddenly found she was laughing. Not at me, you understand, but as if to herself—quietly; you might say happily. That was queer enough, but what she said was queerer still. She put her hand on my arm. 'Poor old Sturdy,' she said; 'so you think part of me is dead, do you? Isn't that odd? Why, it's the only part of me that's ever been really alive. You're a ghost, and most of me's a ghost, and almost all our friends are ghosts; funny, bloodless little ghosts, in a world one half of which, perhaps the most important half, we never raise our eyes to look at or strain our ears to hear.'" Shaw spread out his arms. "And now," he asked, "what in God's name do you make of that?"

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"Was that all?"

"No, it wasn't. You remember how, about an hour ago, there were queer little black clouds sailing across the moon? Well, one of these came up just then and everything was in darkness, and Ann suddenly stopped and touched my arm. 'Listen!' she said. I tell you, it was uncanny. It—it made me feel all sort of cold."

"And you did listen?"

"Of course."

"What did you hear?"

Shaw evaded my eyes. "Well"— he hesitated—"there was a kind of wind came up that wasn't there before, and, of course—you can imagine anything you want to, you know—that is——"

He fumbled in his pockets for his cigarette-case. I tried to focus his attention.

"And this—this wind?"

He failed miserably to find what he was searching after. Suddenly he raised his head and looked at me with an odd, shrinking confusion in his eyes.

"It sounded," he said, "like an aeroplane—far up—way above us."

For a moment I stared at him coldly; then I was in front of him, shaking him by his arm.

"It won't do, Shaw!" I commanded. "Won't do at all! No, not even in times like these! We're sensible men and can't let ourselves believe such things even for a second. We—we can't let ourselves go. No!"

"We?" he asked dully. "Have you heard it, too?"

His childlike sincerity broke the spell. I stepped back, ashamed of myself. "It makes no difference," I said quietly, "what any one imagines he has heard. You can hear all sorts of things when a wind is blowing. The point is, we're supposed to be intelligent human beings. I don't think there's anything very mysterious, after all. On the contrary, it's rather easily explainable. We've all of us merely made the mistake of assuming that Ann was not nearly as much in love with her husband as she was—and is; that she wasn't capable of being very much in love with any one. Moreover, we doubted her imagination. It seems she has too much. Alastair Graham was killed in an airplane, you remember. If I were you, I'd leave her alone. I wouldn't be precipitous."

He shook his head. "Not once," he said, "have I made one of the mistakes concerning Ann you refer to. And as for precipitous, good Lord!"

And I dare say I would never have known more of the matter than I did at the moment had it not been for an accidental night that Ann and I spent on the top of a mountain divide, huddled in the lee of a fir-tree against the driving rain. It was not altogether an accidental night, for at the back of my brain had been the thought that possibly we might be caught out in some such fashion, although on the surface it seemed as if, by leaving the ranch early, we could easily get back by dusk. I was a game warden and had been notified to follow a party suspected of illegal killing—a party of youths, easily trailed and easily disciplined. So I asked Ann. Lately I had been losing none of the rare opportunities given me to talk to her.

Evening found us still following tracks that led up a narrow, secret valley and then to the top of a great, wind-swept plateau. My quarry had moved from where I had thought to find it; but Ann seemed in no wise disturbed by my suggesting the possibility of a camp in the open. She resolutely insisted upon going forward. Meanwhile, with dusk, a fine rain had come up, making it increasingly difficult to find the horseshoe prints before us. We came to the yawning threat of a canyon on the far side of the plateau, and I stopped. I could see no farther. "Here's where we spend the night," I announced. "Do you mind, Ann?"

She laughed in the darkness. "No," she said.

In the wet night we picketed our horses and found a huge, sheltering tree and an old log to start a fire with. Presently the leaping flames made a circle of light as secure as the walls of a house. I had some chocolate, a few raisins, the remains of our lunch. After we had eaten, I rolled Ann a cigarette. She sat in her favorite cross-legged position before the fire, smoking quietly. All around us was the gusty blackness filled with voices. I felt in something of the same mood as when Ann had handed me the psalms,

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only a warmer mood, a more human one—Ann was very small. I began to get drowsy. I think I had closed my eyes when Ann stirred from her reverie and spoke. "Death is a queer thing, isn't it?" she said.

I did not answer her, for I knew that she had only begun.

"It's a relaxing thing—it's like that soft cleanness that comes after a thunder-shower on a muggy July day. Everything seems so simple."

"How do you mean, Ann?" I asked.

"Well, take Alastair and myself. If we'd both gone on living I'd never have understood him better than I did a month after we were married. And, of course, my not understanding him would have made me all the time harder for him to understand, too. It isn't very happy to love a person and feel so many barriers between him and yourself—all sorts of barriers of flesh and mind. But when a person dies that all seems to blow away, leaving the one beautiful thing you fell in love with but afterward never could exactly get hold of again. I suppose, you know, Alastair and I would have been like all the rest of my married friends."

"And Alastair, did he have that beautiful thing?" She had never before mentioned his name to me.

She threw the end of her cigarette into the fire. "Of course," she said. "All people who are loved have something beautiful about them, at first, anyway, haven't they? But Alastair had it a great deal—oh, yes, under all his foolishness—for he was young and hadn't been much hurt as yet. I'm sometimes glad, almost, he didn't live so that I couldn't hurt it any more. . . . It's like a bird, isn't it?" she said after a silence. "And when people are alive it's always knocking against the walls of their hearts. Only after awhile they're afraid to listen to it, because they think most people don't really like birds; when, as a matter of fact, every one else is in the same condition. It's only when you're dead that the bird flies out and up; glad, like a bird, to be free at last. Would you roll me another cigarette?"

I made a bed for her out of my "slicker" and the dry side of the saddle-blankets. She fell asleep with the casualness of a child.

I do not know when it was that my own uneasy slumbers were disturbed. The rain had ceased and the night had grown suddenly cold, with a myriad stars in an opaque sky, and, toward the north, one great incandescent spear of the aurora borealis reaching up to the zenith. Without raising my head I was aware that Ann was awake. Then I made out her figure, a slim shadow standing by the embers of the dying fire. Something in her attitude held me silent; something that was similar to the attitude in which I had discovered her in the grove of aspen-trees. And as I watched she bent her head slowly back until she must have looked directly at the stars, and with her arms she made a gesture as if welcoming to them something from the air above.

It occurred to me that never before had I heard distant waterfalls so constant in their sound, so sibilant, so like the droning of a huge bee. . . .

It seems to me that all along I had been anticipating the mountain climb that Ann and Shaw and myself took a fortnight later. Looking back upon it, the climb seems as inevitable as the mountains themselves. Previously we had climbed a little, but only in the foot-hills; now Ann had set her heart upon a distant, snow-blanketed peak. "If we could only get up just part way!" she had said with the new, rather breathless enthusiasm that had recently been growing upon her. On a September day we set out.

Our way at first led across the rolling expanse of sage-brush flats, then up through the heavy timber of the lower slopes, until, riding between tall pines, we came to small open meadows heavy with grass and sunlight. In one of these we tied our horses and, putting on our hobnailed boots, started up the bare shoulder of rock before us. Ann climbed with the triumphant vigor of youth; Shaw with the dogged tenacity of his temperament. Presently we stopped to rest.

Below us dropped away the great encompassing belt of timber, and beyond this stretched the wide, silver-gray expanse of the valley cut through its centre by the sparkling silver of the river. To the north and east were distant hills,

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dark green, violet, brown, singularly clear in the soft air, while above us, like giant banners flung defiantly up into the blue, were the blue and white mountains.

By noon we came to a little stream and had our lunch. We were getting up higher by now. The few trees left us were stunted and gnarled pines, bent by the winds and snows, and in place of the warm, crisp air of the forests was the dry, burnt smell of sun-scorched lichen and the keen, heady atmosphere of high altitudes. Every now and then these were cut across by the pungent aroma of small, late-blossoming flowers.

Ann flung herself full length on the soft moss and stared up at the cloudless sky. "I had no idea of this," she said drowsily. "No idea at all." She sighed contentedly. For a while there was no sound except the gurgling of the little stream between its banks of broken stones. I looked over at Shaw; his head had fallen back; he was asleep. Ann sat up and watched him with a quizzical smile. "He does more than he should," she said softly. "He is very brave."

"And you?" I asked. "Aren't you tired?"

She shook her head. "I'm never tired," she said, and clasped her knees with her hands and stared down into the valley. "Do you know what is the matter with the people who were brought up as I was," she asked—"the people who all their lives are sunk, like I was, in a feather bed? It's because they never know until too late what it is to climb; never know what it is to hold on to something long after it seems one's heart can stand it not a moment longer."

Shaw rolled over, opened an eye, and stared at us. "Hello!" he ejaculated. "Gracious! We ought to be going."

We climbed higher, into the receding blue.

Mountains are lovelier by mid-afternoon, I think, than even by dawn or in the freshness of morning. The long lights fall across the canyons as quietly as sleep made visible. To one side of us the cliffs grew steeper, while above us a clump of ragged dwarf pine, our nearest objective, drew nearer. Looking at the others, I saw that they were possessed with the same elation of a purpose almost accomplished as myself; and then, as is always the case, the last few steps were as nothing, and, passing the fringe of twisted trees, we stood upon the rim of a little valley, green and still and enchanted. In its bowl rested a tiny lake and beyond were the scarred sides of the final summit. That was all; it was very breathless; none of us spoke. I turned to Ann. . . .

I do not know how to describe what followed; I do not know how to give it the proper emotion, the proper emphasis. I am afraid if I tell it just as it occurred I will seem too sudden, too removed from what we choose to call the reality of life, and yet how can I tell it except as it occurred? And great heights are in themselves abrupt; have about them a quality of making the ordinary unreal, the extraordinary usual—a fine, thin, rare amplification of the outer edges of facts. For, as I turned to Ann, I saw her standing, her lips a little open, looking up at the dazzling arc of the sky, and suddenly she threw an arm up, as if to ward off a sight too blinding, and with a queer, soft, broken cry fell forward on her face.

I leaped toward her, but Shaw was there before me, bending over her, the most curious twisted look on his mask-like face. . . . I don't know—it was all so unbelievable and yet so logical; I had no sense of tragedy at the time; I have not been able, except by deliberate thought, to achieve a sense of tragedy since then. Often I blame myself; and yet—tragedy is, in reality, only the sense of failure. How can consummation be that?

After awhile I looked up to where Ann had made her gesture. In the wide, empty spaces of the sky an eagle, so high it was merely a pin-point of shadow, floated on unconquered wings.

Odd, wasn't it, there should have been an eagle there just then?

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THE PEACEFUL WARRIOR

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I HAVE no joy in strife,
  Peace is my great desire;
Yet God forbid I lose my life
  Through fear to face the fire.

A peaceful man must fight
  For that which peace demands,—
Freedom and faith, honor and right,
  Defend with heart and hands.

Farewell, my friendly books;
  Farewell, ye woods and streams;
The fate that calls me forward looks
  To a duty beyond dreams.

Oh, better to be dead
  With a face turned to the sky,
Than live beneath a slavish dread
  And serve a giant lie.

Stand up, my heart, and strive
  For the things most dear to thee!
Why should we care to be alive
  Unless the world is free?

THE DEFENSIVE BATTLE

HOW THE ENEMY IS HELD AT BAY

By Captain Jacques Rouvier
Of the French Military Mission to the United States

IN speaking of defensive battles I refer to great encounters such as the struggle at Verdun in 1916, which was a defensive battle for the French, and the battle of the Flanders where the Germans were on the defensive. Raids, of more or less importance, even though many troops take part in them at times, are not considered as battles.

I shall try to make clear, first, how we become aware that the enemy is about to launch an offensive, and next, to explain the measures which are taken to meet the enemy and to hold him at bay.

When an offensive is being planned by the enemy, a large amount of constructive work must be undertaken by him, not only at the front, but also at the rear. To begin with, all means of communication must be placed in the very best condition in order to accommodate the greatly increased traffic which they will be called upon to bear, and new means of communication must be created, for nat-

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urally there exist only those which are necessary for the ordinary existence in the trenches, which are quite insufficient. New railroads are built, new roads for guns and trails for infantry must be arranged for, and positions have to be prepared in the front line for the artillery which is to prepare the attack. Many requirements must be met for infantry dugouts and sufficient shelters to cover the assaulting troops before they go over the top, and numbers of dumps have to be provided for the storing of the great masses of war material which will be required. Much of the work cannot be concealed, particularly that pertaining to roads and railroads. Our airplanes locate the new works immediately, and they are made prominent on the aerial photographs taken by the aviators. There is also an unusual amount of traffic on the roads behind the enemy's lines which will be noticed by the planes, and in the lines it will be noticed that the Germans are more actively at work than usual.

Another thing which announces an attack is the attitude of the enemy's artillery and the activity of his air-service.

All these signs give the alarm to our General Staff, which thus becomes aware that something is about to happen. An effort will be made to estimate correctly the intentions of the enemy, to decide where and on which front he will attack, and to calculate his available resources. This is, of course, no easy task, for the enemy will always try to secure the advantages of a surprise and will use all possible means to deceive us. On different parts of the front he will erect works which have an offensive character, and the available divisions which have been kept in reserve will be brought close to some places where there will never be an attack, this being done with the object of deceiving the inhabitants and the secret agents which we may have within the lines of the enemy. False reports are spread by means of the newspapers. A good example of this was offered by the Germans in the beginning of 1917, when they concentrated troops at the Swiss frontier and the newspapers published stories to the effect that Switzerland was to be invaded. The enemy did this with a view to forcing us to send troops to the frontier to meet the possible invasion, and in that way compel us to postpone our offensive of April, 1917, on the Aisne.

It is a very difficult task for our staff to acquire the information which is needed in order to take appropriate measures for meeting the enemy's offensive. For this purpose secret agents are constantly on the lookout for all possible clews relating to the enemy's movements and his prospective actions. Planes are active in reconnoitring and taking photographs. These photographs are compared with the ones previously taken, and all changes noted. Raids are ordered on all the fronts in order to secure exact information concerning the number and the identity of the divisions holding the front. Information is secured by the Allies, who report which divisions are on their front. The prisoners are questioned about the number of divisions which are at rest-billets. In this way it is possible to learn how many divisions are holding the front and how many are in reserve behind the front. If the number increases, the enemy may have offensive purposes, particularly if we have not started an offensive. Then, little by little, we learn that the density of the troops in some sector has augmented, that numerous troops are at rest-billets training for an offensive, such troops being either close to the sectors from which the enemy is to start his attack, or in close proximity to places well served by railroads and roads which will provide speedy transportation to the front.

All this information is collected by the General Staff which controls the various sources of intelligence, and which then takes measures accordingly. But it is always very difficult to locate exactly *where* and on which front the attack will take place, or rather where the principal attack will take place, for very often other attacks take place which are merely demonstrations. For instance, before the Germans started their attack on Verdun they first attacked on various parts of the front in the north, in Champagne, and in Lorraine. It was impossible to shift all available troops to Verdun, although we knew that we should be attacked there. But we also knew that we should be at-

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tacked on different parts of the line, and we could not determine just what importance these other attacks would assume. So, when it appears that the enemy will launch an attack, the General Staff is obliged to take special action. The first measure is to assemble a number of troops who are kept in reserve to meet any emergency. The number of troops assembled will, of course, vary according to the general situation and to the supposed strength of the enemy's attack. These troops will not be placed in the trenches which we believe are to be attacked, but in a place affording every facility for rapid transportation to different parts of the front, either by trucks or by railroads. This is done to avoid a possible mistake in the dispositions, for it takes a much longer time to shift large units kept in reserve close to the line to another part of the front than to transport them to any part of the line from a well-selected rest-billet zone.

Next, the staff arranges for the assembly of all the war material necessary, especially many guns of all calibers and ammunition in great quantity to feed them, for the guns are big eaters. The ground on which the battle is to be fought is considered with great care. Defenses are bettered and new positions are created at the rear that a stanch and spirited resistance may be offered, and also to afford shelter for the reserve troops.

The first position is studied and all possible improvements are made in the existing positions, the work beginning at the rear positions, for the very first lines are doomed to utter destruction. Every effort is made to conceal in a network of trenches all important points of defense, including the strongholds, points which are favorable for the development of flanking fire, and machine-gun emplacements, the latter screened by camouflage. All possible steps are taken to prevent the enemy from knowing exactly which are the important points, and if he does not literally destroy everything, he may have uncomfortable experiences.

It is nearly always necessary to change completely all the positions when an attack is expected, because the enemy is thoroughly acquainted with all the details of our lines. So machine-gun emplacements are changed, and the new ones are never used prior to the actual attack, in order not to betray them.

The local staffs determine where the enemy is to attack and which portions of the ground he will cover. The ground is prepared so as to break up the enemy's assaulting waves, to force them to proceed in separate columns in special zones, these columns being isolated from each other by strongholds. The isolated columns then reach the special areas where we are ready to meet and destroy them, either by deadly artillery barrage or by infantry and machine-gun cross-fire. The enemy's plan is to succeed in occupying our entire position, and this must be prevented at any rate. We must be able to retain a foothold in the positions which are nearly entirely destroyed, or occupied, by the enemy. We will have some strongholds, or centres of resistance, which are still occupied by our troops, who will afford valuable assistance when we start the counter-attack. So, you see, the defense of the ground is not only a frontal one but also a lateral one. That is to say, the ground is divided into a certain number of zones or localities which are independent of each other, and which are able to hold firm even when the neighboring sectors have succumbed to the enemy's power. Of course, if the enemy has such a menace on one flank, his advance will be stopped, or, if he continues his advance, we will have an opportunity to deliver strong counter-attacks on this salient which his men form, and we will also be able to bring great concentration of artillery-fire on this particular spot. Every man, every officer, every leader knows that in the defensive battle he must cling to the ground and die where he stands. He is never to retreat, even if his neighbors have fallen back, because in resisting they are given time to regain the lost ground. On the 23d of June, 1916, at the Bois Fumin, my regiment did not retreat —although the regiments on both flanks had fallen back—and by our holding on the French troops were able to deliver a victorious counter-attack which gained back nearly all the ground which had been lost.

Very strong centres of resistance are created, shelters made of concrete or

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deep dugouts afford cover to the men during the enemy's bombardment, and flanking positions are selected with the utmost care. The men are well acquainted with these, but they are never used beforehand, in order that the enemy may not become aware of their existence. All these important parts of the line are concealed by camouflage. Quantities of barbed wire are used as a means of defense for the first lines. These measures are taken in order to force the enemy to shell the entire first position if he wishes to gain a foothold, but the utmost care is given to the last lines of the first position, and more especially to the second position.

Observation points are carefully selected, for in the defensive battle, if we want our men to man the parapet, it is necessary that they should know the moment when the enemy will attack. This is, indeed, very difficult, because the shelling is so intense that nobody can hear anything, and the smoke and the dust prevent one from seeing. At Verdun when I was there the artillery could not see the rockets we sent on account of the smoke and the dust, which formed a dense cloud surrounding all our lines.

The enemy's infantry starts its attack so suddenly and follows its creeping barrage so closely that very often the assailants reach the lines before the garrison is aware of it. This can only be avoided by the selection of well-chosen points of observation, not only in the first lines but also at the rear, which are capable of furnishing information for the loosing of our curtain-fire and giving time and notice to our infantry.

Another matter which requires painstaking attention is the disposition of our forces. They must be echelonned in depth. In our first lines we have hardly anybody except watchers, the main body of our troops being at the rear in well-sheltered dugouts. The first lines will be destroyed, but our troops which are at the rear will have time to encounter the enemy before he reaches this latter position, and the foe will have been obliged to expend an enormous quantity of shells in destroying the first-line works and in killing a very few men. The intention of the defense is not to prevent the enemy from gaining possession of some parts of the position, but to hold our lines. Experience has proved that it was much easier and much less costly to force him out of the trenches captured by an immediate counter-attack than to try to prevent him from entering our first lines by cramming them with troops. In doing the latter we would only augment our casualties without any benefit, for men are not able to resist this avalanche of fire.

Another detail which must be taken care of is the condition of the means of communication. New roads and paths for the infantry will be prepared which allow the reinforcing troops to go quickly to the lines. All means of *liaison* must be improved whilst we have time, and especially the main telephone lines, which should be buried at a depth of at least two yards.

A very sure sign that the enemy is to start an offensive is when he begins registering fire with his artillery with more intensity and with greater care than usual. Also when the air-service conducts a great number of raids. Before the battle of Verdun the Germans made many raids over the French front, trying to destroy our railway stations and other points of importance. Of course our aviators encounter the enemy's flying parties, and we also carry on raids in order to interfere to the greatest possible extent with the enemy's offensive operations. The foe will order infantry raids in order to ascertain which troops and how many of them are in front of him, and also to learn how many divisions have been brought to the rear of the sector he intends to attack.

At last the enemy's artillery preparation will begin, pounding our lines and destroying our trenches. Our artillery will answer and will open fire upon the enemy's artillery and upon his lines, causing much havoc in his jumping-off trenches. Not all of our batteries will fire, as it is desired that they do not reveal their location. They will only fire on the day when the enemy actually launches the attack, in this way causing him great annoyance, as he will not be able to do counter-battery work owing to his failure in locating all the emplace-

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ments of our artillery in advance. The staffs of the reinforcing troops will be allotted, and they will proceed to their commanding posts in advance of their troops in order to follow the progress of the battle and to become well acquainted with all the peculiarities of the ground. The local commanding officer will have a plan of counter-attack, and will not have to wait for special orders for launching this counter-attack. As soon as the enemy has attacked, the reserve troops will counter-attack without further orders, and the sooner the better. The battle for the enemy will thus consist of two different phases. First, he will have to fight with the garrison of the first lines; after he has secured those lines and is trying to organize them he will then be speedily attacked by troops coming out of their shelters, unhurt by his bombardment. The rôles will be reversed, and he will be attacked and will have to defend himself.

During the artillery preparation is a very trying time for every one, as all are aware that the attack will come, but one never knows just when it will come, and to live under such conditions is most terrible. The supplies cannot be brought up, the shelling is intense, it is nearly impossible to have any communication with anybody, the wounded lie where they fall and cannot be taken away, and the dead cannot be buried. Officers and men undergo a severe nervous strain, for one must be in readiness to encounter the enemy at any minute, and to die if necessary where one is. Reinforcements must not be expected, and there must be no falling back except in compliance with written orders, even though the enemy is on our flank. From time to time the enemy's artillery-fire increases to a "drum-fire," the ordinary shelling continuing day and night, and you may be sure that this ordinary shelling is terrible. This awful shelling has a very curious effect on one. It makes one very sleepy and it becomes quite hard to keep awake. At Verdun I saw men who fell asleep in shell-holes under the most intense shelling.

In a very short time the aspect of the whole position is changed. All the defenses, all the trenches, all the communication-trenches disappear as if they had been swallowed up, and there remains only a field of craters in which there may remain some dugouts which have resisted. Then at last the enemy's barrage moves on, a creeping barrage which the hostile infantry follow in a wave formation. All the power of the artillery will be concentrated on our second position, and all our means of communication will be kept under a terrific fire. Fleets of planes flying low accompany the creeping barrage and the infantry. High in the skies squadrons of planes form an aerial barrage to prevent our planes from passing. When this happens, fire from all points will be turned on the enemy in the sky. Our artillery, with all its power, will turn loose a barrage to protect our infantry, and batteries from new positions will open fire as rapidly as possible against the enemy's artillery. Our infantry, machine-guns, and automatic riflemen will be firing into the enemy's assaulting waves, trying to break them down by the violence of their fire. Then hand-to-hand fights will occur in isolated shell-holes. But the mass of the enemy will roll on to some particular point where they will try to establish themselves. Hardly will they have reached this point when, in skirmishing order, French troops appear and, under the protection of a creeping barrage, endeavor to throw back the adversary. If they don't succeed in regaining all of the lost ground, at least the enemy will have paid a very high price for his new acquisition and will not be able to pursue his advantage.

In the defensive one must gain time. The troops which hold the line are only there to gain time to bring up the reserves which are at a distance in the rear. When the Germans attacked Verdun on the 21st of February, 1916, the divisions which held the first line resisted bravely during three days. The resistance of these divisions gave us time to bring up troops, who delivered a victorious counter-attack.

Thus the defensive battle proceeds. The losses by attrition will be high for the enemy, while the battle rages on until his offensive capacity is broken down. Then we will launch a counter-offensive and reconquer the lost ground.

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AT ISHAM'S

By Edward C. Venable
Author of "Preface," "Six-Feet-Four," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

IT was a place where men went who liked to talk of curious things. It was not, of course, advertised as that; there was no sign to the public saying as much. Indeed, the only sign of any sort said "Wines, Ales, and Liquors," just below the name "Isham." But, nevertheless, that is what it distinctively was—a place where men went who liked to talk of curious things.

It was a curious place to look at, too, in a way—the wrong way. It was a three-story house among houses fifteen, twenty, and thirty stories high; it was a house sixty years old, living usefully among houses, most of which were scarcely as many months old. But sixty years is no great age for a house in most places, and three stories is not out of the common. It is thirty stories that are extraordinary. In the right way Isham's was a very ordinary place to look at, in very curious surroundings—only it took a moment's thought to find it out.

Old Isham himself, though, would have been curious anywhere in the world. He was seventy years old, and he looked precocious. Perhaps having lived so long in an atmosphere of "wild surmise" had robbed him of the gift of wonderment, the last light of infancy to go out in the world, and so he was absolutely grown up. That is what he was, absolutely grown up. Looking into his face you could not imagine his ever being surprised, quite without a previous experience of the present. As one of his customers said, he could take the gayest dinner-party that ever was, and with a single glance of his faded blue eyes reduce it to a pile of dirty dishes and the bill. He was saturated with the gayety of thirty thousand dinners. He never condescended to the vulgarity of a dress suit, but always wore plain black with immaculate linen. So he would move in the evening, ponderously—for he must have weighed two hundred pounds—among the tables, listening imperturbably to praise and blame. Yes, chops were almost always properly broiled, beer had been flat from the beginning of the world—Lucullus with a dash of Cato.

Twinkle Sampson was his oldest patron. He was as old as Isham, and had been dining there once or twice a week ever since he was thirty; but he was the antithesis of Isham in appearance. He had the face of a very young child; it was all wonderment. The whole world was for him a wild surmise. His hobby was astronomy. He liked, as he said, to talk about the moon. Any of the heavenly bodies would interest him, but the moon was his own peculiar sphere. His knowledge was for the most laboriously gleaned, unassisted, from books; but twice in his life he had looked at the moon through a great telescope, and those two occasions were to Twinkle Sampson what one wedding and one funeral are to most men. He looked like a moon-lover, too, a pale, weak reflection of masculinity. The nearest he ever got to anger was when some ignorant person at Isham's threatened to divert the talk from his hobby when once he had dragged it thither.

"I know a man," began one of these imprudently on one occasion.

"We don't care if you know a million men," interrupted Twinkle. "We want to talk about the moon."

And he sat for five minutes thereafter, blinking at the interloper like an exasperated white-haired owl. Even in that outburst, though, he characteristically took refuge in the plural.

Such little "flare-ups" were very, very frequent at Isham's. Indeed, they were inevitable, because there people talked of what they had thought about. It is the talk for talk's sake that is only a string of wearying agreements; the drunkard over

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a bar, a débutante at a dinner-table, a statesman among his constituents. Talk at Isham's was intelligently sharp, interrupted, disputative. And, in any case, Savelle would have made it so. He was eaten up by the zeal of his cause, which was Christianity and capitalism. Capitalism, he preached, was founded on Christianity, was a development and an inevitable development of the social implication of the Gospels. It was a curious plea; it had the power of exasperating human beings otherwise kindly and meditative, such as chiefly affected Isham's, to something like fury when Savelle eloquently expounded it. He called it Christian economics. He argued that just as Christianity was developing the social relations of human beings to one of pure love, so it was developing also their economical relations to one of pure trust. The two developments had gone on side by side throughout the Christian era, from the days when merchants hauled ponderous "talents of silver" about with them in their trading, until now, when one could control all the wealth of the world by the tapping of a telegraph key. And not only was their growth thus synchronous, but each was the exactest exponent of the other; it was only in Christian countries, he explained, that the capitalistic system was to be found at all, and in the quasi-heathen it was invariably established in exact proportion with the spread of Christian ethics. He was full, too, of frequent instances and recondite dates, such as the invention of the bill of exchange by the Hebrews, and the advice of Jesus to his Apostles anent carrying money about with them. There were only two crimes in Christian economics, just as in the ethics; dishonesty, which he claimed was the commercial form of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and bankruptcy, or the refusal of trust, which was simply a denial of the economic implication of the teaching of love one another. Socialism, of course, was merely a new, subtle sacrilege, and Marx the newest incarnation of anti-Christ. His faith or fanaticism would always burn its fiercest in talking of these specific instances. Twinkle Sampson would sit blinking astigmatically at him for an hour in silence when he preached so. He was the only man of them all whom Twinkle Sampson never interrupted, never tried to drag away to the moon.

It was only an occasional horrified Christian or exasperated Socialist who ever diverted him, and then he would descend to embittering personalities with disconcerting quickness. He was of French descent, Gascon, a tall, fair, pale man, and had the racial instinct for combat. In the daytime he was the Wall Street reporter for one of the evening dailies, and people who knew him down there said he went about his work in that district like a pious pilgrim in Judea. But what you did daytimes never mattered at Isham's. It was what you could say evenings after dinner, in the back of the dining-room beside the bar, that counted, and there Savelle, next to Twinkle, was the best listened-to man in Isham's.

And, measured by that scale, little Norvel was his farthest neighbor. He was the least listened-to man, because he rarely spoke, and the best listener. Indeed, he was the only genuine listener. The others listened only under *force majeure*. He, on the contrary, would dine sparely, for he was very poor, apparently, and sit smoking all evening until ten o'clock, and go away without ever speaking to any one, except the waiter who served, and a "Good evening" and "Good night" to Mr. Isham himself. His prestige was due solely to one effort. He had propounded a query which Isham's had discussed more than any other ever raised there, more than Twinkle's lunar hypotheses, or Savelle's Christian economics, and which had never been settled. It was the one common topic among them. Other subjects owed their existence and prosperity to the protection and loyalty of one man, but little Norvel, having put his afoot, retired into silence and cigar smoke, and left its life to the care of others. He had injected the conundrum into a conversation of Twinkle Sampson's about the inhabitants of Mars, in whose existence Twinkle Sampson not only believed, but took a far deeper interest than in those of his fellow earthmen.

"If," little Norvel began, "if Mars is inhabited by a race so similar to ourselves —if——"

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"Well, well, Mr. Norvel," Twinkle Sampson interrupted, "that is fairly well conceded, I think. If—what?"

"If," continued little Norvel tranquilly, "if it is so, what means of communication between us is there that is so unmistakably of *human origin* that a sight inated all possibilities of the sense of hearing. That one of the five senses had to be discarded from the possibilities of communication. There is no sound which humanity can create which nature, in some other form, cannot perfectly imitate. Except laughter? That suggestion

Perhaps having lived so long in an atmosphere of "wild surmise" had robbed him of the gift of wonderment . . . and so he was absolutely grown up.—Page 51.

of it, or a sound from it, would immediately convince them of our relationship."

It had seemed, when the quiet little man first spoke, as if it was a question easily brushed aside; but a little discussion, genuine Ishamic, soon proved it to have greater weight. Norvel sat aside, contributing nothing then or ever thereafter. Indeed, the only result the question had, or seemed to have, for him was the winning by it of the deep affection of Twinkle Sampson.

The early discussion of the matter elim- was Savelle's. But it was not successful, though he defended himself with his own peculiar fervor. It appealed to the intense emotionalism of the man, that idea of the ultimate expression of humanity being laughter. He took up its defense as recklessly as his school of economics, and with something of the same breadth of vision and indefinite reasoning. Laughter was, he claimed, beyond the narrow limits of the question discussed, that very thing, the ultimate expression of humanity. Man was distinctively not, as he

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has been defined, the unfeathered biped, not the tool-using animal; he was the animal who laughs, and in proof he instanced the great poet. When he wished to imbue men with his own immense pessimism that the wrath of the Zeus was not the mysterious working of nature but the malignity of men, he made that terrible phrase, the most terrible ever spoken, "The laughter of the gods."

"We don't care if you know a million men," interrupted Twinkle. "We want to talk about the moon."—Page 51.

"Think of it yourselves," he demanded. "Put it into your own words. The laughter of God!" He was standing up then in the heat of his pleading. "What that's divine is left then? He can only be a man, a fearful superman."

But they beat down the orator with instances of gurgling brooks and hyenas. He strove Homerically with his attackers, thundering his defense of his vision until old Isham had to come up to the table and look at them all with his faded blue eyes and precocious face of seventy years. But though he failed of conviction his argument did just what he said; it put the question outside the "narrow limits" Norvel had laid it in. Savelle always did that with every question. After he had spoken the phrase they all remembered was his—the ultimate expression of humanity. It was by such phrases, such ideas, Isham's lived, as a place to which talk-hungry people learned to go.

Old Sampson, who always listened to Savelle, though he deplored his tendency "to wander in his talk," away from the moon and kindred subjects, took a new lease of life from that night. At last a day had come when people really liked to talk about the moon, or Mars, which was almost as good. He became a mental manufacturer of objects of origin so exclusively human that once they were conveyed to Mars, once that difficulty overcome, would produce instant understanding. Almost nightly he would turn up with a new one, and invariably some one would overthrow his hopes by suggesting a *natural*, in distinction to his *human*, phenomenon. He would always feebly defend his invention, and then

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Drawn by Arthur G. Dove.

"What that's divine is left then? He can only be a man, a fearful superman."—Page 54.

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fall silent—apparently intent upon a new one.

It was Philbin, the novelist, whose hobby was "Weltpolitik," and who revelled in prophecies those days of a European cataclysm, who put him, as it were, finally out of this particular misery.

"It seems to me," complained Twinkle, in his plaintive voice, blinking almost tearfully at the table-cloth, "as if nature imitates everything."

"Twinkle," said Philbin, who was sitting next to him, "lend me your ears. I want 'to whisper into their furry depths.' Have you ever thought of going yourself?"

Twinkle, lifting his eyes to the other's face, blinked and shook his head.

Savelle was the only man who did not laugh. He never laughed either at Sampson or Philbin. "Don't you see," he cried sharply, in his eager idea-driven way, "don't you see what the man has discovered? Your ears will need cropping soon. '*Nature imitates everything!*' That is, he has found, he has perceived, he is establishing by his own experiments that man, after all his effort and his boasting, after all his science and learning, which has made a joke of the teaching of Jesus and the poetry of Milton, that this *creature* itself has in turn *created* nothing? That man, after all, has only, can only, imitate nature."

He let fall his fist on the table, looking around at his listeners. He always had listeners at Isham's, and perhaps nowhere else in New York. For the moment he had forgotten his tiff with Philbin, had forgotten Philbin himself, and was all for rushing ahead on his idea-driven course to some unimaginable distance. But Philbin's vanity never forgot slights. It was not the words—he gave and took sharper every day of his life—but the manner in which he was thrown aside as an unnoticeable obstruction in the other's path of thought, the rush past him of the faster mind that mortified him. He knew Savelle, knew him better than any one in the room did, for that was his business, and he knew how fast he was going and how sharp he would fall, and then, like a mischievous little boy, with his foot, he stuck out his tongue and tripped him.

"That's contrary to every teaching of Christ you ever raved about," he said quickly.

Savelle did come down with rather a crash. Even his defenders admitted that much. But then he had been going very fast. Moreover, he was a man who habitually used too many words. He used too many to Philbin—a great deal too many. Philbin's faults were almost all on the outside, and even through the casual communion of Isham's he had made them pretty plain to every man there. He was vain, slightly arrogant, over-given to sneering. Savelle, in his defense of his position, managed to comment briefly upon each quality, and he put into the personalities the same vigor that he used to defend his theory of the universe. At the very best he showed a lamentable lack of proportion. At the worst he was vulgarly offensive.

That is the danger of such talk as men plunged into at Isham's; it lacks proportion. Personalities and universalities get all mixed up, and sometimes it takes long patience and a good deal of humor to straighten out the tangle. Philbin and Savelle were in just such a tangle over little Norvel's query. And neither of them had patience and Savelle had no grain of humor. If he had, he could not have come down from a discussion of his theory of the universe to criticism of Philbin's personality. The matter was quite hopeless. The tangle only grew tighter until there was only one way of ending it. Philbin took it. He was a little man, and very nervous, and when he stood up his finger-tips just touched the table, and he was trembling so they played a tattoo on the table-cloth. Then he bowed and went out.

He had behaved the better of the two, but every one was glad to see him go—except old Sampson, to whom anything like ill-feeling gave genuine pain. He liked a placid world in which one could babble in amity about the moon. But to the rest Philbin was a bore. His Weltpolitik was uninteresting. His European cataclysm was a tale told by an idiot, full enough of learning, but signifying little or nothing. One could imagine baseball games on Mars, and make the matter realistic; but Philbin's imaginings dealt in palpable absurdities. Even at Isham's

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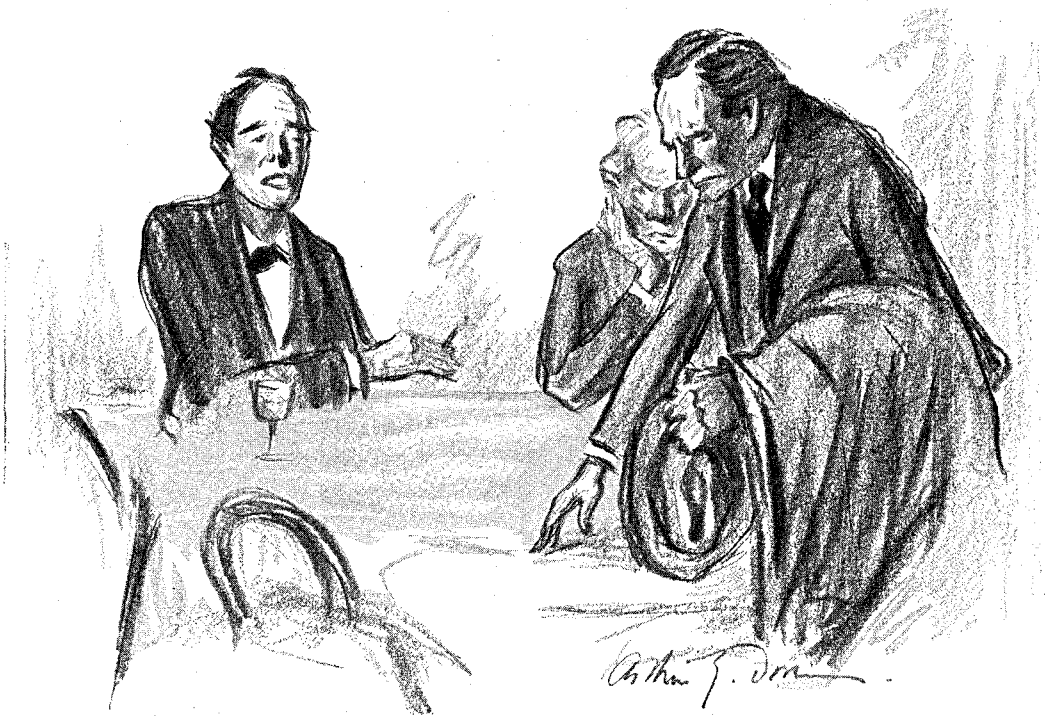
talk had limitations. Philbin had been a war correspondent in the Balkans, and they thought it had upset his mind.

Savelle affected to ignore his going away, and went on with his expounding of Twinkle Sampson's discovery—so he was pleased to call it. He ridiculed Philbin's criticism more fiercely than before. He, Sampson, had given a marvellously stimulating example, Savelle said, of what religious thought meant, that it was not in man to create, only in God. All that was human was imitation, even as man himself was God's image. In truth, Philbin's attack had stimulated him, and he talked that night better than he had ever talked. He felt that he had come off a second best in the encounter, and he determined to wipe out the remembrance from the memory of his hearers. Poor old Twinkle, hearing himself eulogized for the first time in his life, probably, sat in silence, winking almost tearfully, too amazed to be pleased.

And always after he made a point of emphasizing this theory of his—or of Sampson's—as he called it. It became the rival in this talk of Christian economics. He did so without argument, for Philbin did not come back. A Futurist painter, who had found out Isham's purely by accident, gradually took his place. At Isham's places were always taken gradually. To make up for it they were generally taken for a very long time. Philbin's was the first defection; in fact, since Twinkle's low-toned monologues about the moon, with old Isham for the only listener, in the corner by the fireplace had started it all eleven years ago. Philbin, too, had never been in very good standing; his trick of sarcasm hurt too many sensibilities. And then he was agnostic in everything, and Isham's collectively believed in almost everything. Every man of them except the Futurist painter who took his place and had scarcely known him, had some little hurt



The tangle only grew tighter until there was only one way of ending it. Philbin . . . bowed and went out.
—Page 56.

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somewhere to remember him by, and so, of course, wanted to forget him.

They had almost succeeded, too, when suddenly that happened which brought his name up in all thoughts, the war. That night, the night when all rumors and surmises were solidified into the single, soul-stunning fact, nobody mentioned his name, though each knew the others were thinking of it. It seemed uncivil when they had each heard the rest make such fun of his theories. But after a few days some bolder soul broke the spell.

"Philbin—do you remember, he always prophesied it?"

But that was all, and Savelle sat silent even then.

In truth, the war changed Isham's. Of course, it changed somehow almost everything in the world, but it changed Isham's peculiarly. Before it had been a place where people went to talk of curious things, and now the same people went there—Sampson and Savelle and little Norvel and the Futurist painter, and old Isham himself was unchanged, nothing could alter him, and they still talked of curious things, more curious things than they had ever imagined before, but Isham's had changed by ceasing to be different, because everywhere people were talking of the same things. Talk at Isham's was just like talk on any street corner. In fact, the world had caught up with Isham's.

Then one night Philbin did come back. It was in the second year of the great war, and it had been nearly five since he had gone away after his tiff with Savelle. He did not come directly into the back room, as he had been used to do, but dined by himself at a small table in front. He sat there a long time after dinner over his coffee, with his back turned to his old place. Every one of them had seen him and recognized him, and talk that night was slow. Though he had spoken to none of them and turned his back to them, each knew somehow that he would speak and that he had come there especially to speak, and that he would say something important, and they sat nervously waiting.

At last he did come, pushing back his chair and walking slowly up the room. They noticed then how he had changed. He had grown very much older. He had been scarcely fifty when he had left, and now he looked and walked like an old man, and his dress, which had always been very neat and careful, showed an old man's carelessness. They all got up when he came and greeted him by name and with genuine cordiality. The little stings of five years since had vanished long ago. Savelle got up last and a little doubtfully, but it was Savelle he especially picked out.

"Ah, Savelle," and he put out his hand.

Then he sat down in his old place and ordered more coffee and talked for a while quietly to his right-hand neighbor, who was little Norvel. He said nothing of himself and very little of any subject, seeming distrait and very depressed. After a little, abruptly he took the conversation in his own hands.

"Gentlemen," he said, leaning forward with his hands folded on the cloth in front of him, "since I was here last I have had a very great sorrow. I have lost my son."

Then he fell silent again, and apparently not hearing any of the things that were said to him.

"He was killed," he began a second time, just as he had begun the first, "in Flanders, six weeks ago. He was twenty-two years and four months old. Before he died they pinned this on him." He fumbled in his waistcoat, and picking out something threw it across the cloth over in front of Savelle. It was a little bronze cross known the world over, with two words on it, "For valor." "I sent them my son and they sent me back that," said Philbin.

It was the old Philbin voice—the same that had in turn galled each one of them.

"He went out in the night," he went on, "and pulled back to life two London fishmongers. Then he died—going back for a third fishmonger. There is some six inches in a London newspaper telling about it. That same paper gave a column and a half last week to a story I wrote. And they gave six inches to my son. That's queer, too, isn't it?"

Nobody answered him. They were all afraid to—his tone was too bitter. No one was quite sure what he would say.

"We used to talk here years ago," he

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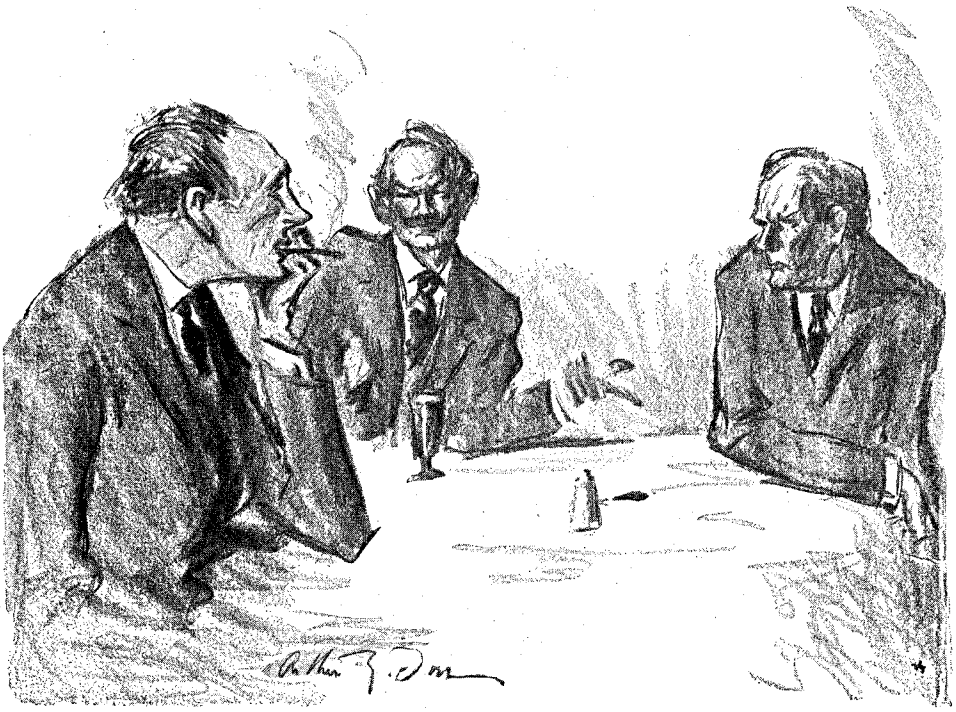

"I wish you would explain this, Mr. Savelle."

went on presently, "about curious things. I think this curious enough to talk about. They gave a 'stick' to the death of my son and a column to the birth of my book. Savelle, you are a newspaper man, tell us about it?"

Savelle was looking at him with his eyes blazing, and he answered not a word.

"I suppose it's logical," said Philbin. "Any man may have a son. But I have written twenty books and had only one son."

The only answer came from quite an unexpected quarter. It was little Norvel, who was sitting at Philbin's elbow.

"Did you say, sir," he asked, "that he went back three times?"

"Yes, Mr. Norvel, three times—three fishmongers."

The man's sneers would have been disgusting if they had not been so plainly aimed at himself first. As it was, they were almost terrible.

"Whether the three fishmongers lived or died," he went on, "I don't know. The six inches neglected to state. Want of space, possibly. You are a newspaper man, Savelle, perhaps you can explain."

"I wish you would explain this, Mr. Savelle," said little Norvel.

"What?" said Savelle.

"What part of nature Mr. Philbin was imitating when he went back?"

All the pent-up intensity of Savelle's being rushed out in his answer: "I am maliciously misrepresented. There is no human element in such action. It is the divine phenomenon of Calvary."

"Savelle," put in Philbin, "when my son was alive he was a man. I believe, too, he died like a man. I prefer that to an imitation of anything—even God."

The width of the table was between the two men, and the whole meaning of the universe. Their antagonism was irreconcilable. In that instant it had recovered all its bitterness of five years before. Time could do nothing. Not even chance could. It was literally immutable, the only thing in the world neither of those great forces can effect.

But the only pitiful part of it was, Sampson sitting between them, turning now to one, now to the other, with dim sight and faulty hearing, and wanting of either merely something human.

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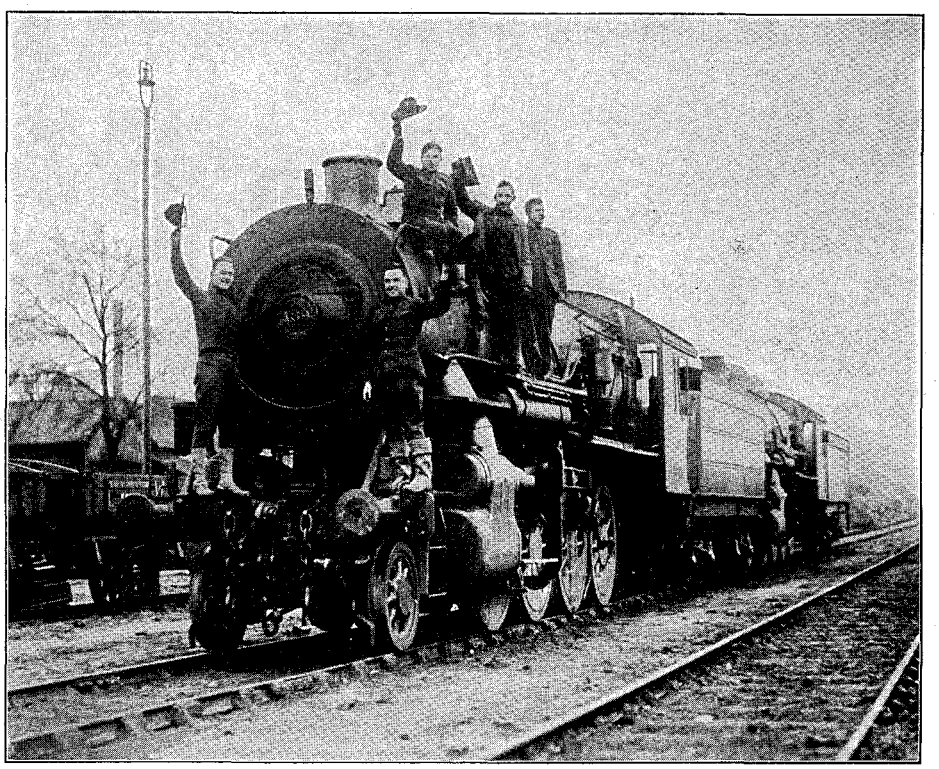

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The locomotive is assembled.

Men of a U. S. locomotive-assembling plant in France cheering the completion of the assembling of a Baldwin locomotive.

THE GREAT WORK OF AMERICAN RAILROAD MEN IN FRANCE

("It has been examined by the Censorship Division and is forwarded to you without alteration")

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A YEAR ago at a certain port in France there were a few wharfs approached by a channel capable of admitting vessels of light draft. Leading up to the wharfs were a number of stub-tracks on which ran the tiny French freight-cars, each capable of holding little more than one of our large motor-trucks. At the end of each track was a turning-table, by means of which track and car would be revolved ninety degrees, allowing the loaded car to be shoved off to another track where the turn of another table would start it back in the general direction from which it came.

Vessels which came into that port were unloaded in a leisurely manner by hand labor, were refilled with cargo and the necessary amount of ballast and their return supply of coal. Then they moved out to sea once more.

That was only a few months ago. On that same site to-day there is a much different sort of a plant. Instead of a few small wharfs there are now four great docks where sixteen heavy-cargo vessels may rest at the same time. A channel leading up to the wharfs and docks has

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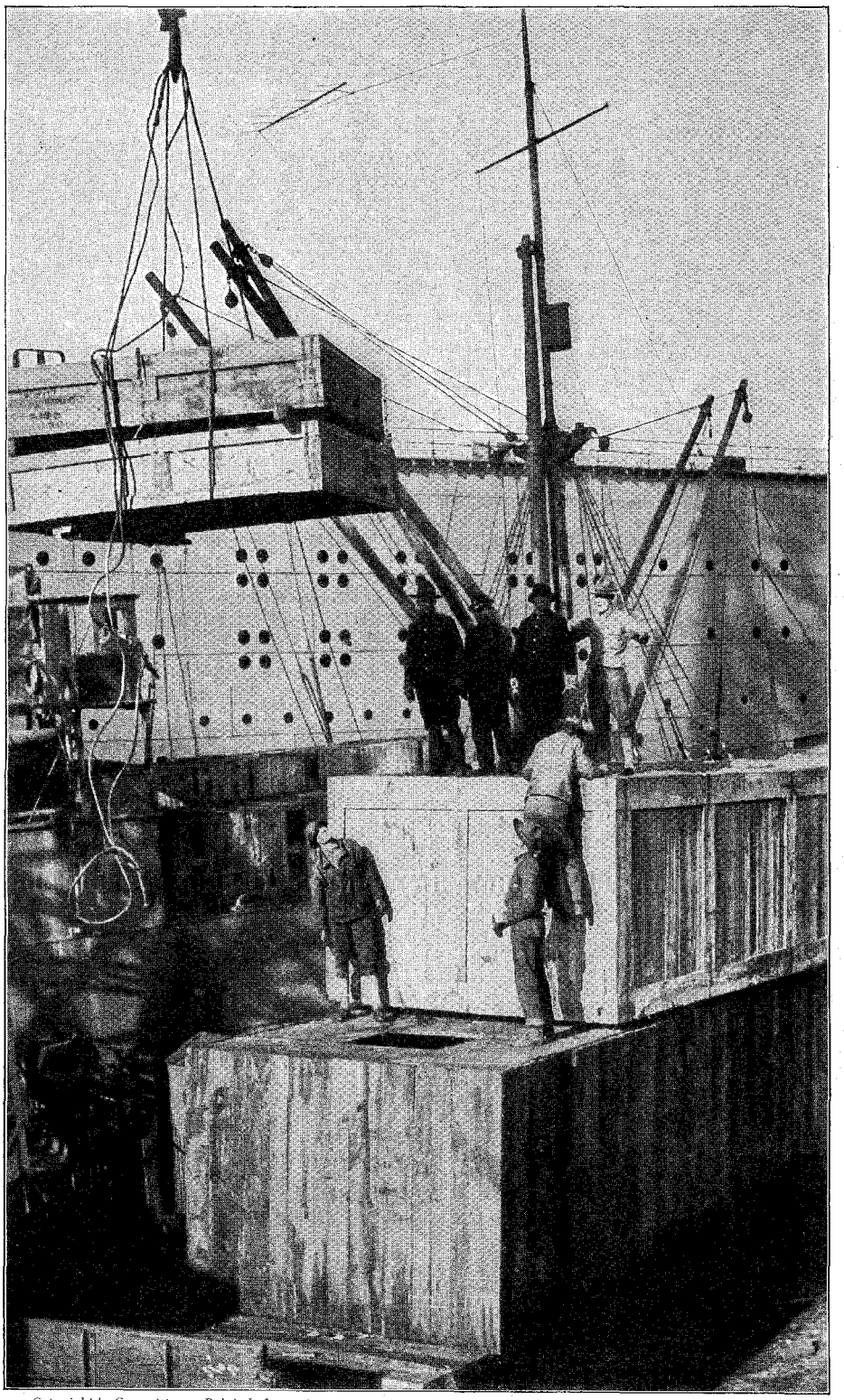

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From ship to flat car.

In France cases of locomotive parts are being unloaded from the ships and placed upon the flat cars in one operation.

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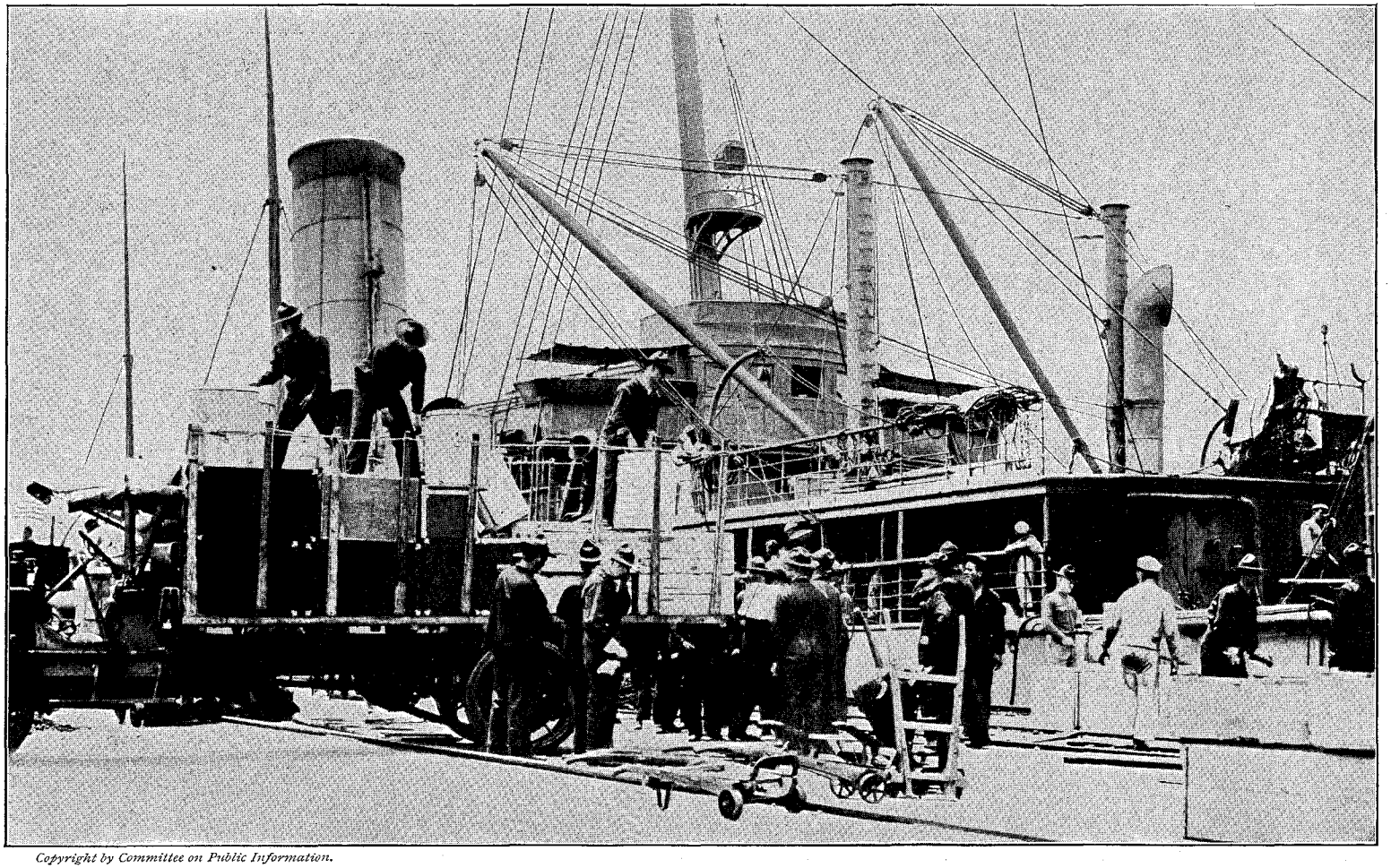

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Loading supplies for the front.

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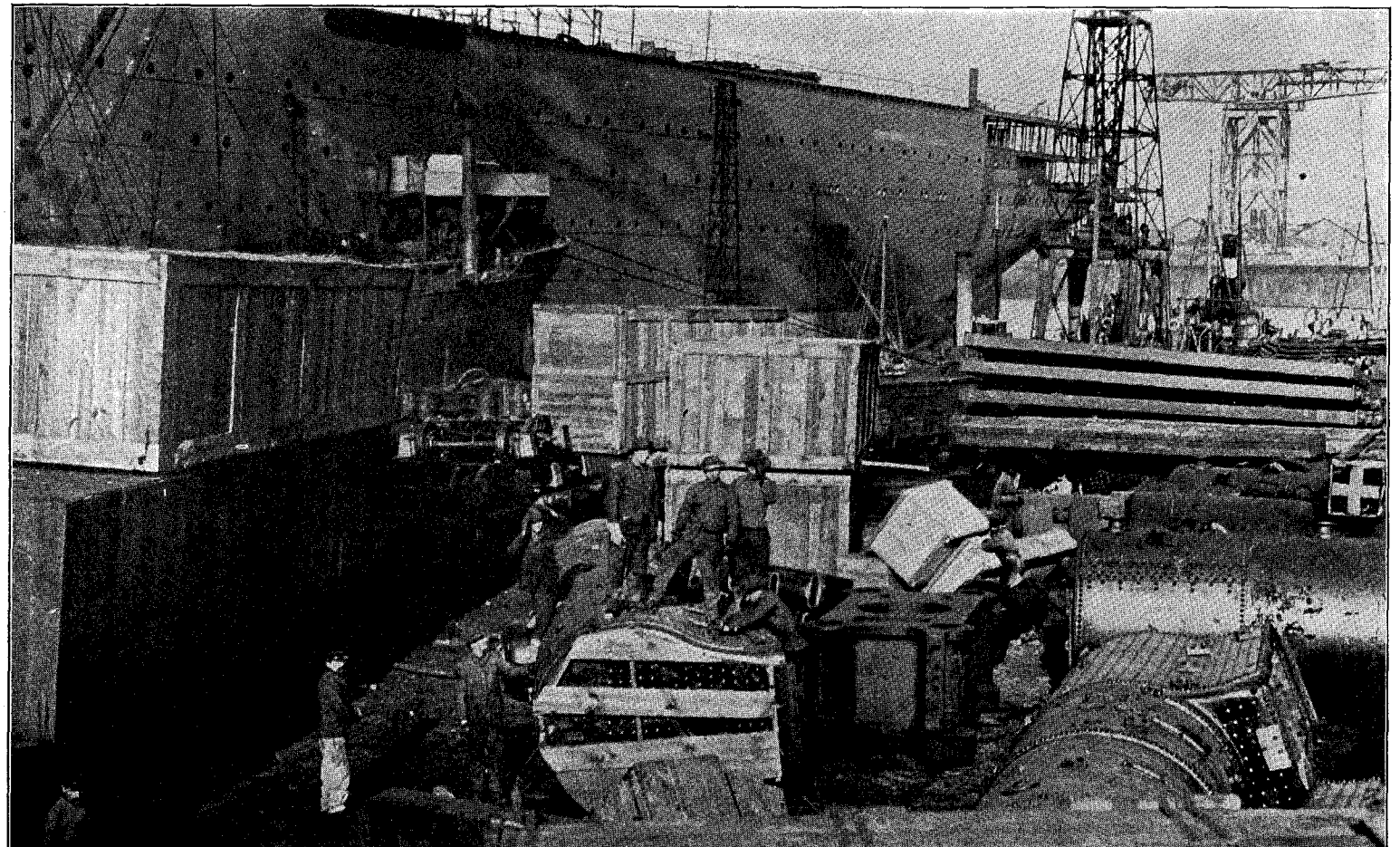

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Unloading American locomotives in France.

Locomotives have been shipped to France in quantity. Note the gigantic ocean liner in the background nearing completion.

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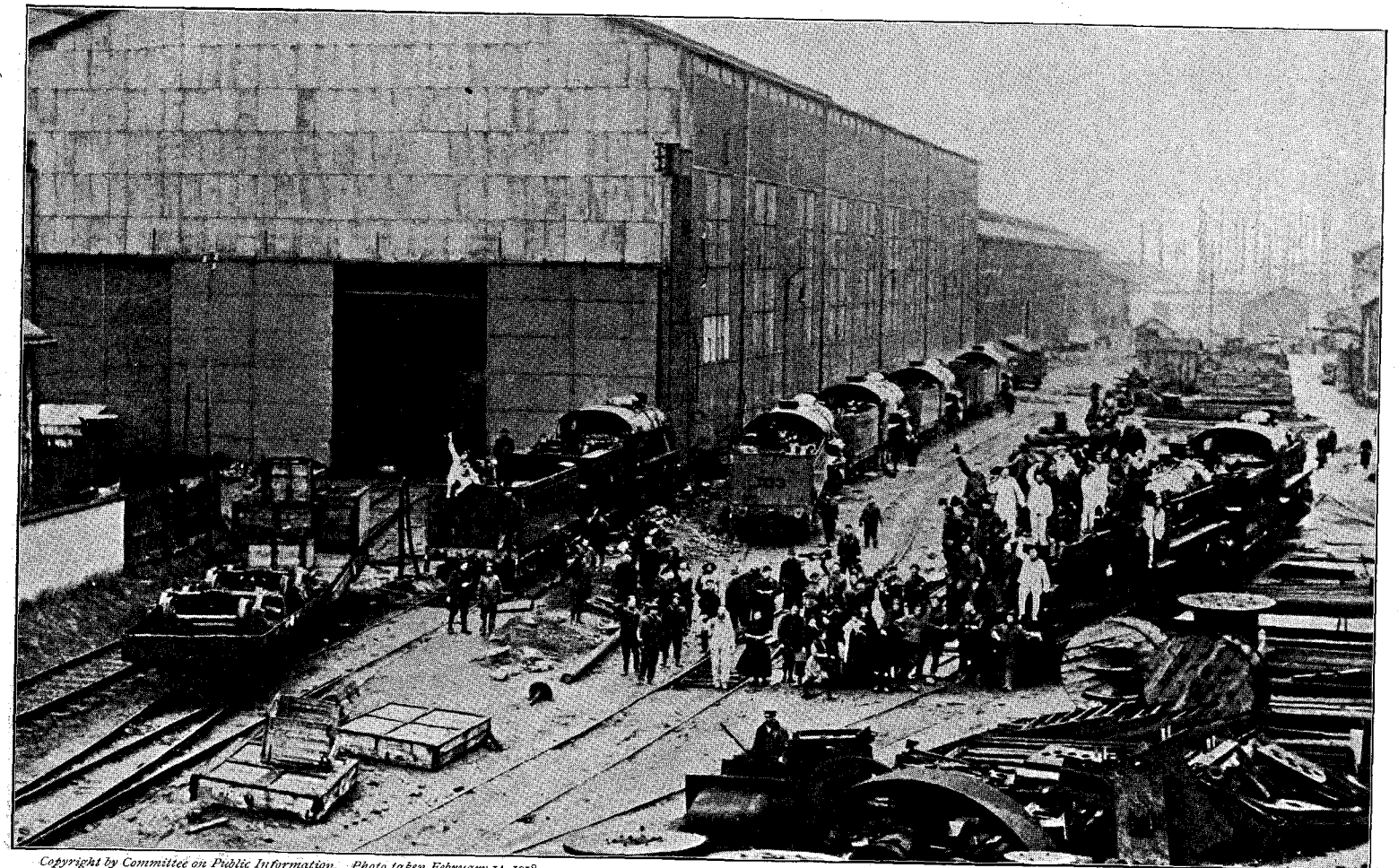

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U. S. locomotive-assembling yards in France.

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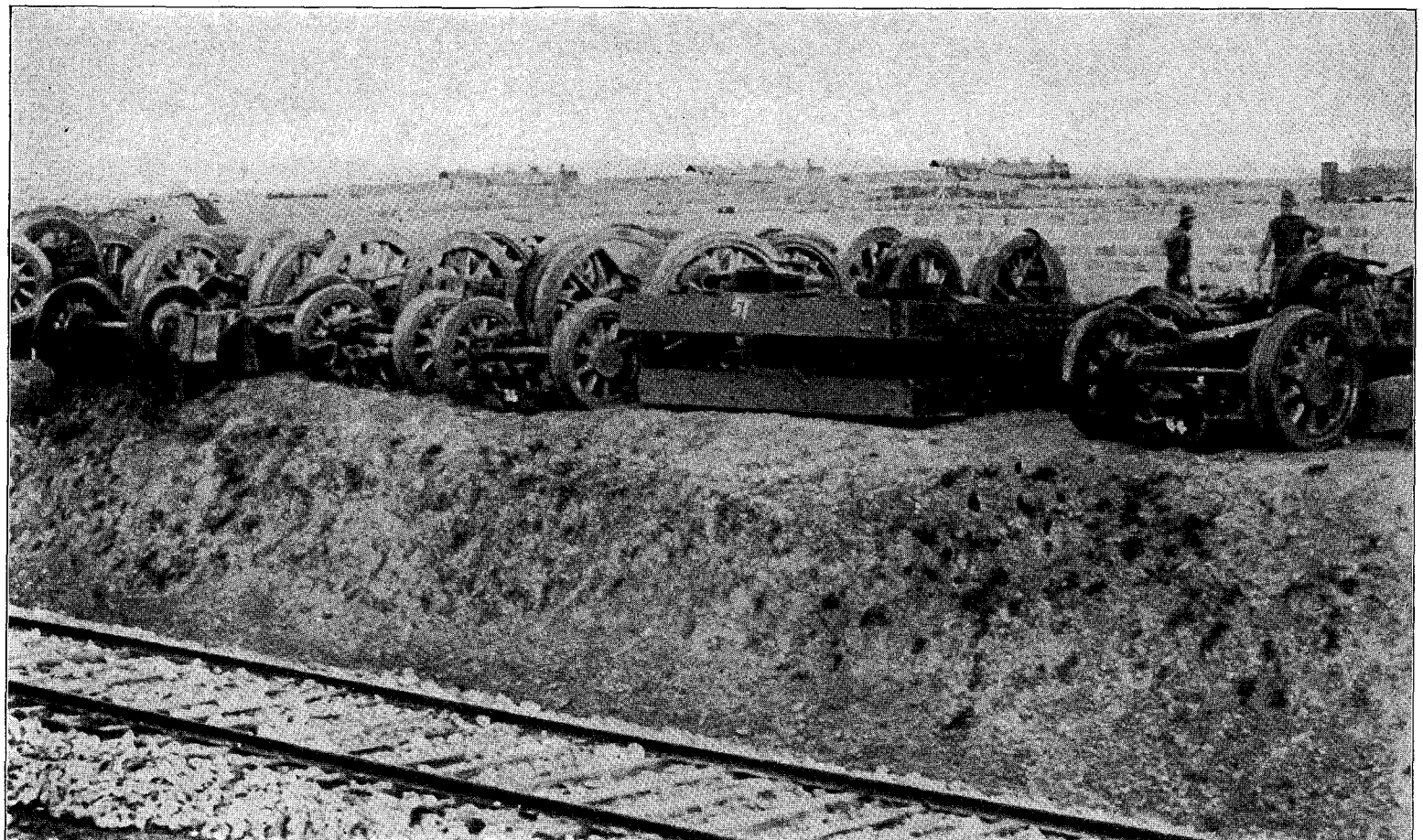

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Trucks of American locomotives ready for assembling in France.

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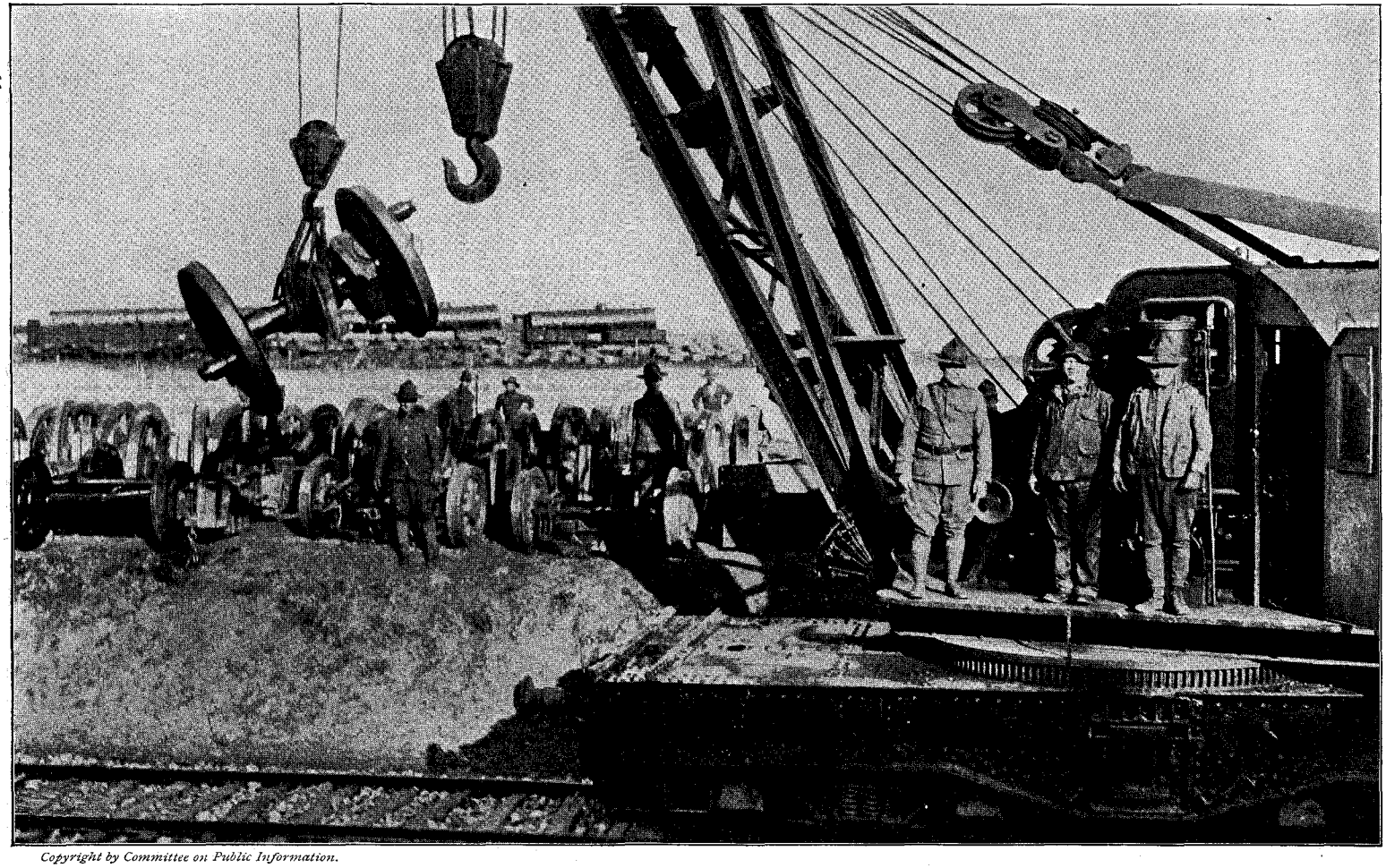

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American locomotives and cars are being assembled in this camp operated by American engineers.

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"All aboard for victory!"

These American-made locomotives, carried over in American bottoms, assembled by American troops in France, and placed on American rails, will be manned by Americans and aid our American troops who are fighting.

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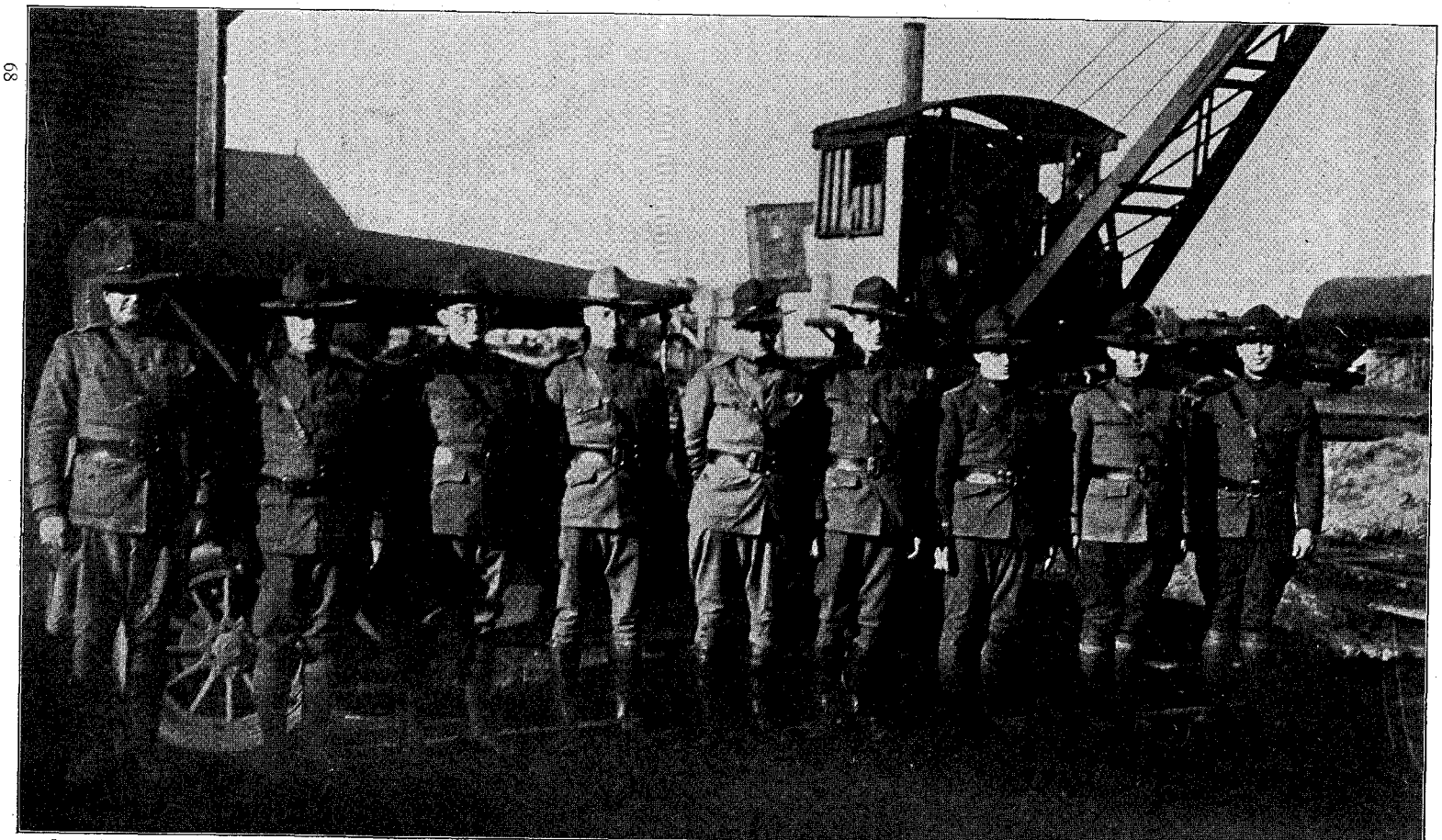

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Our commissioned transportation experts.

The officers of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, who are expert in the management of railway transportation.

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been deepened by persistent dredging. The docks themselves have been completed with the aid of a full-grown American pile-driver which has jammed something like thirty thousand piles into the soft ooze and furnished a base for the upper construction work.

There are in various stages of construction one hundred and fifty warehouses, each 50 by 400 feet, each with concrete floors and steel walls and roofs—so that an aviator soaring overhead would see something like 3,000,000 square feet of modern metal roofing. The railway-tracks are built and operated after the American method, which allows for quick loading and unloading and the speediest possible departure of trains.

Casual hand labor of 1917 has disappeared and has been replaced by the thunder of mechanical cranes, each one doing the work of many men and doing it much more effectively.

As a result, instead of being able to unload three or four small vessels in the course of a week or two, leaving the cargoes in the open air to deteriorate while trains were coming up to remove them inland, this French port is now able to unload in a smaller length of time sixteen large vessels, keeping the cargoes under cover in case railway transportation is not immediately available, or sending goods out toward the troops at the front if trains can be found. In any event speed releases these most important merchant vessels to return with the least possible delay in search of new cargoes of men and animals, food and munitions, or whatever else America is sending over to care for the troops in France and the civilian population, whose needs must also to some extent be supplied by the granaries and factories of the Allied Republic on the west side of the Atlantic.

The people at home have had the opportunity to see the work of training combat troops for service in France. They have seen the men in the National Army cantonments at drill, and have gained a high hope for their work once they reach the battle front. The people at home have seen the farmers plant more than they ever planted before; they have seen the factories develop to a point of efficiency never before attained; they have seen the shipyards building steel ships and converting fresh-water vessels into high-seas tonnage, repairing hulls and engines which had been injured, so that the produce of the fields and factories and, most of all, the camps could be sent to France and England at the earliest possible moment.

They know in a general way that the navies of the Allied nations are engaged in seeing that the ships carrying the men and munitions are safely delivered at one or another of the ports in France. And they know about what is going on at the front itself.

What the American people have had little opportunity to know is the work which is being done from the base-ports of France to the front-line trenches. For what purpose have army engineers and engineers and executives from civil life been taken in wholesale lots to carry on the railroad and terminal construction?

The plan of distribution is to maintain supplies sufficient for a long period in France. Just how long this period is the army is not announcing, but it is sufficient to say that it is long enough to permit the troops to have all the supplies they need, even in the event of a considerable spurt in the activity of the U-boats. When a certain number of troops leave the United States for France the convoy is supposed to carry a given quota of every variety of food, of every article of clothing, of every article of ordnance, of motor transportation, and other supplies which this force would need. At stated periods thereafter similarly prescribed allotments of supplies come over in new convoys.

Once the goods reach a base-port of supply in France, they must be distributed to regulating-stations along the way, and there must be maintained an unbroken chain of supplies all the way to the front. In a measure the supplying of the troops furnishes a parallel to the supplying of a large city with everything the population of that city requires. Remember, however, that in this case the "citizens" need a great deal which the citizens of any city at home do not require. It is said that the needs of a modern army (in tonnage) are about six times the need of a civilian population of the same number. Therefore, to supply an army of two million

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men there is needed the transportation system to supply a city of twelve million people—as big as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and Boston combined. Moreover, this is a city which is spread over a considerable area of France.

Everything which goes into a railway system back home is prevalent in France. There has been mention of the main routes from the base-ports to the front-line trenches. There has been mention of the terminal facilities and the regulating-stations all along the route. There must be kept in mind also the need of maintaining equipment. Therefore you find at a certain French town an enormous locomotive-shop, and not far away great car-repair shops, in their fields as impressive as the thriving American automobile salvage-station which is practically a Detroit automobile factory bodily transported. The great locomotive companies in the United States are proud of their records in turning out equipment rapidly. There are not any which can far surpass the record of this big locomotive-shop in France, which receives from the United States the finished parts already manufactured but not assembled, and which is now assembling high-power locomotives at the rate of one in every two days. It is likely that even this speed will be surpassed in the not distant future.

What sort of men are doing this work? Go over the newspaper files of about a year ago, and you will find that railway companies throughout the United States were combing out their forces and voluntarily giving to the government some of their best foremen, some of their best engineers and firemen, some of their best track-repair and bridge-maintenance personnel, to form engineer regiments for overseas duty. In the main the men who were then handling gangs are now junior officers performing the identical functions they performed in civil railway life. The vice-president of one of the finest roads in the world is now a brigadier-general and in command of railway transportation. Under him are executives who have served for years the railways of the United States and who are now serving with splendid efficiency The Railway of the United States—in France. This is federalization of railways to the *n*th degree.

There may not be a great deal of old-time romance in pounding spikes into French ties to hold down the rails on which a few thousand tons of freight are moving every day; it may be hard for the man doing railway work several hundred kilometres from the trenches to think he is a knight or a bowman in the greatest crusade of all times, but whether there is romance or not there is a vital service being performed by the pick-and-shovel gang and the office force somewhere between the front-line trenches and the base-ports. If you have any doubt of that, talk the matter over with any dough-boy up front who needs his food and his clothing and his ammunition if his rifle and bayonet and grenade are going to do their work. You may have the farmer back home working his lands to their ultimate capacity; you may have a thoroughly Hooverized population conserving food; you may have the factories working twenty-four hours a day, and the shipyards turning out their full quota of bottoms in order to carry the food and factory output overseas to France. You may have the navy doing its bit—and it is doing its bit—to save the convoys in transit. And away up front you may have the combat troops holding off the Boche and pushing the Boche back toward Berlin, just as long as the unbroken chain toward the advance and the factories in the United States is functioning. But you cannot forget the long and important link in that chain which stretches from the trenches on the west front to the fields and factories in the United States. That chain is the transportation system which American engineers have built and are operating in France.

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JAPAN AND RIGHTEOUSNESS

By Barrett Wendell
Author of "The France of To-Day," etc.

AT the beginning of March, 1918, a remarkable incident occurred in Japan. The lord abbot of the Chionin Temple at Kyoto, the head of the Jodo sect of Buddhists, is a venerable man of eighty-seven years. He had never concerned himself with public or political affairs. His life had been consecrated to the peaceful duties of his contemplative religion. The events of the past four years had disturbed this tranquillity, however. Early in the war Japan espoused the cause of the Allies and denounced that of Germany. Yet ever since 1914 the career of Germany has increasingly threatened all opposition to the world-progress of German power. Watching the course of events from Kyoto, the lord abbot was forced to conclude that the forces of evil have broken loose, and that his duty as an ecclesiastic of the highest rank required him to combat them.

Accordingly, on the 26th of February, he held solemn services in his temple, petitioning Divinity that the Allies might prosper and the Germans be overthrown. Next day, accompanied by many dignitaries of his sect, he made pilgrimage to the shrines of Ise, to offer up similar prayer. Now the shrines of Ise are consecrated not to the Buddhist religion but to the Shinto. Of this peculiarly Japanese cult, the essence is the worship of ancestors, and the principal shrine at Ise is that of the sun-goddess, from whom the founder of the imperial line was traditionally descended. Thus venerating the sanctuary of a faith not his own, the lord abbot appealed to Divinity through a channel other than the usual vehicle of his petitions—a channel, too, deeply consecrated by many centuries of Japanese devotion. Two days later he rose very early in the morning and began the solemn day by prayer at the tomb of the late Emperor, now called by his posthumous name of Meiji Tenno. Under his sovereignty Japan had emerged from mediæval isolation into the full company of modern nations. The spirit of the Emperor may therefore be held exceptionally to understand the tremendous problems now confronting his country. Later in the same day the lord abbot held a great public ceremony in the Chionin Temple at Kyoto, where, surrounded by some four hundred of his priests, he proclaimed to a congregation of thousands their duty to pray for the cause of righteousness. Subsequently, after paying his respects at Tokyo to the reigning Emperor, he summoned priests and preachers whom he instructed to spread throughout the Empire his propaganda against the Germans.

Whatever the result of this religious intervention in public affairs which concern us all, it cannot fail to impress the Western mind in two distinct ways. First, it amazingly reveals how deeply the cause for which we are at war has appealed to some of the most earnest minds of Japan. Secondly, its cumulative complication of formal ceremony and faith in Divinity implies how nearly the Japanese still preserve a kind of spiritual fervor hardly paralleled in Europe since St. Louis gave up the ghost at Carthage.

Strange though the latter phase of it may seem to us, the former may well appear, on reflection, the more surprising. In her deliberate concentration of national power Japan resembles Germany. You might therefore have expected the Japanese to find the Germans the most nearly sympathetic European nation. To understand why so serious and influential a part of the Japanese people as the lord abbot represents oppose them we must recall a phase of German conduct singularly hostile to the deepest national tradition of Japan. The Japanese have always been, and still are, unique in the fervor of their patriotism. Whatever threatens their native country appears to them utterly abominable. Here arises their antagonism to modern Germany. The better

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sort of Japanese would in any event abhor the monstrous behavior which has rightfully earned for the Germans the name of Huns. Had this left Japan unmenaced, however, it is doubtful whether even so potent a spiritual force as that of the lord abbot of the Chionin Temple could have been expected to excite eager response. What makes his propaganda hopeful, from our point of view, is that the history of the past four years, beginning with the crushing of Servia and the rape of Belgium, has increasingly demonstrated that of all existing powers the German Empire is most uncompromisingly hostile to any national independence but its own. So the success of Germany in this war would mean the tremendous establishment of a foreign power opposed in principle to the unrestricted independence of Japan.

This fact involves a final contradiction of the spirit. There has never before been a nation at once so numerous and so homogeneous as the Japanese. Their population is estimated at somewhere between sixty and seventy-five millions. Their territory, hardly so extensive as was controlled by our Revolutionary colonies, contains from half to three-quarters as many people as inhabit the whole United States. This population, too, is remarkably uniform. Those who know Japan best agree that, if we except the negligible aborigines of some northern provinces, you can hardly find among the Japanese any difference much more pronounced than those which might distinguish New Hampshire from Connecticut. Compare this with our own country, or with the widely various races and languages of China or of India, or with England, Scotland and Wales, and you will see that the patriotism of Japan has to sanction its intensity a population unique in human record.

What is more, it has the far deeper sanction of immemorial tradition. It is the key, indeed, to the apparent contradiction between the two most salient historical facts since Japan and Europe have been in contact. For more than two hundred years, Japan repelled all European influence; for the past fifty or sixty years she has apparently welcomed everything European. No reversal of national policy or conduct could seem more complete. Yet it is really evidence of the enduring depth and constancy of Japanese patriotism.

To understand it we must glance at some traditions of Japanese history. Well before the time of Pericles, these hold, an imperial house was founded by a sovereign in whose veins ran divine blood. To this day the imperial succession has been continuous. The reigning Emperor is the direct heir of a sovereignty assumed to have begun more than twenty-five centuries ago. Though this line has been unbroken, however, its actual power has fluctuated. Somewhere about the time of Charlemagne the control of the country passed to an able and powerful nobleman, recorded as a regent. In the twelfth century the shogunate was finally established. Under this system the true sovereignty was always held to reside in the Emperor, or Mikado. He had passed, however, into a religiously revered retirement, concerning himself little with practical affairs. These were administered by his political vicar, the shogun. Like the higher sovereignty, the office of shogun was hereditary; but it was not necessarily permanent. From time to time revolutions deposed one family from the shogunate, and replaced it by another —much as the dynasties of China held their power only so long as it was sanctioned by the decree of heaven. These changes, however, nowise disturbed the theoretical structure of the state. The Mikado always remained nominally supreme. The dynasties of shoguns were something like a succession of temporarily hereditary ministries.

The last of these, which bore the name of Tokugawa, was established about 1600. When it came to what was practically the throne Japan was already in communication with Europe, and the missions established by St. Francis Xavier in 1549 were making considerable progress. In 1603 the most memorable of the Tokugawas, Ieyasu, became shogun. The seemingly peaceful growth of catholic missions appeared to him less innocent than it looked. Let alone, it might end by seriously disturbing the immemorial national integrity of Japan. The simplest method of preserving this was evidently to get rid of Christianity. The simplest way of doing

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so was to stop intercourse with Europe. The policy thus conceived was presently executed. All foreigners were expelled from the country. Only one port was kept open for communication with the outer world. Every Japanese ship large enough for an ocean voyage was destroyed. For two hundred and fifty years, the empire was as inaccessible as any monastery which should forbid the presence of visitors and confine its monks to its own limits.

From this prolonged policy two results followed: one tonic, the other dangerous. Kept free from all foreign contamination, Japan amazingly developed its native characteristics. Its civilization, in many aspects finer than any known in Europe since the Age of Pericles, had almost Roman stability. Its moral code was peculiar; even now few foreigners can always foresee just how the Japanese conscience may work. All, however, agree that nothing can exceed the devotion of the Japanese to their own ideals of duty and of honor. Let either demand any sacrifice, large or small, and they never hesitate. Under the policy of Ieyasu the Japanese unquestionably attained an astonishing degree of culture and of moral firmness.

To sustain this intellectual and moral strength, however, there was nothing like a corresponding material growth. In manners, in habit, in all the conditions of social and economic existence, one generation was very like what the last had been and what the next was to be. A single example will indicate what ensued. Toward the end of the reign of Napoleon III, some dispute required the landing of French sailors on a portion of the Japanese coast then controlled by a recalcitrant daimio—a dignitary comparable with a petty German duke. A French officer who died within the last ten years used to tell of the astonishment with which he found his boat met by a volley of arrows from armored archers.

No matter how fine an isolated civilization, such an incident as this would prove it unable to resist the material force of nineteenth-century Europe. When, in 1853, the fleet of Commodore Perry brought the policy of Ieyasu to an end, one might consequently have expected the civilization of Japan to collapse. Instead there ensued a unique exhibition of national strength. Into the details of the next fifty years we need not enter. The problem which confronted Japan was clear. If she were to preserve her national character, and to maintain her cherished independence, she must resolutely recognize that the past was past, and must somehow acquire material power comparable with that of the Western world. Nothing but revolution could save her from annihilation. A period of bewildered confusion was inevitable, during which many heroic spirits struggled against fate, shooting their arrows at the sun. Before very long, however, the vigor of Japanese patriotism prevailed. One definition of civilization declares it to be the power of concentrating energy, by an act of will, on a given point. So tested, the civilization of Japan proved itself not only morally but materially unique.

For some seven hundred years the nominal sovereign, the Mikado, had been almost like a deity, safe in the recesses of his temple. The actual power had been exerted by shoguns, who may be likened to his chief priests. And, even though the dynasties of shoguns were sometimes changed, the general loyalty of all Japanese to the Mikado was supplemented, and probably emotionally exceeded—at least among the conservative nobility—by their more particular loyalty to the shogun. Now, one element of national strength anywhere is concentration of power; divided sovereignty is a source of weakness. This was clearly perceived by some of the most powerful minds in Japan. It followed that the traditional intervention of the shogunate between the Mikado and the government was dangerous. The reigning shogun was the head of the house of Tokugawa, the lineal heir of Ieyasu. So long as he lived not even a kinsman could replace him; and, even if he had so desired, he could not help commanding a considerable part of the loyalty of the nation. Had he chosen to oppose the restoration of the Mikado to plenary power, he would have been sure of such following as must have brought on civil war; and civil war would probably have destroyed Japanese independence. All this the shogun understood. The immemorial custom of Japan, meanwhile,

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had decreed that when any Japanese gentleman found himself in a position where his dignity and his life were incompatible, he should proceed, with ritual ceremony, to take his life. To survive would be at best an apparently timid acceptance of circumstances hardly consonant with personal honor. Had the shogun taken this occasion for ritual suicide, however, the danger to the country would have persisted, for his lineal heir would have become shogun. But, so long as he himself survived, no heir could replace him. In this predicament he did not hesitate. Recognizing the vital need of his country, he violated one of the chief ordinances of its ancient tradition of personal conduct. He resigned his office, and he lived as a private gentleman for more than forty years. Thus, when the late Emperor was restored to unshared sovereignty, in 1868, Japan was constitutionally ready to develop the defensive strength needful for her independence.

The superficial changes during the past fifty years have been astonishing. In 1868 Japan was virtually what she had been when Ieyasu, a younger contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, had withstood the implicit aggression of Europe by secluding the country from all foreign influence. Even then Europe might have proved irresistible. Meanwhile the material power of the Western world had incalculably increased. To combat it there was only one possible course. Japan must somehow make herself mistress of material resources comparable with those of Europe and America. Her means of doing so was simple and wise. She sent great numbers of able young men to study abroad, with the object of mastering not only the general habit of European thought but particularly that scientific phase of it which had secured the unprecedented command of Europe over the forces of nature. She established or developed universities at home, modelled on those of Europe, and at first supplied with European teachers. Her great power of imitation, hitherto most evident in her exquisitely fine art, she distracted to the imitation of European methods of manufacture and the like. In brief, her policy may be summarized as a persistently deliberate and amazingly intelligent effort to equip her people, the spiritual heirs of her unique national civilization, with the implements necessary to defend it.

The extraordinary success of this policy may be inferred from an incident said to have occurred about 1900. At that time certain American inventors had devised and patented a new kind of loom, which so simplified the process of weaving that one operative could do the work of four. The new machine, however, was so complicated that wherever it had been set up in America expert mechanics had been necessary to put it together, and when it was put together expert teachers had been necessary to show operatives how to use it. The manufacturer of this loom received an order from Japan for a dozen or so of his products. As his patents were not valid in Japan, and could not conveniently be protected there, he declined the order, unless they chose to take several hundred of his machines—a figure which he supposed prohibitory. It proved nothing of the kind—his proposition was accepted at once, and the looms were made. When they approached completion he sent inquiries to his Japanese patrons as to how experts might best go to Japan for the purpose of setting up the machines and instructing the Japanese operatives. The response was unexpected: a small company of highly trained and beautifully polite Japanese engineers presently arrived at his factory. There they passed a few days in minute study of what had been made for them. Then they announced that they needed no more assistance. The looms were sent to Japan, were put together by the Japanese, were set to work without trouble or delay under Japanese supervision, and before long were accurately reproduced by Japanese manufacturers of machinery.

There is doubtless an aspect in which this proceeding looks unprincipled. To the Japanese this view might be hard to explain. Their opinion would rather be that the material development of their country would be considerably promoted by the possession of this important engine of industry. They were willing to pay for it. Once theirs, it became a national possession, helpful to the maintenance of Japanese prosperity. And the reproduction of it in Japan was the only means by

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which they could assure themselves independent possession of this element of national strength. In other words, a disregard of alien statute law, which might well seem to us questionable, was probably sanctioned, among the Japanese, by that deepest principle of their national morality which demands complete maintenance of national independence.

Two things are sure: A people who in less than fifty years could pass from the stage of distaff and spindle to this mastery of modern mechanical invention has achieved its power of defense against Western devices. But the price it has had to pay for this transformation has been a contact with external life and manners which can hardly have been quite free from contagion. Nobody can deny that, at least materially, Japan has taken her place among the most important powers anywhere. Nor can anybody deny that the process of doing so has compelled her not only to discard a great many of her peculiar national habits—a fact instantly apparent, for example, in the matter of general costume—but also to become so familiar with European ways of conduct that she can hardly have avoided some modification of her spiritual inheritance.

If so, the problem of her national defense has assumed a new phase. Fifty years ago her great danger was that of being overwhelmed by the material power of nineteenth-century Europe; now her great danger is materialization of the spirit by the ruder civilization which she has been compelled to copy. Her most urgent question has therefore become how best to preserve her ancestral character. That the Japanese nowise blind themselves to this fact is proved by the present condition of their universities. Between 1875 and 1880, for example, virtually all the instruction concerning European subjects given at the University of Tokyo was directed by European professors, each of whom lectured in his own language—English, French, German, or whatever else. To follow the courses, Japanese students were compelled first to get a working knowledge of the languages in which these courses were conducted. By 1911, the sole survivor of this educational period was an elderly gentleman who still lectured in English on some such topic as the common law. All his colleagues, though they had generally taken European or American degrees, were native Japanese, who gave their instruction in the language of their own country. And, particularly when concerned with science, their instruction was said to be excellent.

By far the most significant assertion of the present need of Japan, however—the need to preserve her spiritual inheritance—occurred in the year 1912, completely perplexing European minds. Among the dignitaries of the court of the late Emperor, few, if any, were less insularly Japanese to the eye than General Nogi. He had studied in Europe and was master of at least one European language, his manners were those of a European gentleman, and his conduct of military matters during the war with Russia had proved him expert in his profession according to the most approved European principles. Nobody in Japan could have been more widely and variously exposed to European influence than he. His designation as the special escort of an English prince who came to take official part in the funeral of the late Emperor therefore seemed happy; he might be trusted to make this guest of the nation feel at home. The ceremonies were long and elaborate. Until the most important day of them—the day which would correspond to the reading of the funeral service in England—General Nogi was unobtrusively and punctiliously faithful to his duty. On that day the royal representative of the British crown received a letter from the general, courteously regretting that he could no longer present himself. What had happened was this: A few hours before, with severely ritual observance of the ceremonies prescribed by ancestral custom, not only General Nogi but also his wife had solemnly taken their lives, following to posthumous existence that imperial master who had been the chief object of their personal loyalty.

What this meant no Japanese could fail instantly and deeply to feel. Of all his countrymen General Nogi was perhaps the most conspicuously European on the surface. His example might well have been cited by any who were disposed to adopt European ways of thought. Accordingly, he felt impelled both by duty

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and by honor to assert on this supreme occasion the supreme importance of his native ideals. Whatever the guise forced by circumstance on his country, she must remain at heart impregnably herself. He had defended Japan in arms; he died to assert Japanese principle. And his grave, they say, is hardly less venerated than that of the Emperor himself.

Such is the nationality whose independence would be endangered if in this world war Germany should prevail. The crusade—if we may so call it—of the lord abbot of the Chionin Temple has a double strength. It is sanctioned not only by the general principles of righteousness which would anywhere distinguish between the forces of good and those of evil, but also by the most fervently cherished patriotism in the world, consecrated by an independence and a sovereignty unbroken for twenty-five hundred years.

Few Europeans have understood either the course of this history or the extremely specialized national temper which has resulted. There is consequent reason to believe that the present attitude of Japan in world politics is misapprehended throughout the West. There is reason to believe, as well, that this misapprehension is just now stimulated by conceivably honest but probably diabolical propaganda on the part of the Germans. Within the past year, for example, certain Germans who met Americans in Switzerland professed themselves unable to believe that the military activities of this country, ostensibly directed against Germany, were anything but preparations for an approaching war with Japan. Were the ancestral history of Japan similar to that of any European power, the danger here indicated would probably be real. That those who know Japan best take another view is because they believe the fundamental impulse of the Japanese to be not a desire to master others but a determination never to be mastered. Among the differences between them and any Western nation none is more profound than the fact that Europe, instinctively aggressive, needs restraint, while Japan, instinctively defensive, needs rather sympathetic understanding.

On the surface of affairs, however, this difference is hardly apparent. At present, for example, although Japan has formidably established the material power requisite for her national defense, she is far too intelligent to suppose that her defensive effort can be relaxed. To maintain her defensive strength under modern conditions she requires, among other things, not only undiminished but increasing population; and her faithfulness to this phase of her national duty is evident to any traveller who has observed the prodigious number of babies throughout the Empire. Now, an increasing population needs increased means of subsistence—food supply and the like. Compared with any European people, no doubt, the Japanese are amazingly frugal; even frugality, however, has its limits. Increasing population consequently involves demand for increasing areas of agriculture. Here we come to a definite problem which confronts and perhaps must permanently confront Japanese statesmen.

During the long period of seclusion, and the centuries which came before, the hills of Japan are said to have been thickly wooded with forests old enough to look primeval. The period of revolution which transformed the country into its modern phase involved, among other things, extensive destruction of these woods, often amounting to denudation. This exposed to the action of the elements hillsides which had been held together by the roots of the old forests. Now the geological structure of Japanese hillsides is remarkably fragile. After heavy rains, for instance, what look like firm precipices drip and sweat from top to bottom. The consequent danger of considerable landslides is evident. For some years, to be sure, this danger has been so clearly understood that forests have been extensively replanted. This attempt to restore geological stability, however, can have little result for a long time; and meanwhile Japan is not only exposed to torrential tempests but happens to be subject to frequent earthquakes. The staple of diet in Japan is rice, cultivated on the lower slopes of the hills and in the generally narrow valleys. For years every severe storm and every tremor of earthquake has shaken down on the rice-fields thousands of tons of broken rock—finally destroying countless acres of arable land. The conse-

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quence of this is unavoidable: at the very period when national defense requires a steady increase of population geological conditions are relentlessly diminishing the areas on which that population must depend for food. In such case one of two courses is inevitable: either Japan must be content—like England—to depend for subsistence on foreign sources of supply; or she must extend her territory.

Unless we have completely misunderstood her unswerving devotion to her secular tradition of independence, she would clearly find the former alternative unwelcome. One obvious condition of independence is freedom from reliance on external resources. The second alternative is consequently forced upon her. To all appearances she has accepted it. In 1895 she acquired the island of Formosa, by cession after the war with China; in 1910, after more than twenty years of trouble, she annexed Korea. Under her sovereignty, it is fair to say, both of these territories have prospered as never before. It is none the less true that the process of expansion thus begun can hardly avoid a threatening appearance to Western eyes. Plenty of Europeans and not a few Americans conclude that Japan must be biding her time to lay hands on the Philippines, on the Hawaiian Islands and perhaps even on the Pacific slope of the American continent, with a view to mastery of the Pacific.

Those who hold this opinion neglect to consider a truth probably held primary in Japan. Beyond dispute, if any such colossal expansion were proved necessary to preserve Japanese independence, Japan might be expected resolutely to attempt it. At present, however, and so far as one can see permanently, Japanese independence can be maintained without resort to such extensive means. And one condition of strongly defensive independence is evidently, and everywhere, the shortest possible frontier.

Taking this fact into consideration, a glance at any map will present the situation in a less alarming light. Broadly speaking, the archipelago which comprises the native Japanese Empire extends, in a crescent-like curve, from the thirtieth to the fiftieth degree of north latitude, exposing its convex side to the Pacific Ocean. Behind it is an inner sea, nearly a third of which is bounded by what was formerly Korea and is now the Japanese province of Chosen. Beyond that, toward the interior of the Asiatic continent, lies Manchuria. To the north of Chosen is the Russian territory of Siberia, near the southern limit of which is the traditionally northerly port of Vladivostok. So long as the continental shore of this inner sea is not under Japanese influence, the hereditary islands of the empire may be menaced on the inner side, much as on a petty scale Long Island would be by a hostile power in southern Connecticut. The annexation of Korea considerably diminished this danger; the command of the Siberian coast to about the fiftieth degree of northern latitude would avert it. For defensive purposes, the frontier of Japan, inevitably considerable from the fact that her native territory consists of frequently indented islands, would be shortened to the least practicable limit. On the north the islands would closely approach the continent of Asia. On the east and the south they would present a fairly compact curved front to the Pacific Ocean. On the west, they would be defended, as they already are, by the peninsula of Korea, or Chosen, protecting from attack the southern portion of the inner sea; and finally by a continental line which should include portions of Manchuria and of southeastern Siberia. This territory, furthermore, would afford abundant and permanent means of subsistence for the population needful to defend the secular independence of the Empire. And, if we may permit ourselves the conjecture, not a few loyal Japanese, once possessed of it, might be tempted to seclude their nation again, as it was secluded by Ieyasu in the reign of King James I.

On the other hand, the occupation of Formosa may at this moment be regarded as a weakening extension of the frontier which war might compel Japan to defend. If the Philippines should come into her possession, the extension of this frontier would be greatly increased. As for Hawaii and California or the Western coast of Mexico, they would clearly stretch the problem of defense to the point of breaking. Should an attempt to seize and to

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retain any of these regions become necessary to protect Japan from invasion, Japan might perhaps be expected to make it. She may be expected to take any measures defensively unavoidable. The thing to keep in mind, however, is that as a matter of national temper she would do so very reluctantly. Her national desire, instinctively different from any familiar to modern Europe, is to make her line of defense as compact as she can.

Defensive considerations, as we have seen, have compelled her, with this deliberate purpose in view, to extend her influence across the inner sea. To any Western mind, this looks both aggressive and threatening. What is more, there can hardly be much question that the multiplex contact with the West forced on Japan by recent historical circumstances has had at least a temporary effect on the temper of the country. The number of Japanese who have been directly exposed during their most sensitive years to Western influences is very great; indirectly, Western influences have had more or less effect on almost every subject of the Mikado. Something of the Western impulse of aggression must here and there have implanted itself among the Japanese people. So far as this has been the case, it has doubtless modified the ancestral and purely defensive impulse of the nation. The wonder is, however, not that this modification exists, but rather that, for all her external modernity, Japan still retains so much of her ancient character. If you are disposed to doubt this, ponder on the story of General Nogi and on the reverence which his countrymen, high and low, pay to his shrine.

In view of all these circumstances, we may fairly conclude that if Japan be treated with due consideration there is no present reason for regarding her transformation into modern guise as a serious menace to Europe and America. Due consideration, however, demands on their part frank recognition of at least three facts which they have hitherto been disposed to disregard. To begin with, the highly individual civilization of Japan is in many respects—particularly as it affects manners and morals—finer and more sensitive than ours. When any occasion arises for dealings with Japan, therefore, all foreigners should be more than punctilious in the manner of courtesy. What is really only rude thoughtlessness may often present itself to the Japanese mind as a deliberate affront. We need only remember the disputes which have occurred about anti-Japanese legislation on the Pacific coast to be reminded of the dangers which hover here. The terms of American public speech occasionally take shapes which would be held mannerless even by the more polite sort of Europeans. In this case a policy analogous to that of Ieyasu, who desired to protect his country from alien incursion, was sometimes set forth in language properly applicable only to the scum of the earth. The consequent resentment aroused among the better sort of Japanese, to whom the policy might probably have been made not only comprehensible but even acceptable, sometimes came near straining long and loyal personal friendships.

In the second place, this very fact should freshly impress on us another. The longer any European or American has known the Japanese, the less, as a rule, he finds himself able instantly to foresee their emotional reactions. Here any detail were only distracting. We should not be ourselves if we were not the spiritual heirs of a civilization first evident in primal Greece; then made imperial by the passing power of Rome; then impregnated with the Hebrew tradition which grew into Catholic Christianity; then broken by the Dark Ages; then splendid in the centuries of the cathedrals and the Crusades; then modified by the culture of the Renaissance, by the religious disputes which centre about the Reformation, by the political revolutions of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, and finally by those recurrent surges of social reform which marked the history of the nineteenth century and which now make democracy the watchword of the Western world. For better or worse, this is our ancestral history. The Japanese would not be themselves, meanwhile, if they were not the heirs of their own Asiatic civilization, uninterrupted since the days of Periclean Athens. Such a difference as is involved in these twenty-five or thirty centuries of diverse ancestral experience goes deep. Neither

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the Japanese nor we could truly be ourselves if either could fully understand the spiritual impulses of the other without great, and sometimes perplexed, imaginative effort.

In the third place, always admitting the possible dangers of misunderstanding which must lurk beneath divergencies of courtesy and diverse ancestral traditions, we of the West and particularly we of America should generously recognize the only material conditions by which the integral independence of Japan can securely be preserved and defended. To maintain the unbroken traditions of her national history, she needs some such freedom to prevent dangerous encroachments in Asia as the Monroe Doctrine has claimed for the United States throughout both American continents. Deny her this, and you threaten her life.

When Germany established a sphere of influence, or whatever the proper term may be, in the region of Kiao-chao, and began to develop the port of Tsing-tao, some such denial was implicitly made. The growth of German power which there began might fairly have been regarded as cancerously fatal to any native Asiatic dominion. Here was reason enough for Japan to declare herself on the side of the Allies, and to seize the opportunity for the political surgery which she presently performed. Something similar will be true at any moment when the manifold treason of Russia admits German domination in the region of Vladivostok. So far, we touch only on matters of the body. The whole history of German warfare since the rape of Belgium carries us far deeper, or far higher. What it threatens is not only the body but the spirit. Submit to it, or suffer the contagion of it, and you yield yourself up to those powers of unrighteousness which East and West alike have personified as the devil.

Here at last we recur to the propaganda so reverently and beautifully begun by the lord abbot of the Chionin Temple. For once there can be no doubt that the cause of righteousness and the immemorial traditions of his most venerable of modern countries are wonderfully at one. To him, doubtless, the spiritual phase of the matter seems paramount. To a mind like his, indeed, our effort to supplement his work by historical considerations may appear unworthy. In human existence, however, nothing can quite disentangle body and spirit; and our Western world understands mostly the terms of the body. Admitting this, even he, should these words ever come to his notice, may perhaps graciously perceive that in our rude Western way we have attempted to promote the ends he seeks—freedom for the spirit of righteousness and freedom for Japan.

A SPRIG OF ROSEMARY

By Amy Lowell

I CANNOT see your face.
When I think of you,
It is your hands which I see.
Your hands,
Sewing,
Holding a book,
Resting for a moment on the sill of a window.
My eyes keep always the sight of your hands,
But my heart holds the sound of your voice,
And the soft brightness which is your soul.

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THE FARMER AND THREE-DOLLAR WHEAT

By Charles Moreau Harger

SIX farmers stood near their wheat-wagons at a Middle West co-operative elevator waiting to "weigh in" their loads of grain. The scales were out of order and they gathered in a little group discussing the wheat situation, the subject uppermost in their minds. Each wagon held 50 bushels or more—a clean $100 a load at the price paid at that station.

"It's not enough, compared with other things," declared Jim Haywood. Like his neighbors, he was fairly successful, take it one year with another, and a hard worker. "The government took money out of my pocket and hurt nobody else when it fixed the price of wheat, and I can't see that it was right."

"But $2 a bushel is a good figure," interrupted Sandy McRae, noted for his thriftiness. "I hauled wheat here in the summer of 1914 for 64 cents a bushel. Two dollars is good money."

"Maybe it is," continued Jim, "but that don't answer it. You've got money in the bank. Suppose you were like me. Suppose you were in debt $3,000 on a 160-acre farm, had only a fair amount of live stock, barely enough implements, and for two years had only broke even because of crop failures. You raised 100 acres of wheat last season, averaging 18 bushels to the acre and of good grade. Figuring up, it had cost you $300 for the seed, $4 a day for harvest hands, 10 cents a bushel for threshing, and was worth at the elevator $2.75 a bushel—it might even go to $3 a little later. Deducting your expense, you could figure for your labor and use of the land a return of $4,000—and it would look mighty good to you. Then one morning came news that the government had fixed the price of wheat at $2 a bushel at your market, wiping out $1,350 of your income. How would you feel about it?"

That was what happened to the wheat farmer in the autumn of 1917, and for nine months he has endeavored to reconcile his financial disappointment with his patriotism. All this time he has been the subject of a flood of news and editorial comment ranging from laudation to abuse. Because he accepted the nation's dictum without starting organized opposition he has been heralded as a phi lanthropist; because he questioned the justice of the regulation he has been railed at as a profiteer.

Were it merely a matter of that one crop, the agitation would already have passed into history, for a new harvest is here. But from that same farmer must come a large part of the foodstuffs for the Allies and upon him depends the number of wheatless days we shall have in the winter of 1919–20. Never before has the American farmer been held responsible for the season's return. He has sown little or much as conditions favored; weather the world over averaged the yield; transportation equalized the supply, and the nations were fed. Now it is vitally important whether or not he decides to sow an increased acreage.

"Well, what are you going to do about sowing next fall?" put in Miles Minter, whose farm joined Sandy's on the east. "Going to put in more or less?"

"Haven't decided yet," was the reply, "but I suppose I'll do about the same as usual. I'm not kicking on the government and am willing to help the war—but I don't think the wheat farmer should be the only one regulated. There's plenty of others need it."

"Last fall I wanted to be patriotic," added Squire Taylor, who had been quietly listening, "and besides the price looked good—it was $2.80 at one time—and we were guaranteed $2; so I put in an extra 80 acres. Half of it winter killed. Don't think I will sow quite so much this year—my boy has gone to the army and it's some job to get a hired man these times. Besides, there's other crops that pay better. Wheat at $2 a bushel here isn't any bonanza, but I'll do all I can, I'll tell you that."

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"So will I," agreed Haywood, "but you can't make me believe that it's fair to pick out the wheat farmer and regulate his crop—without helping him to get his implements on a basis of his wheat price—and not touch the cotton-grower. Treat us all alike. Why should the wheat-raiser be the goat?" The others nodded approvingly. Jim had summarized the attitude of the average producer of the Middle West.

Yet the situation of to-day is acute. Since 1902 the average annual wheat yield in the United States, according to the government estimate, has been 705,000,000 bushels; once, 1915, we raised over 1,000,000,0000 bushels; this year's crop is estimated at 800,000,000 to 850,000,000 bushels—it may show somewhat more when final threshing reports are available. Allowing for domestic consumption 450,000,000 bushels, slightly less than the average (which might be reduced by strict economy and large use of substitutes to 400,000,000 bushels), leaves us a surplus of some 400,000,000 to 450,000,000 bushels, not counting 90,000,000 bushels for seed. For the first time in our history none is carried over; food administration orders have cleaned the bins and granaries and we start the new season with a sole dependence on the crop just come to maturity. It exceeds last year's attainments, but is not nearly sufficient for the Allied world's needs.

Undismayed by the loss of 12,000,000 acres of his seeding the year before, last autumn the farmer increased his winter wheat acreage 2,000,000 acres; the spring wheat area also showed an increase, neither reaching the hoped-for proportions, though their total set a new high record. Owing to drought in the high-plains country, 5,700,000 acres failed, representing not only loss of seed but of weary days of toil. In Kansas alone 3,000,000 acres were abandoned, one-third of its acreage. Since 1899 an average of 11.5 per cent of the sowing each year has been a failure, reaching as high as 20.5 per cent in 1912, and 31 per cent in 1916.

Every farmer knows as he starts his plough that raising grain is a speculation. Particularly is this true of winter wheat. Beginning with the investment in seed and labor, the venture runs the gauntlet of weather for six months before its promise is established. Too much freezing and thawing may be its ruin; drought and high winds may sweep the fields bare; spring has in wait the damage by fly, and even at harvest always is present the possibility of rains to rust the grain and rot the shocks. For eight months the farmer, watching his fields anxiously, is visited alternately by hopes and fears. The recompense is that once gathered it represents ready money "all in a lump," a reward for the period of uncertainty. Then, too, if the early months of the season are unpropitious there exists the possibility of abandoning unfruitful fields in spring and replanting to new crops, recouping to some extent expenses that have been wasted.

It is this constant gamble with the elements that makes every crop a venture into the unknown. Take the specific instance of one tenant farmer out in the Middle West. He sold from his fields last fall $4,750 worth of wheat, but for three years preceding he had not harvested the seed. It took all the crop's profit to make good his losses. Another young farmer sowed 80 acres of wheat in the fall of 1916—it was a complete failure because of drought. He replanted to corn in the spring; that also failed; wheat again in the fall of 1917, and last spring the field was plowed once more and put to corn. Those are experiences that go to reduce the average of the farmer's profits.

Now, new considerations enter. We need for the coming season much more acreage than this—far more than has ever been sown. With war conditions and the Allies' demands pressing in constantly increasing intensity, it is a long look ahead and the farmer must determine the outcome.

He has had ample time to think about it. Labor has been so scarce that he has spent extra hours afield, and while riding up and down the furrows on his sulky plough has had opportunity to review the developments of the past few months and to map his future. By a devious road has he approached his unexampled prominence in the world's vision.

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When, last September, the price was fixed below the then current figure he was disposed to withhold marketing; later, convinced that the government meant what it said, and that no change was probable, he sold with moderate movement. Here and there were hoarders, but generally the situation was accepted.

Partly the hesitancy was due to the stability of the price. At a good-roads meeting out in the prairie country when a speaker had dilated on the advantage of hard-surfaced roads for quick marketing of wheat, a husky farmer arose in the rear of the hall. "Mister," he interrupted, "I can get the same money a month from now as to-day—why hurry?" The audience applauded, showing its appreciation of the remark.

Another reason why the wheat owner exhibited no haste was his ability to finance his affairs without cashing in his store. He sold as he needed funds for the every-day wants of the farm and family. So marketing dragged along through the winter; threats of requisitioning had slight effect in bringing out the grain locked away in the farmer's modern safety-deposit vault—circular zinc granaries set like little fortresses in the fields. Particularly was this true in the Northwest, the Dakotas, and Minnesota. Despite the urgency of the times 17 per cent of the 1917 crop remained in the farmers' hands on March 1, a larger percentage than on March 1, 1917.

Meanwhile farmers' organizations were adopting resolutions declaring the established price at central markets—$2.20 a bushel, minus freight from interior points—too low. It meant $2 a bushel in a large portion of the wheat belt, and then only for grain of high grade. Delegations went to Washington to present the matter to Mr. Hoover, and the President was bombarded with letters and telegrams from governors and other prominent citizens of the grain States.

Congress had guaranteed a price of $2 a bushel for the 1918 crop; the President by proclamation this spring fixed it at $2.20 at central markets, the same as for 1917. Bills were introduced in Congress making it $2.50 to $2.75. All this left things as unsatisfactory as before. In the East the consumer declared that the increased price proposed meant $3 a barrel more for flour and that the farmer was a slacker; in the West the farmer asserted that, because of the increased cost of production, $2.50 was no more than $2.20 had been six months before and that actually he ought to have $3 to be on a par with producers of other foodstuffs and the cotton grower.

Reams of statistics have been presented to show the cost per bushel of raising wheat. The truth is that on no two farms is it the same. Land values, soil conditions, methods of tillage, the fortune of weather and rainfall all enter into the computation. Ten years ago figures gathered from hundreds of farmers by the Kansas State Board of Agriculture gave the average cost at $7.51 an acre. Those were the days of minimum expense. Probably to-day it is more than twice that estimate. If the acre yield be well above the average, comes a liberal return. But if the yield be light or the quality inferior, thus reducing the value—and farmers have complained bitterly of deductions made during the past season because of low grades given their product—the producer may receive scarcely enough to meet his investment. The farmer never knows until the last load is hauled to market what his crop will net. The consumer sees only the size of the loaf and fails to consider the long process intervening between the sowing of seed and the baking of bread.

Curious have been some of the psychological effects of price fixing. Heretofore the seeker after information as to the condition of the fields was met by dubiousness. Every farmer minimized the conditions, believing that exuberant reports would depress prices. The country editor who in his desire to say good words for the community predicted bursting granaries was declared to be in league with speculators planning to benefit by market fluctuations. So market news was filled from January to June with grave forebodings as to the effect of frost and fly, wind and weevil. This season, eager to make the best possible showing of service and knowing that prices would not be affected, cheer and hopefulness were apparent and the farmer

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put the best face possible on the situation.

Another factor has been prominent in the farmer's mind all these months—the growing cost of his equipment. Starting with the sowing of the crop and ending with marketing, he has seen every expense item advance beyond precedent. According to a statement by a committee representing the whole implement industry, between 1914 and 1918 tractors have risen a maximum of 60 per cent in price; spreaders and binders, 70 per cent; mowers, 76 per cent; ploughs, 93 per cent; and cultivators, 98 per cent. The farmers assert that the prices are really higher than this would indicate; those of the Middle West, for example, furnishing information that a header which once cost $150 there now costs $325; a binder formerly $125 is now $250; a plough which once sold for $55 now sells for $120; and a wagon which formerly was priced at $65 is now $135. The farmer who puts up a woven-wire fence must pay 152 per cent more for steel than in 1914, and 110 per cent more for his fence-posts. The cost of fertilizer has risen in some instances by 600 per cent. Whereas binder twine could be purchased a few years ago at 8 cents a pound, its price for 1918 was fixed by Mr. Hoover at from 26 to 29 cents, according to quality. Prepared feeds for dairy and poultry-farms have increased in cost more than 100 per cent.

The cost of labor also has risen steadily. In 1912 the farmer could obtain a hired man, giving him board and bed, for $25 a month, or about half of what is now demanded. A day-laborer will expect to earn, in the Middle West, fully $75 a month during the crop year; and whereas this day-labor was formerly quite willing to work from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M., or even from sunup to sundown, he now balks at more than nine hours' work. Threshers in the Middle West are talking a charge of 15 to 20 cents a bushel for their service, a direct deduction from the price to be received for the grain. As he starts on his plans for the coming year, the labor condition will be more serious than ever in his history. Every draft call takes thousands of sons from the farm, and many a father is left almost alone to carry on work for which formerly he had strong, young helpers—and he must pay the wages asked or let his fields go untilled. If forced to borrow funds with which to employ men or to purchase machinery, he must pay a higher rate of interest—even the Federal Loan system having recently advanced its rate from 5 to 5½ per cent.

All these factors enter into the business of the farm. The overhead expense must be met, whether or not the crop is a success. The consumer replies that if the farmer is not satisfied he may sell out at a good figure—and too many are doing that very thing or turning their land over to tenants.

But that is not the question. Ourselves and our allies must have wheat. What is the farmer going to do about it the coming autumn? He considers other crops. Corn, for instance, has been as high as $1.90 a bushel; late in spring it was $1.50 a bushel. With its price unregulated, a 60-bushel crop would return $75 to $100 an acre. Alfalfa sold as high as $29 a ton last winter, and three to five tons are gathered in a season. Though in 1917 the average wheat yield of the whole country was 15.2 bushels, it reached in 1916 only 13.2 bushels; in 1915 it was 16.3. Through a period of years the average has been 14.7 bushels. At $2 a bushel on the farm, this means $29.40 an acre, no more, no less. He can figure the cost to a few cents—so much for labor, seed, harvesting, hauling, interest on his investment, insurance against hail and fire. The reverse is that if peace is declared the price level of other farm products will fall and he will receive for his wheat the government guarantee, making it more profitable than other crops—at the expense of the treasury of the United States. Thus it is possible that if war ceases within a year, while the price has been for a time kept below the mark it would have reached in a free market, the period of guarantee may show about the same total result as in an unregulated market.

It is unfair to consider the farmer's position as an exhibition of greed. He bases his claims on comparisons. He admits that the established figure is a good price; four years ago it would have realized all his dreams of agricultural afflu-

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ence. Just preceding the war, out in the Central West, he hauled wheat to market for 60 to 68 cents a bushel. But he was buying labor, farming implements, and family supplies cheap. Compared with other crops, he was probably obtaining as much return from wheat as from any other produce of his farm. From this level, in the winter of 1916–17, because of our own small crop and the demands of the Allies, wheat sky-rocketed to the unheard-of mark of $3.25 a bushel and was only a little lower at the beginning of the 1917 ploughing. States like Minnesota, the Dakotas, Kansas, and Iowa rode on the crest of war-time prosperity. It was the wheat-farmers' first real innings in a generation. The effect was logical and immediate. Kansas, for instance, which had been reaping from 4,000,000 to 6,000,000 acres, invested $15,000,000 in seed and before the drills finished their rounds they had covered 9,000,000 acres. Other States increased their acreage similarly. Partly it was in response to patriotic appeal, but chiefly because the farmer saw in it a greater income than from any other crop he could produce, considering the price level then existing.

The truth is that the wheat-farmer is neither a profiteer nor entirely self-sacrificing. He is in business to earn for himself and his family a living and to lay aside something for old age. He is not a plutocrat—the farm-mortgage debt of the United States is nearly $4,000,000,000. His prosperity has flourished in proportion to his expenditure of labor and brains. Success and failure mingle in every community. His income during the war period has been unquestionably the greatest in his history because the price level of his products has been high. But so has the income of other business men. His returns have been exaggerated because the products of the farm are visible. His neighbors know almost to the dollar what he receives for his year's toil. He must meet the rising expenses of his farm. If he raise corn and rye and oats instead of wheat it will be because he feels that he can secure a larger income thus, and his duty to his family demands that he undertake those things most promising and not because he is unpatriotic.

Abuse will not change the farmer's mind. Criticism will not induce greater effort. Fully independent and confident of his position, the man on the plough is thinking things out for himself. Daily papers are left at the mail-box of nearly every rural home, and their readers are as well informed of the progress of world affairs as the dweller on city streets. They draw their conclusions as to the opportunities and accomplishments of other lines of business.

Here and there are communities where indifference to the nation's needs seems to exist, but on analysis it will generally be found it is merely an expression of firm conviction that wheat alone should not have had a price established by governmental action. The solution will come through such readjustment as will appeal to the business judgment of these producers, who after all understand fully the exigency of the world's demands and can do much to relieve it. Generally, however, over the agricultural States is a sound Americanism eager to uphold the hands of the country. It is not effusive. No parades pass the farm, no banners or bunting decorate the country highways, no bands are playing. Amid the quiet of the broad fields the worker must visualize the panoply of war.

Considered merely from the material side it is business sagacity for the average farmer to raise wheat, for the sowing occupies months when there is no other work pressing. Possibly fortune may smile and the yield may reach 25, 30, or 35 bushels—as hundreds of thousands of acres have done—with the resultant larger return. If winter be unpropitious, always is there the chance of replanting to spring crops. Besides, the farm country would be a strange place with no emerald carpet spread in winter over rolling prairies, with no golden glory shimmering in summer days. The yellow and green of the wheat are the high lights of the farm landscape. They are painted for three-fourths of the year—and there is a pot of real gold at the season's end.

We should not forget that any material increase in the wheat must be at the expense of other food crops unless we place new soil in cultivation. To do this

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costs money, and no better expenditure could be made from our war chest than developing raw lands, both in the United States and in Canada, and bringing them into productiveness not alone for war times but for the future in which the world will still call for bread. Steadily for a half decade our wheat surplus has dwindled. With America's constantly increasing population and the vanishing of cheap land for the new settler an oversupply seems far distant.

Much merit attaches also to the proposal to provide a bonus to the producer who sows wheat, but finds barren fields at the end of winter. Were the farmer assured that under such conditions he would receive back the cost of his endeavor, say $5 an acre, he would cultivate millions of acres that may stand idle because of lack of capital with which to buy seed and hire labor. Such a guarantee and the utilization of every possible acre of raw land that can be added to our wheat-growing area point one way to more bushels. In that direction lies a path to elimination of the wheatless meal and sustenance of our fighting forces.

The farmer is not grieving over the price of wheat. That is merely one incident in the complicated and sometimes baffling business of farm operation. Though the most potent influence for extra exertion—and $3 a bushel would undoubtedly inspire some increased acreage—many others enter his plans and purposes. He will not forget his disappointment, but will carry on his farm as before. His equipment is no better than in 1917; labor is more difficult to obtain; no promise of higher price is present. That he will exceed greatly last year's sowing, unless additional acres are added through the utilization of yet unbroken areas, by insurance in some form against loss or promise of greater return in case of success seems improbable. His sowing will be a straightforward, businesslike procedure, accompanied by the certainty that if the season be favorable he will reap a fair reward and have also the satisfaction of giving service.

What will most influence the result unfavorably will be the income possible from other crops where rival grains may be raised successfully and his inability to secure labor. Full justice demands, in the view of most farmers, that if the price of wheat be fixed so should that of other competing products and of the equipment with which to produce it. Profiteering in substitutes for flour has weakened confidence in regulations. If corn and oats and rye are to have free market and exorbitant prices the farmer may feel that he is not justified in making sacrifices to raise wheat. Appeals to his patriotism may in instances induce him to do so; expectations of early peace may cause him to look upon it as a way to sure profits, but generally he is likely to pursue a median course.

Hence the Allies and ourselves, as the situation now is, may prepare for a continuance of the wheat shortage, its extent being modified as the wheat yield per acre is great or small, but nevertheless a shortage that even an increase in the established price per bushel would not fully relieve. Europe is too busy with the harvest of death to produce its normal supply of grain; American fields will not give abundance for all. If the sun shines and rain falls opportunely we may garner in increased measure, but materially added acres are not in sight—though never before was expansion of the fields so sorely needed. Prompt action toward accomplishment of larger return is necessary and it must cover a broad range of readjustment to prove effective.

The American farmers have met every war call as fairly as any other class of citizens. Lack of loyalty and of patriotism have been rare exceptions. Isolated examples, exploited by the press, have sometimes been the source of sweeping conclusions by no means deserved. The farmer has not shirked his part in carrying on war work. In his important duty of furnishing sustenance for the nation and at the same time maintaining his financial integrity he has given freely long hours of toil. Perhaps the nation's needs were not so rapidly assimilated on the farms as in the towns—city folks are quicker on the trigger—but as high an average of service has come from the agricultural States of the Middle West as from any other section. Those communities have always oversubscribed their full quotas to the Red Cross, have taken

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their assigned shares of the Liberty Loans, and every recurring appeal has found greater willingness to bear war's burden. This spirit will lead in the production of food for ourselves, our army, and our allies.

The six farmers waiting by the elevator were types of the wheat-producing class, each with a somewhat different point of view and each with his own home problems to solve. But not a man in the group was disposed to act in a resentful spirit or with any other inclination than to help his government—though feeling that he must consider at the same time the welfare of his family and himself and that limitations of labor supply and physical endurance surround him.

Back of all the discussion and of the imperative considerations of our strength and safety this fundamental truth stands: The farmer has the nation's weal at heart and to the extent of his ability will be a good soldier, the soldier of the wheat-field—as important to-day as the soldier of the field of battle.

A RUNAWAY WOMAN

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

XXI

MANN IN A QUANDARY

THERE was nothing to occasion comment in the fact that Mann absented himself from the hotel the remainder of that day. He did not appear until supper-time, and then he stayed about the hostelry only long enough to eat his supper. He was gone the greater part of the evening. It might have been supposed that he had obtained employment somewhere.

When he appeared finally at bedtime he went directly to his room.

He was surprised and disappointed not to find Susan there. She was usually in her place of seclusion by this hour in the evening, and while her absence was not at all significant, since she was likely at any time to have special duties to perform, Mann's glance darkened when he found that the room was empty.

There were things he felt he must talk to her about; there were new readjustments to make. He felt that by one stroke Mrs. Royal had made his presence in the house impossible.

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "A Runaway Woman" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

Yet when Susan came in, a little while later, she was so full of her own affairs that he decided not to unburden himself immediately, after all.

There was a shadow in Susan's eyes when she entered the room; and, though she greeted him cordially, a brooding mood immediately took possession of her again.

"Well . . . out with it!" he exclaimed genially. "I can tell that something's gone wrong."

"It's only poor Royal," she responded frankly.

"What's the matter with Royal?" he demanded, with concentrated interest.

"He's ill. But it isn't that alone. I hadn't seen him for two days and I spoke to Mrs. Royal this evening. She admitted that he was not quite well, but she said there was too much work to be done to leave time for any one to 'trot around after him.' I found out where his room was and went to see him. I have just come from his room." She paused as if there was nothing to add to her brief recital.

"And what did you find?"

She did not reply for a long, thoughtful interval. Then she shook her head sadly. "He's feverish, and he hadn't had fresh water to drink since noon. His supper

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had been placed on a table by his bed; but it wasn't appetizing. I suppose he might have eaten it, but what he wants . . . Oh, it would have made you weep to see him. He lay looking up at the ceiling, and there was an expression in his eyes that I saw once in the eyes of a horse that had been injured—a look that had nothing in it either of hope or of fear. Just resignation. I went and made some toast for him, and warmed some milk, and brought fresh water. I put my hand on his forehead to see how much fever he had. He tried to thank me, but he couldn't utter a word. His lips trembled and tears came to his eyes. Then he seized my hand and held it close against his breast, and looked at me as if he were frightened—as if he were looking into an abyss. And when I scolded him and told him he must eat his toast he minded me just like a child."

Mann sprang to his feet and began pacing to and fro before her. And then he stopped abruptly and faced her. "Let's get out of here!" he said.

She could not understand his intensity. She hadn't any idea at all of its cause. She put aside her thought of Royal. "I mustn't, just now," she declared: "You see, there is to be something special next week. They call it court week. There are to be lots of strangers. It will be a great opportunity for me."

He sat down and regarded her almost blankly. "A great opportunity?" he echoed. "A great opportunity to work your fingers off, as I see it."

"But I need the training." She began to talk of her ambitions. She was full of the subject—of wholly practical matters, of her future.

Mann listened to her unresponsively. He was glad of the wholesome, optimistic note that she had struck, but he was brooding over that picture of Royal, ill and neglected. And little by little he was regarding Susan as if she were farther away from him than ever. For the moment he despaired of ever appealing to her emotions, of awakening in her mind a feeling of sentiment toward him. When she paused, at length, he began speaking with the old familiar gayety.

"So much for your affairs," he said. "Now for mine. I hope you'll not be disappointed when I tell you I've got a job. I'm sure your place here is assured now. I'm going to leave you to shift for yourself and I'm going to work."

Susan pondered this and Mann was chagrined to perceive that it appealed to her good sense rather than to her sentiment. "Well, if you've really got a chance. What kind of work are you thinking about doing?"

He flushed a little, but the familiar taunting look was in his eyes. "It's pretty good for Horseshoe," he said. "It's alligators. An alligator show."

"Oh!" chided Susan, her lips and eyes reproaching him. "Why don't you tell me?"

"Please pardon me. You see, a man has come to town with a lot of alligators. They got here on the train to-day. It seems it's a part of their court-week business."

She was clearly unable to follow him. "What is it, really—this court week?" she asked.

He tried to gather the facts into a few simple statements that she would understand. "It seems that they allow their legal business to accumulate throughout the county—that is, certain classes of cases. Then they set their legal machine to work and grind up everything they've got. I suppose the processes in the city are more or less the same. But in Horseshoe it seems to be regarded as the biggest thing of the year. You know Horseshoe is what they call the county seat. And when court week comes they expect to entertain a lot of people from all over the county."

Susan interrupted him. "Never mind," she said. As a matter of fact Mrs. Royal had told her much the same thing that Mann was now telling her. She was impatient to learn what it was that Mann was planning to do.

"But I'm just getting around to the alligators," declared Mann. "As I was about to explain, the big show is staged only once a year, and people drive in from the country, and sleep in wagons, and stay a whole week. That's why special entertainment is necessary. Provision has to be made for all the aunts and uncles, and the people who come as witnesses or as principals, or just as specta-

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tors. You know these wide-eyed hicks that inhabit parts of the world like this will travel a long distance to see things that aren't any of their business, and they'll stick until the last dog is hung. And of course they're justified, in a measure. You take the average lawyer and he can be depended upon for more kinds of entertainment than any other human being on earth. He's all kinds of an actor, for one thing, and as often as not he's got a lot of sense. And so it happens that when they have court week in Horseshoe——"

"What I want to find out," interrupted Susan, "is where the alligators come in."

The vein of humor which was inseparable from Mann's moods asserted itself. "There have to be alligators," he said, smiling patiently, "as a mark of respect to the sharks who come around when there is anything doing in court. The alligators were brought to town, most likely, just to complete the family."

Susan smiled at him ruefully. "Oh, well, if you don't want to tell me, don't!" she said.

Mann was discovering that Susan's smile was a thing of supreme loveliness—it was so wistful and delicate and rare. He watched her curving lips until she became grave again and then he laughed delightedly.

Her color deepened into embarrassment. She could not understand why he should have laughed. But she also noted that his eyebrows seemed of a finer burnished gold than ever before and that his eyes were radiantly blue.

"Why did you laugh?" she asked.

"Because I made a bad joke, and you didn't see it. I call that good luck. But I want to tell you about my new position, really." He became quite sober. "It's this way: the alligator man has a kind of show, and he follows county fairs and other celebrations, including court week at Horseshoe. He's got a lot of them, and he keeps them in a tent. People pay him ten cents to have a look."

"Yes; but what has that got to do with you?"

"There's a puddle in the tent, and the alligators lie in the puddle. But in order to attract crowds the alligator man has to have an artist out in front. I'm to be the artist."

"You're going to ask the people to come inside?"

"Not quite as bad as that. I'm going to stand on a little platform and sing songs. When a crowd gathers the alligator man will invite them to come inside."

A flush of shame deepened in Susan's cheeks. "I didn't know you was an actor," she said. She could hardly raise her eyes to his.

"I'm not really an actor. I just sing. Ballads and parodies."

She recalled the clear voice that had sounded, much to her dismay, on a dark road not very long ago. Yes, he could sing. She reflected a moment, and then with gentle wrath she exclaimed: "But I don't want you to do anything like that!"

He did not answer her immediately. He was trying to obtain a new focus upon this Susan who had too much pride for him to think of him in a mean rôle, and too much pride for herself to be willing to be identified with careless people. "It doesn't seem very respectable, does it?" he responded frankly. "I don't mean the singing, but the association. But the honest truth is, I've got to do something and the field here isn't quite as wide as it might be. I'm really doing the best I can."

"Why have you got to do something—for a while, at any rate?"

The question made him uncomfortable—a fact to which Susan could not be blind. But he seemed unable to explain. "I must get away from the hotel," he declared. "Anything is better for me than staying here. You can see that I owe it to you to leave; and you may take my word for it, there are reasons wholly personal to myself why I mustn't stay any longer. And still, I don't want to go away entirely. I'd like to be near by in case you ever chanced to need a friend, or in case you came to look at our affairs a little differently. But, truly, I must leave the hotel."

Susan was not merely obstinate. She simply knew of no reason which seemed to her at all weighty why Mann should not permit their status to remain unchanged a little longer. She appealed to

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him earnestly. "Wait until court week, anyway," she besought him. "It means a great deal to me to stay here that long. I'll not try to persuade you any longer, if you'll only do that much for me."

Darkly brooding, he nursed one knee with both hands and regarded Susan intently. He hadn't supposed that such a woman existed anywhere. She seemed heartily in earnest in not wanting him to do a thing which seemed to her degrading, yet she sought to prevail over him for his own sake rather than her own. And yet it seemed wholly impossible to search out her affections or her emotions and make an appeal to them. She who had taken old Royal's misery so greatly to heart seemed in the ways which counted most to be frankly indifferent to him.

It did not occur to Mann, as it might have done, that Susan regarded him as a creature of a world beyond and above her; as a superior being with whom she could not hope to have any more than a few simple interests in common.

"Well, then, Mrs. Sphinx," he agreed, "I'll stay until after court week."

"And you'll give up that—that alligator thing?"

He laughed disconsolately. "Yes, I'll give that up, too."

He left the hotel early the next morning and went away for a long, aimless walk. Strong impulses seized him when he got out of the town. He thought of the advantages of flight—flight instant and complete. He was slightly alarmed when he considered the state of his feelings toward Susan. Why, she had become almost the only object on his line of vision. He was becoming more and more impatient for her companionship. Some of the old simple faiths of his boyhood were awakening again in his nature, after lying long dormant. The remarkable growth in her nature was having a stimulating influence upon his own growth.

Above all, it was becoming increasingly plain to him that he and she might help each other—by the simple law of needing and loving each other. What he had come to regard as the empty husk of life might yet, he believed, be found to contain the golden grain of purpose and duty.

He had never been able to understand her gospel of loyalty relative to the man from whom she had run away; and so there were moments when he found himself in an exultant, a confident mood. And these moments were only occasionally followed by a chilling remembrance of her single-hearted devotion to her duties under Mrs. Royal—her stubborn determination to master her task and her passion for a kind of work which might well have repelled her.

He turned aside from the main street of the town with its petty, limited interests, and presently he realized that he was drawing near to the railroad tracks. He paused and almost succumbed to a powerful impulse to follow the ties. It would mean flight—that he knew. But with a quick exercise of will-power he crossed the tracks and struck out across a flat, barren field which had been cultivated in former years but which was now a sort of town common. Across a broad expanse of sun-swept waste, strewn with rubbish, a little old hut was visible. Beyond this a meandering line of trees and bushes indicated the presence of a creek.

He walked as far as the hut; and finding that it was untenanted he entered.

More or less subconsciously he had been ruminating over the manner in which Mrs. Royal had made it all but impossible for him to remain in the hotel, even for a limited time, as Susan wished him to do. The woman was a monster. The very thought of her filled him with keen discomfort.

Now in the deserted hut his mind found its way into different channels. This mean interior was impressive, in its way. A wooden bench stood near a window from which the sashes had disappeared and through which the sunlight streamed in a flood across the floor. Still, the place was pleasantly cool because of a gentle breeze which came and went as lightly as a spirit of some one who had dwelt in this humble house when it was new.

He sat down on the shady end of the bench and began to dream somewhat disconsolately. Ambitious hands had raised this hardy structure of logs, he reflected. There had been a man and a woman here; perhaps there had been children. They had dreamed their dream—and it had come to nothing. Now they were gone.

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Perhaps they were seeking in some other house the well-being, the peace, which is in no house at all but only in the mind that can perceive it.

He went back to the old vagrant philosophy. Why should any human being hope anything from the morrow when the day may be enjoyed for itself alone? Why should people permit themselves to dream when a dream nearly always results in a burning sensation in the eyes and a bitter taste in the mouth?

He was almost ashamed of the nature of the dream in which he had indulged toward Susan Herkimer—a preposterously honest person who was forever watchful, in a shrewd, petty way, of her moorings. As for himself, he would cut loose. He had dispensed with comradeship for a long time. He would do so again.

If this was not wholly fair to Susan, it must be remembered that it was the outpouring of a mood rather than the end of a logical train of thought.

"It is a new horizon every day that keeps your heart whole," he mused. "It's only in the old, familiar places that your heart breaks."

He became almost tranquil for a time; his mind and emotions seemed almost at rest. And when he aroused himself at length he realized that Susan Herkimer's presence in his dreams had been the influence that had soothed him—Susan, with her unshakable loyalty, her earnest wish to be fair and never to seem mean, even to herself.

Then, in a wholly extraordinary fashion, he thought of Susan, not in relation to himself or to the life he led and would have had her lead, but to the purposeful existence for which she yearned. He thought how wonderful had been her application, her good sense, her practical fitness for the work that had come to her quite by accident.

There came to him then the power to review the whole situation with a proper sense of proportion. A thousand details of the past few days passed before his mind for review. And then he underwent a strange transformation. His attitude became more purposeful; the idle expression in his eyes gave place to a gleam of definite interest. He sprang to his feet suddenly, an ironic smile on his lips.

"I've found it!" were the words which flashed through his mind. "There's only one thing for me to do; and by the Great Horn Spoon it shall be done."

XXII

SUSAN'S PROSPECTS ARE ADVANCED

It was a new Mann who took his place leisurely in the hotel-office the next day at train-time—or at least it was Mann in a new, an astounding rôle. The repose and aimlessness of his manner were a frank declaration that he would be glad of companionship; and when Mrs. Royal looked into the office and then entered he seemed quite pleased to see her.

She regarded him uneasily. "It seems an age since I've seen you," she said. The lack-lustre expression in her eyes got on his conscience a little. She might have been supposed to be actually suffering from hunger.

"It seems an age to me too," he replied. He lowered his eyes pensively.

"And yet I've looked for you often. I've thought you must be avoiding me."

"Well . . . perhaps. The fact is, I've been greatly troubled."

She advanced a step and extended her hand. "I'm sorry," she said.

He did not respond to that gesture of hers. He seemed deeply embarrassed. "You see," he declared almost passionately, "I'm getting ready to go away."

"Oh!—I hadn't heard. Why?" She took a seat near him. She leaned toward him, a kind of alarm in her eyes.

He seemed unable to explain. "You know," he said, after an uncomfortable silence, "there are some things a man must not say."

She extended her hand again. "But there isn't anything you can't say to me!" He noted that she spoke with difficulty.

"No, you're the one person, more than any other, I can't speak to."

"But you can—truly you can. Why shouldn't you?"

"Oh! Perhaps it's because I wish particularly to speak to you!"

Her breath came more rapidly. "When we're in trouble why shouldn't we speak to them that—that care for us?"

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"Because a man doesn't always do what he wants to do. He does the honorable thing. I've no right to ask you to bear any of my burdens. Besides, there's a special reason—" He paused as one does to regain command of the emotions.

"What reasons? Please tell me!"

"No, I—I can't."

Much of the color had faded from her face; her pulses were throbbing. She seemed on the point of rising and going to him, when he began speaking again. His tone was almost stern. "It's better for me to go my way in silence, hoping—believing—that you will remember me kindly when I am gone."

She clasped her hands passionately. "But you ought to have seen that I would do anything—*anything*—to make you happy!"

"Ah, you generous soul—I know. But our lives have been caught in the web of fate—yours, I think, as well as mine. We can't help each other. We can only drift apart—and remember." He looked at her fixedly. "Promise me," he commanded, "you *will* remember me?"

"I couldn't forget!" she responded. Her voice had sunk almost to a whisper.

"I had hoped," he continued after a troubled silence, "that you wouldn't see, that you would never know. But it's not possible to hide things from a woman like you, with quick sympathies——"

"See what?" she pleaded.

"Oh!—that she doesn't love me—that she has a heart of stone. I've tried to be loyal to her; I've done everything a husband could do. But you've seen that she will hardly look at me. Was it any wonder that when you were willing to pay little womanly attentions to me, that my starved affections——"

His voice trembled; he turned his head away as if to conceal tears. In another moment he had arisen with a kind of desperate abruptness and had unsteadily hurried from the room—from the hotel.

They met again the next day at the same hour and in the same place. Mann was inclined to be taciturn. He seemed to be under a tremendous strain. Reluctantly he promised not to go away for another day or two. "But don't you see how difficult it is for me," he demanded, "to be near you, and yet to feel in honor bound not to—?" He clinched his fists and stared wretchedly at the floor.

She held herself rather well in hand at first. With no small degree of wariness she brought the matter of his profession into discussion. Had he been a successful man? What had been his position in the city? And what had been the manner of his life there?

He had been prominently connected (he said) with a public-service corporation. She did not know what the expression meant, but it was plain that she was impressed by the words. He had not been a rich man, he admitted. It wasn't possible to do a great deal on five thousand dollars a year. But if his wife had been contented, they could have gotten along very well. It was her determination not to live in the city—to go roaming about from place to place in the country—that had made things difficult for him. And of course money simply melted when you quit earning and kept on spending. His people, he declared, had been asking him when he meant to come back and resume his duties, and he had hoped that at any time his wife would come to her senses and consent to go back. Now . . . well, he would go back alone. He would cease to struggle and he would resume the old life as well as a broken-hearted man might be expected to do.

This is the substance of the things he said to her. He had glanced at her furtively when he mentioned the sum of five thousand dollars and had not failed to catch the amazed and covetous gleam in her eyes.

And then his reward came. Mrs. Royal left the room and reconnoitred eagerly, and then she came back and took possession of him. In a few words, breathed out against his hair, she declared that they would go away together. She too was weary of struggling against fate. They seemed ideally suited to each other, she pointed out. She whispered, rather enigmatically, that they "would break the bonds and be free."

He refused to consent to so radical a plan at first. He was strongly tempted, he admitted, but he could not permit her to make so great a sacrifice. However, in the end he yielded. "Say no more!" he

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commanded exultantly. "I give you back the words you gave to me—we will break the bonds and be free!"

"Wait until after court week," she decided the next day. "It would look strange if I said anything about going away just now. But after court week I'll tell them that I'm all worn out and that I want to visit my sister at Peasley Junction."

"So you have a sister?" was Mann's eager comment.

"Of course. Three of them, in fact. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I had thought of you as being alone, somehow. You know how you get impressions."

As a matter of fact, he was thinking about the poor creature's future. It seemed to simplify matters—her having a sister who might take her in when her day of shipwreck came.

"Well; and when I get to Peasley Junction, I'll get a ticket on to Lacyville. I'll go there because I'm sure I don't know a soul in the world there. And it's on a direct line to the city, when we get ready to go on. But you'll join me at Lacyville—" She paused and blushed and turned her eyes away from him.

"As your husband," concluded Mann.

"Yes!" she whispered.

"And as soon as we're both free, I'll be your husband in reality."

They talked of nothing else thereafter. During one of their discussions Mrs. Royal asked:

"When you're gone, I suppose Mrs. Mann will go back to where she came from."

"Yes, most likely." Mann did not dream of explaining what he believed Susan would do—what Royal would do. To admit that he believed she would remain, and that in all probability she would succeed Mrs. Royal as mistress of the household and of the hotel, would have been to undo all the careful planning he had done. "Yes, she'll go away fast enough then. And maybe the time will come when she'll be sorry she wasn't anything to me but a wife in name only."

Mrs. Royal frowned and brooded for a time, and then her question came: "And you're sure you won't go back to her, if you ever see her again, and she wants you?"

"Don't you trust me?" he chided gently.

"Oh, yes, I trust you." She essayed swiftly a coquettish, confiding mood. "But you know she's prettier than I am?"

"Why should you say that?"

"Well, she's younger, then."

"You strange creature! Youth is sometimes merely a detriment, a drawback. Boys hanker after green apples; but a man—a *man*—waits until the fruit is ripe. Some people fancy rosebuds; but as for me, give me a great big flower that quivers in the sun and flings its beauty generously toward the light." He whispered, mysteriously, insinuatingly, so that she swallowed with difficulty: "The woman who has reached her highest development is what a normal man prefers—whose body and mind are at their best."

The surfeiting effect of these words passed after a time, and an interval of archness followed. She gazed at him confidently, like one whose merits really cannot be denied. And finally she said: "After all, she's not so much younger than I am."

"Very little."

"I'm not sure she's any younger at all."

"Why, possibly not."

She pondered, like a grosser Eve, desiring the moon and the stars. "And if ever she should be sorry, and in need, and maybe sick, you'll not go back to her?" She leaned toward him, and steadied his head with her hands, so that he was forced to meet her glance squarely.

The cruelty of the picture strengthened his will. "You must have more confidence in me," he replied. As he uttered the words he smiled at her quite steadily.

And so the stage was set for the tawdry, ancient drama.

That night Mann sat in his room regarding Susan with thoughtful eyes. She was at work with a needle and with some fabric that was delicate and soft. Attitude and expression were alike sedate and gentle. To Mann she suddenly typified

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all that was most excellent in womanhood. And for the moment she seemed not merely Susan, the individual, but the representative of a sex. An overmastering impulse seized him.

"Damned if I can do it!" he exclaimed, shoving his chair back and moving, in a stormy mood, toward the window which overlooked the street.

She lifted her head. "Do what?" she asked.

He gave her no answer; but after a time he returned to his chair, opposite her. "I suppose you haven't changed your mind at all?" he asked. It was getting on toward the time when the barrier would have to be raised, preparatory to their retiring.

"How—changed my mind?"

"It seems to me that we've been here a long time. You don't think it would be nice to take to the road again, you and I together—or even to go back to the city?"

She shook her head slowly and inspected the threads on her knee. "No, I think not," she replied. Yet the sound of his voice brought a picture before her, and she remembered how still the world became at dusk out in the lonely places, and how pleasantly the stars shone, and how patient and merry a companion Mann had been when there had been duties for him to perform. He had seemed less gay and contented of late. She looked at him wistfully, but again she shook her head. If it were possible for her to be just a companion to him to the end of the chapter, she would have been strongly tempted to go away with him. There was something so buoyant and eager in his nature. She wished greatly that she could have felt nearer to him—on the same plane with him. But it was impossible for her to picture a comfortable intimacy between herself and this strange, whimsical creature who was gentleness itself but whose mind she could so seldom fathom. The oppressive power of generations of humble people was upon her, and she could not believe that she was meant for Mann, or Mann for her. A shyness like that which sensitive children feel toward well-poised adults was upon her and was not to be shaken off. And always there was the conclusion that in a sense she belonged to Herkimer, since he had never deserted her or renounced his claim upon her.

"No, I think we needn't talk about that," she said.

He nodded his head decisively. "Well . . . so," he said; and then—"Do you remember suggesting on one occasion that I sell our friend Cleopatra and that we divide the proceeds?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I think I'll accept that offer. I'm going to have need of funds pretty soon. I think I've got well enough acquainted in Horseshoe to run the risk of selling a horse. I'll see about it in a day or two and let you know how I've come out." He remained silent long enough for a different mood to master him completely, and then he went on. "There's a favor I want to ask of you. You won't mind, I'm sure. It's this: if you're ever tempted to think of me as a common scoundrel—if anything in my conduct stamps me as a contemptible blackguard—I want you to put off your verdict a little while, no matter what others think or say. I want you to try to figure out how I've been trying to serve you, even after I go away. I've no doubt that sounds silly; but at least I want you to try to remember me as a friend. I want you to think well of me, because I value your opinion. I value it because you're as square an individual as I ever knew. And that's saying a lot: I mean, when it's said of you that you're square—a square woman. There are plenty of women who are virtuous, and plenty who are charming, and plenty who are beautiful. But there are few who are square through and through. You will never know how I went on to the end trying to be a friend to you, unless you promise to have faith in me. I give you up, but I take my hat off to you. Mind, I don't think you need to have taken the stand you have taken. I think you are narrow-minded, in a way. But you're never going to play a mean trick on anybody—and that's to say you are a woman in ten thousand. I don't wish you any worse luck than that, when you think of me years from now, you'll be compelled to say: 'Everything he did turned out all right for me.' That's all."

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He got up and placed the barricade in place. She saw that his hands seemed heavy; yet she noticed their deftness, and she was touched by the matter-of-fact way in which he performed those offices which were meant wholly to satisfy her.

"Is that asking too much?" he added, pausing and turning toward her. His face was radiant with kindness.

She was almost alarmed by the flood of emotions which arose within her. She arose and put her work away and kept her face hid from him.

But he had caught the expression in her eyes; and it was the answer he prized most of all.

So, for the last time, as it proved, they occupied the "bridal suite" together.

XXIII

SUSAN IS DISCOVERED

In accordance with his practice, Mann was up and away early the next morning, leaving Susan in undisturbed possession of their room. It was a Sunday morning, and she took more than the usual amount of time and satisfaction in making herself ready to begin her tasks for the day. She had been told that there was never any need to be in haste on Sunday mornings, and she dressed herself with care and with that satisfaction which she was beginning to derive from the leisurely adornment of herself.

She was wholly unprepared, then, for the change in Mrs. Royal's bearing toward her when she entered the kitchen.

"You seem to have been taking plenty of time getting down-stairs," said Mrs. Royal. She spoke disagreeably, even rudely.

"Why, yes," responded Susan, a little blankly. There was something quite fresh and sweet in her appearance; and when she perceived that Mrs. Royal was angry she seemed to possess a new poise and aloofness. She met the older woman's eyes calmly, and in her own glance there was an unfavorable commentary upon Mrs. Royal's untidiness.

"And yet you know very well that court week begins to-morrow?" demanded Mrs. Royal.

"I'm not sure I realized it for the moment," admitted Susan. She added, after a thoughtful moment: "Does that make any difference to us to-day?" She was not thinking deeply about what either she or Mrs. Royal was saying. She was realizing that this disagreeable woman was making an occasion to be unfriendly to her, and she was wondering why.

"Of course it makes a difference," said Mrs. Royal less sharply. "A good many people will be coming into town to-day—to get straightened out for to-morrow." She turned away from Susan's unruffled glance. "We're likely to have extras for dinner, and there will be sure to be people coming in by supper-time."

"Well, then," said Susan briskly, "we'll get ready for them." She moved to the range and looked into the coffee-pot with practised eyes. Then she called back over her shoulder: "We'll just put a few extra names in the pot for dinner-time!" She spoke cheerfully; but she was wondering still what had brought about Mrs. Royal's changed attitude toward her.

She heard the other woman going away after a moment, and she turned musingly and looked after her. Unconsciously she sighed a little. To her simple logical mind a bad temper was a fearfully silly thing. Yet she was conscious of not caring very greatly. She was strong in the realization that she had set her feet upon sounder foundations than they had ever known before. She had learned what a house was, and what it meant in its relation to humanity. And she felt confident that when a woman knows how to preside over a house decently and with skill she need never fear being idle or unhappy again.

"And now," she said, with a sudden consciousness of elasticity throughout her whole being, "now for court week."

It was well along toward noon before she began to receive impressions of the nature of that gala dress which Horseshoe was about to put on. As she looked from a kitchen window toward a road which meandered out into the country, losing itself over a low hill, she beheld a wagon moving joltingly under the brilliant sun. Two men occupied the front seat, two women the seat behind. There were also several young people in chairs which had

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been disposed in the wagon with studied economy of space.

This lumbering vehicle advanced and finally drew up at the town square—an unfenced area in various conditions of unkemptness surrounding a housed spring from which many of the townspeople, with a modern distrust of wells, obtained their water.

A temporary camp was established, Susan watching the progress of the work with interest.

Soon afterward other vehicles of much the same kind and loaded in much the same way, made their appearance; and before the sun had reached the zenith the square had assumed the aspects of a place of some sort of austere festival.

As a corollary to the establishment of the camp there was presently an unusual clatter of feet along the wooden sidewalks of the town. Men and women had begun to drift somewhat aimlessly about. Voices were heard calling to and fro, some near at hand, some far distant.

The noon-hour arrived and, contrary to Mrs. Royal's prediction, no additional diners made their appearance at the hotel. As yet the town square sufficed for all the needs of the visiting throng. Here a pleasantly rural scene was visible from the hotel. Men and women were building fires and making coffee and spreading their repasts of sandwiches and pies and cakes on cloths which had been placed on the ground wherever shade was obtainable, usually under the sweet-gum trees which bordered the square. There was a blending of many cheerful voices. Children added their shrill notes to the chorus. A score or more of horses, tethered near their wagons, contributed to the homely noises, as they did to the picture. Wreaths of smoke drifted up and disappeared in the brilliant sunshine.

As it chanced, Susan had more leisure than usual during the noon-hour. When Mann came into the dining-room, arriving tardily, as he nearly always did, she had time to listen to him while she lingered at his table.

"Everything getting along all right?" he asked.

"Yes, so far as I know," she replied.

"That's good. The fact is, I'm not sure I'll see you again. I've been making plans that would have kept me here until the end of the week, but I'm afraid I may decide to change my mind. The chances are that I'll disappear at any minute. I've been trying to convince myself that I'm a sort of worthless cuss and that it would be all right to do whatever I pleased, where other—worthless cusses are concerned. But I'm rather in doubt about that now. You see, associating with you has spoiled me a good deal. I'm getting a kind of conscience. You've got a lot—and I think it must be infectious. I'm trying to get back to my normal condition—just plain worthless. I may make it, and stay the week out, and carry out my plans. But I'm beginning to feel a whole lot like running away."

She did not realize that she was regarding him wistfully. "You're going to do what's right," she declared. "If you go away without my seeing you again, I'm always going to think of you as doing right—as doing the thing a man ought to do."

She did not trust herself to speak further. The thought that she might not see him again made her sad. She was beginning to realize more clearly how greatly she had drawn upon him for support—yes, and for ideals, too.

"What was Mann saying to you?" inquired Mrs. Royal, when she returned to the kitchen.

Susan resented the fact that she had been watched and that Mrs. Royal felt she had a right to ask what had passed between them. "It was just nonsense," she replied, not very patiently. "I never pay any attention to half he says."

"I think you're a strange woman," commented Mrs. Royal, unguardedly frank for the moment. "I wonder what you do pay attention to?"

"To my work," replied Susan, more pleasantly.

"To your work? . . . But what do you suppose that's ever going to get you? *Where* do you suppose it will get you?"

"I think it's all that will ever get me anything or anywhere. I hope it will get me a hotel of my own some day. I wouldn't ask for anything better."

The admission shot its way through Mrs. Royal's mind with almost poisonous effect. She pondered awhile. "I didn't

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know you had any ideas like that," she declared finally. "I should have thought you'd have more ambition."

"I haven't," said Susan, turning to her work tranquilly.

Mrs. Royal stood plucking at her lips. After a time she walked slowly from the kitchen and through the dining-room. She looked toward Mann, but to her surprise and resentment he was seemingly too deeply absorbed to know of her presence.

Susan worked steadily and diligently that afternoon, so that she should be ready for whatever emergencies might arise. As the supper-hour drew near she sighed deeply, and she could not have said whether more of weariness or satisfaction was expressed in that sigh. She had done her work well, and she had taxed her strength to the utmost.

During an interval of waiting she emerged from the front door of the hotel and stood on the immense front porch. She had the fleeting sensation of standing aloof, on a high stage, looking down upon the petty world surrounding her. She seemed very far away from that picture of bucolic placidity down in the public square. Indeed, if the spirit of the man who had planned that stately structure could have passed that way he might easily have conceived the idea that one of the deities he had enshrined there—the deity of peace and high ideals—had emerged from its place to stand a moment and look down upon the petty souls in the public square, waiting to adjust those human difficulties which never can be adjusted.

With her slim stateliness and her softly serious eyes, Susan was not an inappropriate figure to typify all that the old house had ever stood for.

But in a moment she was gone. She sighed again as she returned to her place in the kitchen. The hard work and the petty annoyances of the day had not been without their effect upon her. The disappointment which has in it traces of a helpful chastisement was upon her, and for a moment she had a vision of herself and Mann in some sylvan spot—alone with him, and unafraid of him. She saw herself sitting with him under the stars, with her head on his shoulder and her heart at rest. But she shook her head and drove the dream away.

She was hard at work a few minutes later. The dining-room began to fill, and now Mrs. Royal's predictions were justified. Strangers were entering the place. Some took their places timidly, almost furtively, at the nearest tables. Others seemed disposed to place themselves on view, and stood leisurely before their chairs before sitting down, and surveyed their surroundings complacently.

Susan began her countless trips between kitchen and dining-room; and when Mrs. Royal, with an obvious weakness for tyranny, urged her to move more rapidly, she lost her poise a little. Her hands trembled and much of her effectiveness was gone.

Yet in half an hour she seemed to have surmounted her last obstacle and to be in sight of the end. She had become slightly dizzy, when she noted that a belated diner had just appeared and had taken a seat with his back toward her near the far entrance to the dining-room.

Again she came forth with her waiter on her arm. She placed herself before the newcomer and was about to adjust her waiter on the table, when she drew a sharp breath and stood stiffly in her place.

The diner had poured himself a glass of water and was about to drink. He leaned forward and pressed two long wings of whiskers to his breast; and then, before raising the glass to his lips, he lifted his eyes to Susan's.

Instantly her knees seemed to fail her and she grasped the edge of the table for support. The suddenness of the thing that had happened had unnerved her and the waiter with its contents crashed to the floor.

Every eye in the dining-room was turned upon her. She heard a few sounds of regret, and there was the sound of laughter too. Mrs. Royal emerged from the kitchen and came forward a little more alertly than Susan had ever seen her move before.

"Ah! Mrs. Herkimer!" said Judge Ligon, setting the glass of water back on the table.

And Mrs. Royal heard.

(To be continued.)

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MONEY MAGIC

By Hansell Crenshaw
Author of "Ravenwood—913" and "A Tune in the Dark"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ILLINGTON HOPE entered his cramped consulting-room early one morning dead broke, sick at heart, and ready to give up the fight for practice in a city already overrun by older and better established physicians. Consequently a long and exceedingly thick manila envelope left by the postman had interested him not at all. "More advertising blotters," was his grim thought as he tore off an end and dumped the contents of the envelope onto his desk. Then he received a shock. What slid from the envelope was a thick sheaf of paper money. He took up the bills wonderingly, felt them, counted them twice. There were in all a hundred bills, each a new yellow-back gold certificate for one thousand dollars.

A hundred thousand dollars! When he had recovered in some measure from the first shock of coming into sudden possession of so much money, the bewildered young man went quickly to the door and locked it. Then he sat down at his desk and began a more critical examination of the money and the envelope in which it had come.

Naturally, a first thought was that the money might not be genuine—that it might be some sort of green-goods bait; but Illington Hope had been at one period of his life a bank clerk, and he speedily came to the conclusion that the certificates were perfectly good currency. Moreover, no one would be foolish enough to make spurious bills of such large denomination.

Thus satisfied that the money was genuine, he stacked it in a neat pile and turned his attention to the question of its source. The manila envelope was heavy and opaque but perfectly plain, and contained no explanatory letter, note, or card whatsoever. It had brought absolutely nothing but the money. The envelope itself was type-addressed to "Doctor Illington Hope, 942 Frazer Building," and was postmarked Washington, D. C., where it had been mailed the day before.

Having carefully considered these meagre details, Hope locked the envelope in a drawer of his desk, put the sheaf of bills carefully in an inside pocket, and lit a cigarette. Then he leaned back in his swivel chair, put his feet well up on the top of his desk, and loosed his imagination.

By no flight of fancy, however, could he conceive of why the money had been sent to him, or whence it had come. Scarcely a year had elapsed since he had left the hospital to begin practice, and he could almost number the private patients he had treated on the fingers of one hand. Of these, few had been grateful and none rich. Nor had he any affluent relations.

Could the money have been sent to him by some huge mistake, he wondered. Or was there behind it some sinister design? He could not imagine.

Accordingly, he gave up trying to figure out the source of this gift of fortune, if gift it was, and from these fruitless deliberations turned his thoughts to the more fascinating question of what to do with the money. The notion of advertising for claimants to a fabulous sum of money, received unsolicited through the mail, was not long entertained. The converse idea of using the money for present pressing needs was considered somewhat more fully, but this, too, was at length given a lingering *au revoir* and shunted onto a psychic siding just in time to make way for a swift new train of thought which jarred the dreamer into action.

Illington Hope, M.D., struck his rickety little desk a jubilant thump, threw away his already extinguished cigarette, and hurried from the room.

A dozen or more other doctors in vary-

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ing degrees of destitution and prosperity occupied offices on the same floor with Hope. And into the sanctum of the nearest of these he projected himself forthwith.

"Clem," he said, after an exchange of informal salutations, "where do you do your banking?"

Doctor Jean Clement closed a large medical volume and leaned back meditatively in his desk chair.

"I haven't done any in some little time," he replied, with a yawn. "Where do you do yours?"

"I'm supposed to do it at the Third," Hope answered, "but I want to make a change. Give me a note of introduction to your bank, old fellow."

"Sure," said Doctor Clement, reaching for pen and paper, "but heaven help the line of credit they'll hand you on my recommendation! What's the trouble? Won't the Third pay your overdrafts?"

"Not only that," Hope replied, pocketing the letter of introduction, "but other things besides. Excuse me if I run along, Clem, I've got to hurry out and attend to my practice."

"Isn't he dead yet?" Doctor Clement called after the retreating figure of his friend, but Hope hurried down the hallway, smilingly conscious of the fact that the time was now near when his practice would probably consist of more than one patient.

By noon Hope had visited a number of friends and acquired letters of introduction to nine national banks in the city. Then he presented himself at the receiving teller's window in the Third National Bank. Here he already had a precarious account. Into the window he slid his pass-book, a deposit-slip and ten one-thousand-dollar bills. The teller at first preserved a professional expression of indifference as he raked in the bills and counted them over. But when he looked out and saw Doctor Hope, who had never before deposited more than fifty dollars at a time, he registered surprise.

"Come into an inheritance, doctor?" he inquired politely enough.

"Well, no," Doctor Hope replied. "I've just sold my orange-grove in Florida. I am glad to get rid of it, too. You have to watch after such places in person if you ever get any income from them."

"I guess you're right," said the teller, and reached for the next man's deposit.

Hope now sought out Mr. Bruce, the well-groomed if cold-blooded cashier of the Third. As the doctor approached the ornate marble breastworks behind which Mr. Bruce was habitually intrenched, the cashier's countenance took on a sort of added grimness, and he failed utterly to acknowledge the polite greeting of the customer. Mr. Bruce thought Doctor Hope was about to strike for an additional accommodation.

"Mr. Bruce," said the doctor modestly, "I have just succeeded in disposing of some lands in Florida and am at last in shape to make my account worth something to the bank. While heretofore I haven't been in position to keep much of a balance here, I trust I have impressed you with my good character, at least."

Mr. Bruce condescended to nod a brief though non-committal acknowledgment of this speech.

"I have just made a deposit," Doctor Hope continued, "of ten thousand dollars, and——"

"Mr. Evins," said the cashier, interrupting the physician in an almost cheerful tone of voice, "open the gate there and get a chair for Doctor Hope. Come in, doctor, and have a seat!"

Illington Hope did come in, and when he went out he had established an enviable line of credit at the Third National Bank, on the strength of his ten thousand balance. He gave as his reason for asking liberal credit his intention of making certain investments from time to time.

From the Third National Bank he went to another bank, opened an account there, and laid the foundation for loans later on. Similarly he then opened accounts and prepared for credit at eight other banks, so that by two o'clock he had ten thousand dollars on deposit in each of ten banks.

Thus, when the young man repaired to a late luncheon he had a major-league credit to draw upon without disturbing his mysterious capital, which he had resolved to hold in trust indefinitely. He had found the way to a credit of two, three, or even five hundred thousand dol-

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lars so soon as his sundry large balances should have stayed sufficiently long in their respective banks.

Accordingly, Hope ate a very good luncheon indeed and thought of many things, not least among which was that perfect little queen, Alexa Bain.

II

THE one dream of Illington Hope's professional life had been the conquest of a malignant malady; and few men had studied the problem of this dread disease so thoroughly, so profoundly as he. Doubtless the fact that his own mother had succumbed to its ravages was the mainspring of his perpetual effort to conquer carcinoma. He it was who had thought first of radium as a weapon against certain forms of the disorder, and more than once he had confided to friends a burning wish to possess himself of enough of this fabulously costly element with which to test out and prove his conclusions.

In the months since Dame Fortune had brought him a cryptic capital of a hundred thousand dollars, he had moved into more commodious quarters, acquired an adequate supply of radium and opened a free clinic for the handling of malignant cases. Not radium alone, but surgical means and sera as well contributed to his armamentarium. His success in many favorable cases had been signal.

Thus it was that on a certain morning he sat at the handsome mahogany desk in his new consulting-room and beamed approvingly at a smartly dressed young woman, the lambent depths of whose brown eyes seemed to him almost liquid in their intensity. But there were in Alexa Bain points of distinction other than her chic person and charming orbs. She had the divine gift of comradeship; also poise. And pervading her engaging personality there was an ever-present power of sympathy. Daughter of an inordinately rich metropolitan banker, she preserved an unselfish charm all too rare in her world and ours. Hope had worked with her during his hospital days among the poor and needy in New York, and between the earnest intern and gracious heiress a spirit of good-fellowship had deepened insensibly into something more than friendship by the time he had left New York to hang his shingle in another town.

Because of the disparity in their respective fortunes, however, Hope had gradually ceased to write and had almost resigned himself to the mandate of a cruel fate, when the big thing happened. Then he had remembered the one shadow over Alexa's happiness—the malignant illness of her mother.

As the young savant's list of successes with charity patients grew, his fame insensibly began to spread. Came then a letter one day from Alexa Bain. "Will you receive my mother, Mrs. Hamilton Bain, as a patient?" it inquired. From Hope's prompt reply it was clear that the banker's wife would be received as a patient forthwith, and as a result she had come with her daughter Alexa, who now sat with the doctor for a space while the patient rested in another room.

"So you think," said the girl, "that there is really a chance for mother?"

"Best sort, my friend," Hope replied. "But how did you ever prevail upon your father to let you bring her to me?"

Alexa favored him with an admiring little smile. "He had already heard of your work through others when I called his attention to the published reports of your achievements in the medical papers."

"You still read medical journals, then?"

The girl reddened ever so slightly.

"Yes; for mother's sake," she said. Then as if to turn the topic: "Do you realize, Illington, that you are becoming famous?"

Hope thrilled at the sound of his Christian name on her lips.

"No," he said, "but I am making money at last—how much I am ashamed almost to think."

"No more than you deserve, poor fellow," said Alexa, rising. "Now show me through the laboratories, the operating-rooms, everything—I am so interested in your wonderful work. When one stops to consider that out of every seven women who die above the age of thirty, malignant disease claims one and that the percentage is nearly as high in the mortality of men,

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the terror of this scourge is truly appalling!"

Hope held open the door leading to his well-equipped laboratory. "Well," he remarked, as they passed out, "I dismissed one of the seven sound and well to-day. A Mrs. Stephen from New York, she is; and a wonderful little woman, too. Somehow her recovery has been one of peculiar satisfaction to me. There is some hidden sorrow in her life, I believe."

With the passage of interviews incident, day by day, to the treatment of the mother, the charming daughter and zealous young physician grew closer to one another, as is the way of youth. Also the patient grew rapidly well and in so doing added yet another victory to the achievements of Doctor Illington Hope.

At about this time, however, the young man began to be worried ever and anon concerning the unearned thousands reposing in sundry banks to his exclusive credit. The proximity of Alexa with her unsullied ideals and lofty principles had much to do, no doubt, with this feeling of unrest. What would Alexa think of him if she should know that he held funds of so doubtful an origin? Would not her fine nature revolt at the fact that he had made no effort to locate the source, the owner of all this money? Sensible girl that she was, he trembled to contemplate what her attitude might be. Moreover, the time had come when he no longer needed this money, nor even the credit which it gave him.

Thus it was that Illington Hope began almost to hate the money that had enabled him to realize so brilliantly one of the dreams of his life. Naturally enough, then, he made up his mind to ferret out the secret sender of the hundred gold certificates.

It was after a hard day's work that he came to this decision, sitting alone in the reading-room of his club. The approach at the moment of his friend, Lee Lanier, cashier of the Bellgrade Bank, prompted him to begin his quest at once.

"Look here, Lanier," said Hope, "is there an efficient and thoroughly reliable detective in this town? Is there anybody of this sort that one may depend upon?"

Lanier inspected his elegantly manicured nails smilingly for a moment. "You bet there is," he said at length. "Hugo Brill is the ablest and most dependable investigator in the world to-day. I ought to know. He saved my life once, not to mention two million dollars for the Bellgrade Bank."

"The devil, he did!" Hope exclaimed.

"Yes," Lanier affirmed, "but don't call him a detective. He resents that. He says he is not a detective but merely a consulting criminologist. He's the man who sent Owen Marlboro to the chair. But don't say sleuth where he can hear it."

III

On the morning following Doctor Hope's conversation with Lanier at the club, Hamilton Bain, Esq., sat in his sumptuous presidential office at the Bain National Bank, New York, and read his daily letter of good tidings from Alexa and her mother. It appeared that Mrs. Bain was now restored to health and that Alexa wanted him to come in person to thank the doctor and settle the bill. "Well," thought the great man, "perhaps I shall, perhaps I ought."

Here his train of thought was brought to an abrupt standstill, however, by the sudden entrance of C. Sebastian, his cashier. Sebastian's usually insolent countenance was white as paper and his hand shook as he closed the door behind him.

"What's wrong?" Bain demanded.

"The bank examiner has discovered a shortage——"

"Where?"

"In the reserve vault!"

Bain rose abruptly. "In the reserve vault, you say?"

"That's it," said the cashier briefly.

"How much—how *much?*"

"One hundred thousand," said Sebastian.

Hamilton Bain sat down again, mopped his brow with a large handkerchief, and pursed his lips. "From whose safe was the money taken?" he asked, at length.

"From Cleve's."

"What! Cleve! . . . Well I'll be damned," said Bain; "where is he?"

"In my office with the examiner and bank detective," the cashier replied.

"Bring them in," ordered Bain.

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Mr. Sebastian opened the door leading to his office and admitted John Cleve, paying teller, and the bank examiner. Cleve was the most likely looking man of the four, though he stooped slightly from long years of bending over money and figures. He had clear, direct eyes and an abundance of self-possession. He was not above forty years old.

"What is this, Cleve?" Bain demanded.

"It is simply that I have looted this bank of a hundred thousand dollars," the teller replied evenly.

"Where is the money?" said Bain.

"Where it can never be found," was the prompt reply.

"When did you steal the money?" Bain pursued.

"Several months ago. Shortly after the examiner's last call."

Bain turned on Sebastian an accusing glare. "How was this possible?" he wanted to know.

There were in all a hundred bills, each a new yellow-back gold certificate for one thousand dollars.—Page 97.

"It's not possible," said Sebastian. "It's a lie——"

Mr. Sebastian was interrupted by a jolt on the jaw from the fist of Mr. Cleve, and several blows were exchanged before the portly Bain and bank examiner could pull the gentlemen apart.

When he had recovered his breath somewhat the paying teller said:

"It was so possible that I did what I say."

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"But why did you do this?" the banker demanded.

"That's my business," said the teller. "I have served this bank faithfully and honestly for twenty years and have received neither pay nor advancement commensurate with my service and loyalty. Now I propose to serve ten years in the penitentiary for better pay—ten thousand a year, to be exact."

"You'll serve all right," said Sebastian, "but you'll not be able to use the pay."

"That's your hope," the confessed thief retorted. "But I've had about enough of this sort of talk now; and I shall ask to be turned over to the police, who are already waiting, I believe." The poise and coolness of the man was appalling.

"Take my advice, young man," put in the national bank examiner, who had till now been a silent if interested witness to the proceedings, "and return the money or as much of it as you can. It will shorten your sentence. To restore voluntarily the money would go a good way toward obtaining mercy for you."

"My mind is made up," said Cleve.

At a sign from Bain, Sebastian called in the plain-clothes men who had been waiting outside, and John Cleve left forever the bank where he had hoped and toiled and despaired for twenty years.

"His bond will cover part of this and the directors will settle the balance," said Bain, when the defaulter had gone. "In the meantime, Mr. Sebastian, here is my personal check on the Netherland National for the amount involved."

He then filled out a check and handed it to his subordinate, at the same time arising to signify that the interview was at an end. "Notify the bonding company, the Federal authorities and both detective agencies at once," he said in parting. "You shall certainly come in for severe censure, Sebastian, for permitting this thing to occur."

IV

Before Illington Hope found time on the day following his conversation with Lanier to seek out Hugo Brill, something occurred which promised to shed light on the source of his hundred thousand dollars. A new patient, namely, Miss Constance Stone, presented herself for treatment. This lady, no longer young, was nevertheless a pleasant and businesslike person. When Hope had completed his examination of her, which, by the way, showed her fears of malignancy to be ill founded, she casually propounded the following somewhat startling query:

"Doctor Hope," she said, "do you remember receiving a very bulky manila envelope from Washington several months ago?"

Hope felt the blood mount to his face. Could this woman be a detective? And would he become involved in a situation incomprehensible to his high-minded Alexa? He took a grip on his emotions, and when he answered it was casually enough. "Doctors get so much advertising matter through the mails," he said, "that it is hard to recall each and every fat envelope that comes to one's desk."

"This one was fat, all right," observed Miss Stone. "I am a public stenographer, you know, in Washington, and the envelope I mailed you was sent to me from New York by a Mr. Stephen, who inclosed it in a parcel containing about a hundred other envelopes exactly like it."

At this statement Hope felt a curious sensation pass down his spine. A hundred envelopes exactly like the one he got must have collectively contained ten million dollars!

"Each envelope," the stenographer continued, "was type-addressed to a physician, properly stamped and sealed. A letter of instruction accompanying the envelopes stated that Mr. Stephen intended to open a medical publishing business in Washington, but wanted the advertising matter in the big envelopes to go out from Washington prior to his arrival."

"How did you come to remember me," Hope interposed, "as one of the doctors to whom the envelopes were addressed?"

"Because of your rather unusual name," was the reply, "and because of a very singular thing about the envelopes."

"What was that?"

Miss Stone contemplated for a moment the trim toe of a very neat shoe. She seemed a little embarrassed.

"I pride myself, Doctor Hope," she

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said, "on fidelity to customers. I have a reputation in Washington for carrying out instructions to the letter. This man Stephen mentioned that very fact in his letter as a reason for intrusting his mailing to me. But I employ two girls to assist me in my office, and one of these has just a bit too much curiosity in her make-up. Consequently, when she noticed that one of the large envelopes had come unsealed, she glanced at its contents instead of resealing it, as she should have done."

"Was that the envelope addressed to me?" Hope queried.

"No," Miss Stone assured him, "it was addressed to a physician in another State. But, Doctor Hope, what in the world do you suppose was in the envelope?"

This woman's talk was rapidly reducing him, Hope thought, to a state bordering on panic.

"How should I know," he managed to say at length. "A Black-Hand letter?"

"No."

"Fraudulent matter?"

"Guess again, doctor."

"I give it up," said Hope, mopping his forehead with a delicate handkerchief which Alexa had made for him. Then he thought better of what he had said. Evidently this woman was laying a trap for him. Had he not better act openly and aboveboard with her and say at once what he really knew the envelope to contain? "Wait a moment," he said, as though just remembering something. "I'll tell you what was in it—*money!*"

For one brief moment the stenographer stared at Hope in mute astonishment. Then she threw back her head and laughed.

Hope saw his mistake instantly. This confounded woman evidently did not know about the money. He decided to save himself. "What is so funny about my last guess?" he demanded. "It may be unlikely, I admit, but not wholly beyond the pale of probability, is it?"

"You must excuse me, Doctor Hope," said the lady, drying her eyes, "but when you hear what the envelope did contain, you will see how amusing your guess really was. The big envelope contained——"

A violent knocking upon the door prevented the speaker from finishing her sentence, and before either she or Hope could utter another word, Doctor Clement, who had recently become Hope's assistant, rushed into the room without ceremony.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, "if you can!"

Then he took Doctor Hope by the arm and hurried him toward the door leading into the operating-room. "That old chap from Florida," he explained hurriedly as they left the room, "has suddenly gone bad. Looks like he's going out——"

The "going out" of the man from Florida detained Illington Hope so long that when, after an hour, he returned to his desk Miss Stone was gone. Investigation revealed the fact that she had paid her bill to Hope's secretary and had gone to catch a train to Washington. She had waited three-quarters of an hour, it appeared, but could remain no longer and make the train.

Hope sat down and did some hard thinking. Was this woman telling the truth, or was she some sort of sleuth? She did not look the part of a detective; still one never can tell. The young man suddenly found himself longing for counsel, for some one to advise with, for a confidant. Who in all the world could he turn to with propriety and in safety? Then very slowly a felicitous thought began to take shape in his mind. Why not confide in Alexa? Why not take her into his confidence and tell her the whole blooming story? Such a course would forestall any difficult developments which might later arise; and, besides, it would make of Alexa, in a certain sense, a party to his handling of the situation. Moreover, her judgment was of high order, and well worth having. . . .

V

Hugo Brill occupied Suite 10 in the Molique Apartments. This remarkable man worked out most of his puzzling cases by sheer force of intellect, without troubling himself, as a rule, to leave his comfortable little library in the Molique. His long suit was the balancing and weighing of motives. Will-power, according to him, was nothing more than a myth of the

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metaphysicians; human conduct, criminal or otherwise, was determined solely by the battle of motives.

Illington Hope and Alexa Bain found him seated in a Morris chair, his keenly intellectual eyes devouring a volume of Herbert Spencer's synthetic philosophy. He laid aside the book a little reluctantly as he rose to receive them.

After an exchange of greetings Hope laid the long manila envelope which had brought him the gold certificates on Brill's library table. Then he told his story.

The criminologist listened attentively without interruption to the very end. When the doctor had finished speaking Brill considered a moment or two before he spoke.

"This Miss Stone," he said, "corresponded with you preliminary to her visit, did she not?"

Hope nodded.

"Do you happen to have any of her letters with you?"

"Thanks to the suggestion of this young lady," said the doctor, reaching in his pocket, "I have." He smiled at Alexa and handed a letter to Brill.

"No microscope is necessary," said Brill, comparing the superscription on the manila envelope with that on Miss Stone's letter, "to show that these two envelopes were addressed on different typewriters and by different persons. The type on Miss Stone's machine is smaller than that used to address the long envelope. Moreover, she arranges her spacing differently and abbreviates the word 'building.' She was probably ignorant of the contents of the big envelope, which, in my opinion, she sent to you under exactly the circumstances she has described."

"You do not consider her an investigator or emissary of any sort, then?" Hope observed.

"No," said Brill, "I do not." He then looked appraisingly at Alexa Bain, whose compelling eyes had grown suddenly thoughtful. "Miss Bain," he said, addressing her, "what is your theory? You have thought over this matter, and I am curious to know how your interpretation coincides with my own."

Alexa looked up brightly. "So you have an interpretation, then?" she said. "Well, so have I, in a way. But mine is quite nebulous and altogether speculative, I fear."

Both men smiled—Brill encouragingly and Hope approvingly, not unlike a proud parent.

"In the first place," said Alexa, "I think the envelope opened by Miss Stone's assistant contained nothing but blank paper. And I believe that all the others she mailed contained paper, too, except the one she mailed to Illington—that is, to Doctor Hope. I think some one in New York planned the whole thing to get the money into Doctor Hope's hands for some reason or other."

"Now what possible reason could any one have for sending this young man so much money?" Brill asked.

The charming Alexa hesitated like one who knows but hates to say. Then she seemed to arrive at a decision. She laid her small hand on the table as if to steady herself.

"If any one could have foreseen the achievements of Doctor Hope in his wonderful work against disease, disease which has baffled the whole medical world for centuries, is it not possible that such a person might have wished to promote his efforts—might have wished to invest in his future and in the future of humanity?"

Hugo Brill regarded the girl steadily. The slight nod of approval he gave her seemed to savor of that recognition which one great mind accords another.

"But why should not such a person have approached Doctor Hope openly?" quizzed Brill.

"Either the person knew him too well to attempt financial aid," said Alexa, reddening guiltily, "or else the money was stolen."

"This is immense," said Brill, his deep-set eyes large with admiration, "simply immense! Miss Bain, are you a daughter of Mr. Hamilton Bain, of New York?"

"Miss Bain is his only daughter," put in Illington Hope. "Also his boss, if anybody is."

Brill smiled. "That is a coincidence," he observed. "Mr. Bain has been in communication with me concerning a

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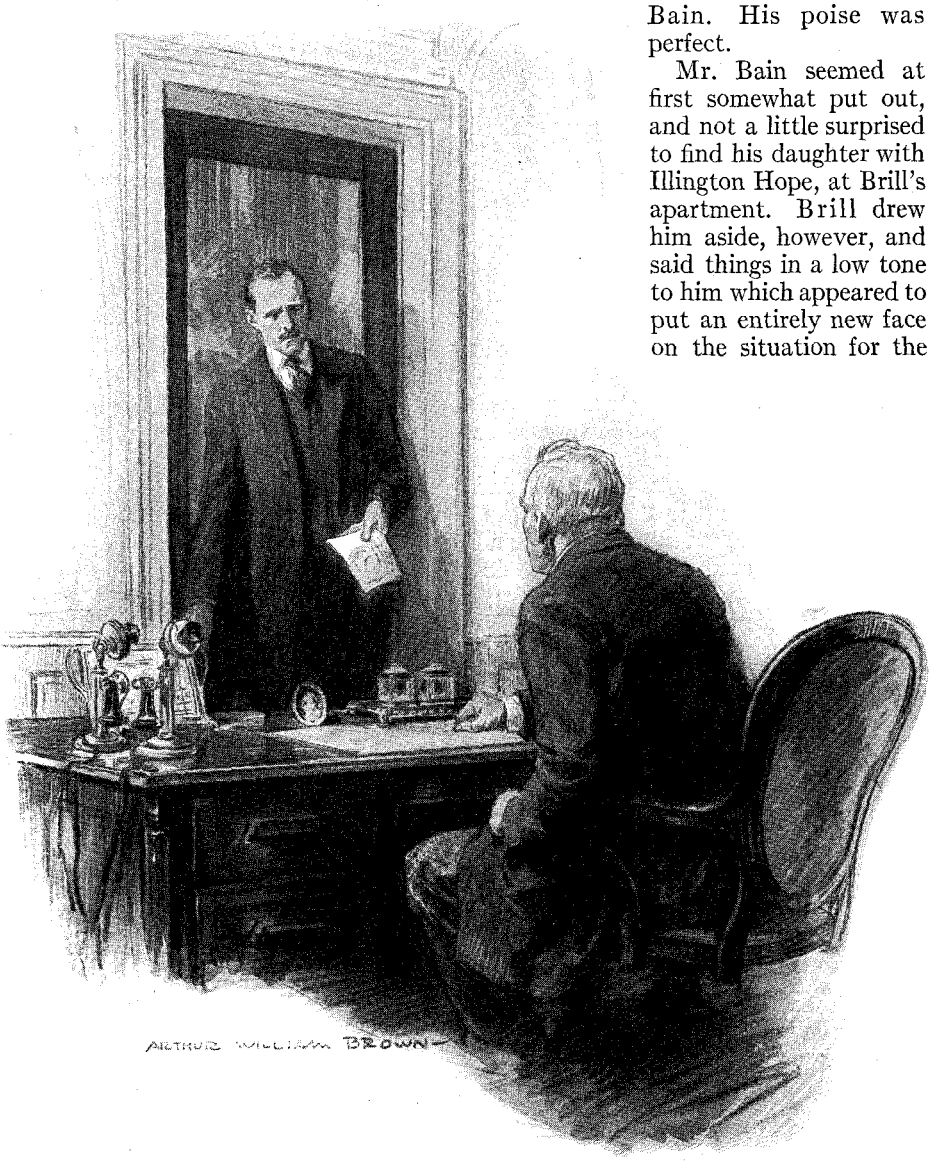
little case in which he is interested. He said he would come over from New York to-day about the matter. You may meet



"The bank examiner has discovered a shortage."—Page 100.

him here, if you wait a little." A buzzer sounded near Brill's chair. "Maybe this is your father now."

Brill's guess was right. A minute later the commanding presence of Hamilton Bain pervaded the little library. Accompanying him was a United States deputy and the defaulting paying teller of the Bain Bank, namely, John Cleve. Cleve nodded to Miss Bain. His poise was perfect.

Mr. Bain seemed at first somewhat put out, and not a little surprised to find his daughter with Illington Hope, at Brill's apartment. Brill drew him aside, however, and said things in a low tone to him which appeared to put an entirely new face on the situation for the banker. He was fairly beaming when Brill had done talking.

When all parties were seated Brill addressed himself to Hope. "Doctor Hope," he said, "you called this morning to consult me concerning the source of a

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mysterious sum of money which was sent to you unsolicited through the mail. Mr. Bain here has just come to consult me concerning the present whereabouts of a missing sum identical in amount with the sum you received. The remarkably clear reasoning of our young friend, Miss Bain, has just brought us to the verge of discovering the source of the money sent to you. Personally, I knew who had sent it the moment you told me of coming into possession of it in so unique a fashion; for Mr. Bain had already informed me of his loss and certain facts which enabled me to put two and two together—all that any one need do to solve a riddle——"

"Yes," broke in Hope, "but who did send it?"

"Mr. Cleve," said Brill, turning to the ex-paying teller, "will you be so good as to tell Doctor Hope whether or not you sent him a hundred thousand dollars, and your reason for sending it?"

John Cleve looked up at Hope and smiled good naturedly. After a little deliberation he spoke.

"Yes," he said, "I sent it to him. My wife was suffering from that type of malignant disease called epithelioma, and despite the efforts of several good physicians she grew steadily worse. A young lady in whom both my wife and I have great confidence and for whose judgment we entertain a high respect, told us of a physician who could conquer epithelioma if he had financial backing. He needed radium and other things, it seemed. The young woman had endeavored to interest her father and others in a scheme to finance the doctor in question, but none of them would listen to her. Her name is Alexa Bain." Cleve paused, then continued:

"I attempted to borrow a few thousand dollars in addition to my savings but couldn't do it. Also I was tired of my job. Consequently, I stole a hundred thousand dollars from the bank, and sent every dollar of it to the young doctor in whom we believed. My wife protested and tried hard to make me return the money instead of sending it to Doctor Hope. But I was firm. I sent it and you all know what his achievements have been. Whatever part of the money he has not been obliged to make use of, I hope he will return to the Bain Bank. . . . As for me"—he swept the group with his level gaze—"as for me, I shall gladly serve my term in the serene consciousness of the fact that my sacrifice constitutes a boon to humanity worth more than all Mr. Bain's millions, more than any one man's good name. Thanks to Doctor Hope, my little wife is a well woman to-day, and able to earn her living."

Hugo Brill was the first to break the pause which followed.

"Doctor Hope was enabled merely by the moral support of so much money," said he, "to borrow what he needed and he is anxious now to turn over all the hundred thousand to its rightful owner."

"In which event," said Hamilton Bain, "it shall be my pleasant duty to prevail on Judge O'Dell of the district court to suspend sentence on our prisoner. Moreover, I am confident that I can shortly procure an absolute pardon for the young gentleman. Meanwhile, I shall go on his bond and set him free to return to his good wife. It has turned out that I, no less than he, have profited by what he has done. Surely he has been an instrument of Providence. Also, though he cannot return to the bank, I shall back him to the amount of ten thousand dollars if he desires to enter business for himself."

"But look here," said Illington Hope to Cleve; "I have not treated any Mrs. Cleve—I'm sure I haven't."

"Yes you have, my boy," said Cleve, "Cleve, *alias* Stephen, you know!"

"Oh!" cried Alexa, "don't you remember telling me of what peculiar satisfaction you got from the cure of little Mrs. Stephen, of New York?"

Hope nodded, as the light of comprehension broke in on him.

"Mr. Cleve," he said, rising and going over to the teller, "Mr. Bain's proposition is all right in its way, but how would it suit you to become superintendent of my new hospital, the one that Miss Bain and I are going to open right away, at a salary of, say, two hundred a month?"

"I accept," said Cleve promptly, "and shall be ready for duty just as soon as this gentleman here removes his bracelet from my left wrist."

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Drawn by Arthur William Brown.

Brill drew him aside, however, and said things in a low tone to him which appeared to put an entirely new face on the situation for the banker.—Page 105.

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"Doctor Hope," said Bain, drawing a check-book from his pocket, "I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you've done for Mrs. Bain, and as I must hurry back to New York, I shall take this opportunity to pay my bill, if you don't mind. What is your charge, doctor?"

"Make it a good one, Hope," said Cleve with a twinkle in his eye.

Meanwhile, Hugo Brill had whipped out a pencil and scribbled something on a card which he passed to Illington Hope before the young doctor had had time to name his charge. Hope glanced at the card, blushed perceptibly, then addressed himself to Bain.

"Mr. Bain," he said, a bit tremulously, perhaps, "the case was a difficult one, and the responsibility was great. Therefore, I shall have to charge you the best part of your entire possessions."

"The best part of all I've got?" Bain gasped in amazement.

"Yes," said Hope, "your daughter!"

The young man moved to Alexa's side and took one of her hands. As for Hamilton Bain, Esq., he took several seconds in which to recover his mental equilibrium. When he had, he swore a big approving oath and drew forth a massive fountain pen.

"Consider yourself paid, sir," said he, waving his hand toward Alexa. Then he wrote out a check and passed it to the smiling medico. "Here," he concluded, "is your wedding present, you young scoundrel!"

THE AFTERNOON

By W. J. Henderson

I

Oh, sing me a song of the afternoon,
When the sun goes down the west,
When life and I are in perfect tune,
And my soul is wrapped in rest.

For the dogs will bark and the cocks will crow
In the flush of the early light;
But peace lies still on the rock and the rill
When the sun rides out to the night.

II

Oh, sing me a song of the afternoon,
When the wind sits low in the south,
And the east leans down to the crescent moon,
And I to your lifted mouth.

For the grass will shine and the dew will drip,
And the fog will follow the sailing ship;
And the mill will clack by the highway track,
And the water will sing on the wheel's brown back
In the swift young hours of the day;
But you and I will hold commune
By the silent touch, in the old, old way,
In the land of the afternoon.

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PERILS OF WILL-MAKING

By Robert Grant

Author of "Women and Property," "The Third Generation and Invested Property," etc.

IN a previous paper I challenged the wisdom of hampering the next generation, except in the case of the palpably incompetent, by limiting the enjoyment of property to income for life. Outright ownership, especially to Anglo-Saxon minds, is a precious privilege which we covet for ourselves yet accord cautiously to others. From the dunghill of absolute possession the owner of property used to crow it over the world by virtue of an inherent right to complete control during life, and power to fix its disposition after death, restricted only by the law against perpetuities. A generation ago the word "inherent" was sacrosanct in this connection and solemnly coupled with "inviolable." It was an axiom of our society that proud man dwelling under free institutions could do as he chose with his own and that it remained his own under all conditions. The French law might prescribe if it would that where there were children or parents (ascendants or descendants), a testator could will away only a certain portion of his estate; but the English-speaking peoples have prided themselves on the right to disinherit children absolutely, provided there was a reference in the will to show Tom, Dick, or Harry that they were not forgotten; and hence the origin of the phrase "cutting off with a shilling." The only exception was in the case of a wife; the law would step in and provide for her if her husband did not; but otherwise, assuming that the only certainties in life are taxes and death, the free-born American used to feel that if he paid the one and set his house in order for the other, his position was impregnable.

The first shock to his serenity came in the form of a new interpretation of "taxes." He had thought of them as money paid for the privilege of domicile in his community and of being protected, with occasional extra levies in case of war; he had associated them with living but never with dying, and he took umbrage at first at the notion that a dead man could be taxed. The United States was among the last of the civilized nations to sanction the doctrine of inheritance taxes; at a time when most countries, including Great Britain, had become habituated to it, our legislatures still harbored distrust. I remember saying to a judge of a highest (State) court that a progressive inheritance tax was one of the most equitable forms of taxation and receiving an answer which not only conveyed dissent, but "after this the deluge." Yet to-day it is one of the commonplaces of our social machinery. When legislation did come it came with a rush; our separate communities, having assimilated the formula that the power of transmitting and receiving by will or descent property on the death of the owner is a privilege which is taxable, vied with each other in adopting this shearing process. Nor was the wind tempered to the shorn lamb; it blew upon him from various quarters and frequently from several at once. Indeed, so fast and furious became the competition in this new source of revenue that even the great and conservative State of New York insisted for a time on slicing off 25 per cent from every million dollars bequeathed to a stranger to the blood, and terribly veracious tales were current of how with New York, New Jersey, and Kansas (for example) working simultaneously and overtime, and with a second death intervening, it was possible to deplete an estate valued at $2,000,000 a few months earlier to a melancholy $800,000.

This orgy could not last, but subsided presently and more moderate counsels prevailed. Public sentiment recognized that lack of legitimate expectancy on the part of a fortunate beneficiary was not a wholly valid reason for turning his pockets inside out. He should be made to pay for his good luck, but society could not afford to show its rapacity and envy to the extent of becoming a highwayman

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instead of a toll-gatherer. It was recognized, too, that the practice of stopping a testator's widow, children, or kin at several turnstiles instead of one in order to collect a separate share of the same estate was paramount to crowding the mourners, and so it has come to pass that though there is still lack of uniformity, there is today a wide-spread tendency to exempt property which has already paid a tax of like character and amount in one jurisdiction from contribution in another. On the other hand, the belief of the transmitter of property by will that his ownership is absolute has gone by the board forever, for no modern principle is more firmly established than the power of society to impose inheritance taxes which increase proportionately both with the largeness of the estate and the beneficiary's remoteness in relationship.

Another inroad on absolute ownership is the inhibition against leaving property lying round loose indefinitely. It used to be assumed that any one could go wandering over the face of the globe without leaving an address and expect on his return to find his belongings just as they were when he disappeared plus any windfalls by way of inheritance in the interval. The theory was that if he chose to vanish for an unconscionable time leaving money in the bank, it was nobody's business except his own and nothing could be done about it. As a result innumerable funds continued to lie unclaimed in the savings-banks for long periods for lack of a visible owner, and the control over property of various kinds was suspended by the absence of people who had voluntarily or involuntarily strayed away, of whom all traces had been lost.

Our modern society has declined to put up with this inconvenience and has altered the adage "a rolling stone gathers no moss" to read that a rolling stone if it rolls too long is liable to find itself out of the running. The first solution attempted was to prescribe that those who took upon themselves to remain away an unreasonable time from the place where they had lived or left property did so at the risk of being declared officially dead and deprived of what they had left behind. This, though bold, was convincing if the wanderer never returned, but would prove highly awkward in case he were to appear in the flesh later to contest the truth of the pronouncement. Such a situation was the issue when the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1893, solemnly reaffirmed that no court has jurisdiction to declare a person dead who is actually living and that letters of administration granted on this presumption are wholly void. At the same time no wanderer should plume himself on this, for it is also the law that if his mother were to die in his absence, the court having jurisdiction of her estate would have power to presume that he was dead, and in the event of his return, her administrator would be protected and his only recourse would be against those who had received his share.

The second attempt at relief proved entirely successful, though by no means novel from a world point of view. In 1904 the Supreme Court of the United States prefaced its sanction of the doctrine that long absence from one's domicile will justify interference by the state with the remark: "It may not be doubted that the power to deal with the estate of an absentee was recognized and exerted not only by the common law of Germany, but also by the codes of the various states of the continent of Europe." In short, it became only necessary to substitute "disappearance" for "death" in order to give the proper courts in our several States jurisdiction of the estates of absentees. It is now a widely established doctrine that, if an owner of property cannot be found, a receiver or caretaker may be appointed to take charge of it for the benefit of those who would be the owners but for him; and while as complete provision as is practicable for the re-establishment of the rights and possession of the absentee on his reappearance is always made, he is liable to lose it altogether by "unreasonable" absence. In 1911 the supreme court of the nation sustained the constitutionality of a State statute which authorized the distribution of an estate to others after a disappearance of fourteen years, holding that "constitutional law like other mortal contrivances has to take some chances of inflicting injustice in extraordinary cases."

Apart from inheritance taxes, the chief

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encroachment on complete power of disposition by will lies in the possibility that a testator's intentions may be set utterly at naught by the specious instrument of compromise, and this though the desire to ascertain and effectuate the real wishes of the dead instead of frustrating them is, as I shall presently indicate, a salient tendency of modern justice. A will admitted unqualifiedly to probate remains an object of veneration by the courts; but you must first catch your hare. In the limbo between death and probate dead men can be proved conclusively to have no rights if the legatees under the instrument and the disgruntled heirs at law get together and decide to patch up their differences. Provided everybody consents and is competent to consent and no injustice is done to the living, the courts will give validity to an agreement in variance of the contested document, on the theory that people should be allowed to do what they chose with their own. To be sure, the law punctiliously insists that the will be admitted to probate, but to be carried out not according to its own terms but to those of the instrument of compromise, a ceremonial suggestive of baring one's head at a grave that has been rifled by body-snatchers. Yet the principle itself, of compromising a disputed will, although it impinges on the imagined security of solemn preparations for death, has won the sanction of hardy common sense and become another limitation on the power of absolute disposal.

Yet, despite these encroachments, the right to regulate what shall be done with one's property after death remains substantially intact, and this, too, notwithstanding the popular impression that the intention of testators is very easily frustrated. It is a current belief, which derives color from the sensational contests of which we read in the newspapers, that a great many wills are broken. But, though the attacks of disappointed or greedy relatives are numerous, the contrary is true according to the records of the largest county of the State with which I am most familiar and where predatory tendencies against testators are well developed. These records show a steady average of rather less than one per cent of wills disallowed during the last ten years, a result which is made more remarkable by the reminder that some of these were set aside because of defective attestation instead of the mental incapacity and undue influence of the maker ordinarily urged by the rapacious. The statistics for the same period show a yearly average of less than one per cent of wills compromised—that is where the legatees and next of kin agreed to split their differences with the sanction of the court. These figures, which are undoubtedly indicative of conditions elsewhere, reveal a disposition on the part of juries to uphold the validity of legal testaments and tend to contradict the notion of the man in the street that his last wishes are apt to be disregarded.

It is rather surprising, however, that the showing on the side of validity should be so good considering the haphazard and hasty, if not sloppy, execution of so many wills. Instead of regarding the making of a will as one of the most solemn of ceremonials, the man in the street, if not the capitalist, is constantly taking foolish chances, as if he conceived it to be a privilege of democracy to be able to make a will in "any old way" and have it stand. This is not the place to compare the merits of notarial wills, which obtain in the Latin countries and French Canada, with Anglo-Saxon testamentary procedure. But it may be pointed out at least that a notarial will is a deliberate ceremony before one especially trained for the function, who retains the instrument in his possession and reproduces it after death with all the presumption of his official status in its favor. In Great Britain and the United States the imperative requirements are the signing or acknowledgment of his signature by the testator in the presence of witnesses—at present two in England and here either two or three as the State law happens to specify, who must subscribe their names in his presence and attest the instrument after he has affixed his signature thereto. An inherent veneration for parchment and red tape still keeps the English testator chary of intrusting the preparation of his will to any one but his legal adviser; but in this country the disinclination of many people to make a will until obliged to, coupled with the idea that nearly every one

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can make a will at a pinch leads to a lot of hasty and casual execution which not infrequently causes disaster.

Indeed, it may be said that one of the modern functions of courts of probate is to adjust the requirements of the existing law to the well-meant but inept looseness of those who make wills or whose wills are made without suitable preparation, and our legislatures are constantly being asked to let down the bars a little further because of some more or less pathetic instance of inability to get by, due to failure to comply with existing requirements. For after all, slight as the ceremony is, when it comes to the final test the law must be inexorable. If the requisites are not performed, the will becomes waste paper, and the only issue left is whether out of sympathy for ignorance the law can by legislation reduce still further its demands without encouraging fraud or chaos.

Three concrete cases from a single recent volume of one of the State reports will illustrate the perils to which those who make wills are exposed, the last of which will also furnish a good example of archaism which has outlived its usefulness. In the first instance the testator's will was disallowed because he concealed his signature from the attesting witnesses. All he did was to exhibit to them a paper folded so that they could not see his name and ask them to sign their names. He had a few days before asked them if they would sign his will. It was held that there was subscription but no attestation and the statute required both—the court saying: "It follows that when the deceased hides from the subscribing witnesses the signature which is upon the instrument previously signed by him and goes no further than to ask the subscribing witnesses to sign the paper placed before them, even if that request be accompanied by a statement that the paper is his will, there is no acknowledgment by the deceased of his signature and so no valid attestation of his signature by the subscribing witnesses."

The second came near being a case of too many cooks. The testator, a man of means who was ill and had a lawyer at his elbow, was advised while waiting for the attesting witnesses to earmark the pages of his will by writing his name on the margin of each with the exception of the last. This he did and at this point the lawyer left the room. On the arrival of the witnesses the testator was about to sign in the proper place—between the in-testimonium and attestation clauses—when his nurse stopped him and instead he wrote his name in the margin of the last page. The attestation clause was then subscribed by the witnesses. After their departure the lawyer returned and said: "You have not signed at the foot of the will." To this the testator replied that the nurse had said the directions were that he was to sign in the margin. When he heard that this was a mistake the testator exclaimed, "This looks sloppy, doesn't it?" and started to sign in the proper place. The lawyer advised him not to and suggested making a clean copy, but the testator declared that he wished to finish the matter that day. Accordingly the lawyer said that if he insisted upon writing his name in the proper place the attesting witnesses should be brought back so as to be able to say how his name got at the bottom as well as on the side, and then added, "before I do call them, do you intend that (pointing to the margin) as your signature to this will?" To this the testator said, "Yes," and thereupon the witnesses returned and the testator wrote his name in the proper place, but the attesting witnesses did not again subscribe the will. The contestants requested the court to rule that the testator when he wrote in the margin did not intend his signature to be operative as an execution of the will, but the judge said that it was for the jury to decide whether he so intended it as a final signature, and the jury very sensibly replied in the affirmative. Still it was a close shave from intestacy.

In the third instance a will otherwise valid was disallowed because it contained a bequest of $300 to a church on the condition that it be applied to the reduction of the mortgage on the church property and an attesting witness to the will was one of the guarantors of the mortgage. This, too, although the value of the mortgaged property greatly exceeded the amount of the note. The decision was impregnable from the legal point of view, being based on the venerable statutory re-

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quirement that all the three witnesses be "competent," or "credible," and the consequent deduction that any one having a direct private pecuniary interest in anything which would pass under the will was incompetent, but it must sound tenuous if not repugnant to a layman. At common law a person was disqualified from testifying in courts of justice by mental imbecility, crime, or self-interest. The discrimination relative to interest was based on the theory that a person pecuniarily benefited would commit perjury. On the same theory a will could not be admitted to probate if the husband or wife of a legatee was one of the requisite number of witnesses; but this special ban has been generally modified in the United States to the extent of providing that the will shall stand but the legacy be void. Eighty years ago it became the law of England that a will shall not be invalid by reason of the incompetency of any attesting witness who is not disqualified by insufficiency of understanding. Yet conservative tradition in alliance with defective tinkering of the statutes combined to produce in one of the oldest and most enlightened States of the Union the unfortunate consequence just cited.

The forms prescribed for the execution of wills are framed for the protection of those making them, and the witnesses have been aptly described as "a bodyguard surrounding the testator" to circumvent fraud and collusion. Yet the changing spirit of human society with its repugnance to the thwarting of genuine wishes by mere technicalities is on its mettle to seek in the interest of erring mortals whether this or that testamentary requirement is not superfluous; and modern courts, applying a kindred frame of mind to their problems, are disposed to stretch the law in their endeavors to effectuate a manifest purpose. On the other hand, the abolition of all forms would be a premium on chicanery and a standing invitation to chaos. Perhaps there is no inherent reason except tradition and obvious sequence why the validity of a will should remain dependent on whether the witnesses sign after or before the testator; yet if this concession were made to ignorance which fails to realize that the law requires attestation of the testator's signature, it would only be a short step to asking legal sanction for the convenient yet fatal habit of altering wills after execution, indulged in especially by old ladies who are fond of tucking into the vacant spaces left by incautious scriveners or inserting between the lines the various changes and afterthoughts concerning their possessions which occur to them. Nothing is more dangerous than tampering with one's will and nothing more uncertain in its consequences; the law reports abound in cases which show results utterly at variance with the intention of the tamperer. Yet democracy is prone to ask pathetically and with some surface show of reason: Must we send for a lawyer and have the will re-executed every time we wish to make a change, when it would seem so simple to scratch out Jane and substitute Emily in case we are out of conceit with Jane?

Perhaps democracy would do better to rely on the growing inclination of courts to further the testator's purpose at the expense of mere ceremonial than to make further concessions to sloppiness by relaxing the requisites. As I suggested earlier in this paper, there has been a manifest change in the attitude of tribunals in this respect; in construing legal phraseology the current paramount consideration is to ascertain by the light of the surrounding circumstances and the language of the entire instrument what the maker really meant and to give effect to it if possible. If one argue that this was always true in theory, the answer is that the rigidity of doctrinary formulas was a constant impediment to the judicial desire for justice. These serve less and less as an inhibition to-day when righteous common sense demands a more elastic interpretation. Two recent concrete instances taken almost at random from the same jurisdiction already quoted will bring this out more clearly and furnish the disposer of property a concluding assurance that, whatever his other woes, he has friends at court in a literal sense.

A woman from the Middle West whom we will designate for our purpose as Mary Jones, "well educated, intelligent, and self-reliant," and about to go to Europe, sat down to draw her own will in the city

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of the port from which she was sailing. She proceeded to fill out the local blank she had procured by writing in the exordium or opening paragraph: "Be it remembered that I, Mary Jones, of—" (and here she struck out the printed specification of the foreign State, substituting the city and State of her own domicile)—"being of sound and disposing mind," etc. Next she filled in the blank space provided for the body of the will with some twenty different bequests and then the spaces in the in-testimonium and attestation clauses. Every word not in print was in her own handwriting. After this she approached three acquaintances to whom she showed the document, declaring it to be her will and asking them to sign as witnesses. In no other way did she mention her signature or call it to their attention. They signed and the instrument was deposited in her safety-deposit box, where it remained until her death. There was no doubt that Mary Jones supposed she had made a valid will; but had she? Where was her signature? Certainly not at the end where it properly belonged. A rock-ribbed tribunal would have been apt to say that she had forgotten or failed to sign her name; but a judge of the highest court decided that her name which she wrote in the exordium or opening paragraph was meant by her as a signature and to stand as her signature to the will when completed—a conclusion with which his associates agreed on appeal to the full bench. They laid stress in their opinion on the fact that the testatrix was exceptionally intelligent, but perhaps this tribute was more properly the due of their colleague. At all events, the will was admitted to probate; while the chances are that twenty-five years ago a court would have set it aside with an expression of regret at being obliged to.

A woman whose nearest relatives were a married, childless son and three grandchildren, two of whom were daughters of a deceased daughter, and the other the son of a deceased son, gave these instructions among others to the lawyer employed to draw her will: a certain hundred shares of stock were given to an individual in trust to pay the net income to her son for his life, then to the son's wife for her life, and on the death of the survivors to pay over the one hundred shares themselves "to my three grandchildren." So it was claimed at least, but when the will was produced in court the words "to my three grandchildren" read "to their three children." This was nonsense on the face of it, for the son and his wife had no children as the testatrix well knew. The truth was that the lawyer's stenographer had made the error in copying the will, and no one had detected it. A layman would be apt to ask—but if this was so, why not prove it and make the substitution? The difficulty was that under the established rule of law that oral evidence is not admissible to alter the plain meaning of written language, the court could not permit itself to know what had happened. All the circumstances attendant on the testatrix might be shown—including the number of her children and grandchildren, but the stenographer's blunder could not be introduced except *sub rosa;* the judges were not supposed to be aware of it.

Realizing that they were in an awkward fix, the attorneys for the grandchildren brought a bill in equity to "remould" the will; but the court made short work of this, saying that the written instrument is the final and unalterable expression of the purpose of the testator; that the power of the court is limited to interpretation and construction, but it cannot make a new will; and that to reform the will upon evidence produced after death would open the door for fraud to substitute ulterior designs for the expressed intent of a testator. Having pronounced this, the court proceeded to interpret and construe the will on its face as if in complete ignorance of the unfortunate mistake, though painfully aware of it. And after conference five of the seven judges came to the conclusion that the phraseology "to their three children" just as they stood imparted an unmistakable intent to give the shares at the expiration of the life estate to her, the testatrix's, three grandchildren. They pointed out that she knew her son and his wife had no children; that she had three grandchildren, of all of whom she was fond; and that children of her son and his wife would of necessity be her own grandchildren. Arguing from this that the words "their three children" were meaningless for the reason that the son had no children, they treated them as an abbreviated para-

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phrase, which should really read "my three grandchildren, the children of my son and his wife," on the ground that the testatrix knew they were an unavoidable part of the description. Having arrived at this result, they struck out the words "the children of my son and his wife" as inapt and superfluous, which they had a perfect right to do under the rules of law, with the result that the residuum left was "my three grandchildren," the very words which the careless stenographer had deleted—a most happy coincidence, especially as they were presumed to be unaware of what had happened.

It should be added that the two other justices composing the court filed a vigorous dissenting opinion in which they contended that it was "not permissible to read into the instrument words descriptive of those who are to take as legatees predicated on words found there, and then, on extraneous facts, read out the original words, and give the property to persons not within its provisions as admitted to probate." The decision of the majority in any given jursidiction settles the law for the time being, but the argument against it in this case illustrates well the ingenuity which modern courts will have recourse to in order to obviate gross injustice. Every one will feel glad that the grandchildren received their legacy, whether they are convinced by the reasoning or not. What better evidence could one have than the two examples elaborated that the worst enemies of the disposers of property are not the idiosyncrasies of the law, but their own or their agents' aptitude to make mistakes?

DEFEAT, COMPROMISE, OR VICTORY

By Frederick Moore

Author of "The Balkan Trail" and "The Passing of Morocco"

THERE are three possible terminations of the war: defeat, compromise, and victory. We intend to conclude the issue with the last of these alternatives no matter how many years it takes to do so; but it is worth while considering what the consequences would be if German determination should outlast that of the Allies. If, as the Germans continue to believe, they will be victorious in the end, and do succeed in obtaining indemnities, as they plan, from the continental Allies if not from Great Britain and the United States, they will put themselves in an invincible position, from the security of which they will be able to complete their domination of the world. It is contended by partisans of Germany and arbitrary pacifists in the allied countries that this is not the German programme, but the evidence is overwhelming that it is; and this article is not written for those who at this stage of events dispute the proof. In view of the appalling possibilities of the outcome, it seems to me not unwise to estimate, according to the facts already before us, how things will probably shape themselves in the event of each of the alternative conclusions.

If the Germans win it is probable that we shall see a thorough change in the system that has prevailed among the nations. The system of nationalities and empires enjoying more or less equal rights and privileges will come to an end, perhaps never to be revived. The Germans will take no chances that their victims may again organize military forces capable of combating them. Uprisings and rebellions will have no chance of success. Guerilla warfare, even if arms can be smuggled into subjected countries, will be made futile. It is the German plan to confederate the world by making the other nations satellites or vassals of *Deutschland*. As the Germans see it, this is the only means by which the system of rival nations, with its corollary of periodical war, can be terminated; that is, by the domination of one supreme power; and they, confident that theirs is the world's finest and ablest civilization, intend to make it the dominating one.

They have studied the needs and the methods of imposing their supremacy and are prepared to employ the necessary

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means, ghastly as those means may seem to other peoples. The object in view is sufficiently worthy, they think, to warrant the employment of any methods of attainment. The appeal is to the altruist as well as to the selfish man, to both idealist and individual. It has come to be the reasoned fanaticism of the most practical cult the world has ever known. The Turks, an organization of tribes-people, who, several centuries ago, drove their way across Asia into China and westward to the gates of Vienna, in an effort to conquer the world for Mohammed, were not the menace to all other peoples that the Germans are to-day. They have studied as a part of their scheme the errors of past efforts at conquest, and so proficient have they made themselves that after three and a half years of war they hold in different stages of vassalage four-fifths of the mainland of Europe, while at the same time more than half of Asia, as a result of the theories of the Bolsheviki, has been brought into a position of potential subjection. At the present moment the Germans have not the men and money necessary to gather in the plunder of weak khanates that lie to the east of them; but no opposing force in Russia prevents or seriously hinders them.

The destruction of Russia has been the greatest achievement of the German system of warfare combined with propaganda and treachery. To the Allies the Russian collapse was the worst disaster of the war; and unless Russia or some substantial confederation of independent Russian states is revived or constructed, Germany will have made herself invincible. With the Russian storehouse of undeveloped wealth coming under the economic control of Germany, as it must if the latter is left in authority over Russia's principal ways of communication with the outer world, both by sea and land, the Greater Germany becomes the most powerful of the nations.

It is undoubtedly true that the Germans would make peace now, indemnifying Belgium and the Serb states and making perhaps other concessions, if Russia could be kept in her present condition. They would certainly like to obtain a period of peace in order to reorganize and prepare for a new assault, which would come suddenly on the next occasion, and without warning or parley and pretense of righteousness: France would be invaded overnight. But being unable to obtain the victor's terms, even camouflaged under apparent concessions, they are striving at once for greater victory, though they have already achieved in the present war successes beyond their hopes of 1914. They set out at the beginning of the war to crush France quickly and then bring Russia to a compromise or understanding, reserving for the days of so-called peace their work of undermining the British Empire, and for the next war the overthrow of Britain's sea-power. But their military forces and machinations have proved more deadly than they themselves anticipated, and they find themselves consequently able to combat at the same time not only their continental adversaries but Britain and the United States as well. So now they proceed with the war, as determined to achieve victory as the Allies are that they shall not. This war is likely, therefore, to continue for a number of years; for from the state of mind that visualizes victory the German people must descend first to that which is willing to seek a real, not a disguised, compromise; and from that attitude they must go still further down to a state of depression that will accept defeat. And defeat will mean an awakening from the dream of *Deutschland über Alles*, and the elimination of the Kaiser, who will be unable to survive it. But this awakening will not come for years, unless the Dual Monarchy collapses, bringing down the German Empire with it. For the Allies are still on the defensive, both on the battle-fields of Europe and in protecting their sea traffic from submarines, and this condition is not likely to be altered till the United States has made herself at least equal to Great Britain in ability to equip and despatch fighting forces to European, and possibly Asiatic, battle-fields.

Meantime the Germans are not going to permit Russia to revive and reorganize, as many of us are hoping. The Russians will never be allowed to unite, even if a spirit is developed among them to do so. If it were necessary German armies would be sent to Moscow or farther east to prevent the reconstruction of an un-

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submissive Russia; but the cultivation of existing hostilities between factions and among the states into which Russia has been shattered will prove sufficient for Germany's present requirements. What the Germans are doing in the Ukraine, a territory equal in size to Germany and Austria-Hungary combined, and a granary that in normal times is able to feed Europe, is evidence that these Russians will be destroyed like the Armenians if necessary for German victory.

Besides observers who can anticipate the development of events only according to their prejudices or interests, there are many students of international affairs who believe the task to which the Germans have set themselves is too much for any nation to accomplish and maintain as a permanent achievement. I am one such. But for the immediate issue, the outcome of the war, if they succeed in eliminating France and Italy or either of them from the campaign, there is no doubt we shall have to continue in arms indefinitely, or submit to the situation here outlined. Russia, I am sure, unless Germany is defeated, can be brought under her control. Since 1903 I have known Russian diplomatists, observing their methods and activities and learning something of their characters in the Balkans and later in the Far East. I have been to Russia a number of times and have crossed Siberia five. It is true, of course, that a man may be a permanent resident of a country and yet have no understanding of it; but I have endeavored in the course of the years that I have observed European affairs as the correspondent of English and American newspapers to strive for unbiassed and accurate information and to make judgments without prejudice. It is the only valuable way.

There are many factors in Russia which can and will be utilized by the Germans. We saw how they succeeded in getting the Czar's government in its last days hideously to betray the Roumanians. Then we saw how they succeeded with Lenine and Trotsky. The condition is now such that the Germans can preserve or destroy the Bolshevik leaders by supporting or opposing them. For the time being, the anarchy within Russia and the disagreement among the Allies over the question of Japan entering Siberia are taking care of the situation on Germany's behalf; and she is left to devote her principal energies to her western adversaries. But if she wins, or even succeeds in concluding a compromise, her work among the eastern states will take on a new aspect. The Bolsheviki, with their detestable doctrines definitely proposing to overthrow German autocracy, will probably be suppressed, and as in the case of Turkey, those elements recognizing the need of organization and discipline, and at the same time willing to accept German protection, will be given assistance and support. The breaking of European Russia into several states prepares those states for coming easily under the German ægis. The separate states will be given the choice of German support or her hostility coupled with that of other states. The bourgeoise elements, so called, will be supported against the socialists or vice versa, the moneyed classes against the proletariat or the contrary, the autocratic against the democrats according to their willingness to come into the German Zollverein. There are in Russia a dozen elements hostile to each other which will accept German support and co-operate with the Germans if they succeed in overcoming the rest of continental Europe. There are numerous elements that will even fight for them. From the Czar through the army to the business man, and on down to the Bolsheviki, there are groups that will accept the situation and become a part of the German scheme of organizing and developing the vast Eurasian empire, which alone could have defeated the Germans had its forces been correlated and its resources properly developed and utilized.

With the prospects of controlling this vast empire, perhaps the richest in the world, besides controlling also Austria-Hungary, the Balkan states, and Turkey, all of which are contiguous and territorially united, not scattered like the British and linked by ships that are the prey of submarines, the Germans will go far in making further sacrifices to bring the Allies to terms. But, unless the present war lasts for decades, into which no man can foresee, the fullest victory the Germans can achieve is the wrecking of

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France and Italy in the way that Russia has been wrecked. To this end they are fighting not only with arms but also with money and with whatever propaganda, socialist, religious, individual, they can employ to their advantage. And with their propaganda they have had success on the Continent, and also, though in a less degree, in Britain and the United States. Beginning with their influence over the King of Greece, they kept that country out of war at a time when its forces, meagre though they were, could materially have altered the aspect of the battle-line in the Balkans. Then cultivating and abetting the socialists in Italy, they caused in a large measure the tragic defeat of 1917. Finally in France they assisted in persuading many socialists to stand for the immediate cessation of the war; and they influenced a senator, a former prime minister and a member of the war cabinet in believing that a compromise was advisable. In England, as in the United States, they have worked successfully among pacifists, socialists, and others, some directly, and others by delicate and insidious methods. Meantime they have gone forward in their military campaigns. They, and not the Allies, are still taking the initiative and making progress. They are in such a position geographically and in such military strength that when their advances are stopped in France and Belgium they will be able to renew attacks in northern Italy and Macedonia and give aid to the Turks in Palestine and elsewhere.

If they finally win in the present war they will succeed in imposing permanent armaments upon the world, with Britain and the United States forming the balance of power against them, while Russia becomes part of their hegemony, and Japan allying herself with the group that offers her the greatest immediate or ultimate security. With the Germans in control on the continent of Europe and over a great part of Asia, only a combination of military and naval forces of the United States and Great Britain can preserve the latter. It will be impossible for Britain to contend alone with the prestige and the geographical advantage that will accrue to a successful Germany. Rail communication extending over two continents will give Germany strategic and military advantage that will make the sea unnecessary for her. The situation at the present time is proving that. Germany was to be starved in six months, yet she is likely to fight in all for as many years. Controlling two landlocked seas, she will be able ultimately to outbuild the British navy. This, however, will not be necessary, for she will also control harbors on four major seas, the Atlantic, Pacific, Indian, and Arctic Oceans, besides the Mediterranean. From secure harbors, without the larger navy, she will be able, with submarines and raiders, to destroy British commerce and ultimately dissect the British Empire. As the Germans have become masters of the Baltic and the Black Seas, so they will extend their power in the Ægean and Adriatic, whence they can assail in future the arteries of the British Empire that pass through Suez.

If Germany wins the present war, France, Italy, and the Balkan states will be unable to pay the debts they are now incurring to Britain and this country. They will be unable to do more than carry the burdens of tribute Germany will impose on them. They will be taken immediately in all probability into an economic union, which will soon include also the neutral European states, enticed or drawn into the league by force of circumstances. Persia will be controlled and exploited, pinched between Turkey and a Teutonized Russia.

In the course of time the struggle for China will come, and the Japanese, now seeking to control and organize that empire before pressure from a white race or races returns to east Asia, may see fit, as they did with Russia, to come to an agreement with Germany. It may be temporarily to the advantage of the Germans, desiring first to assail the British position in India, to offer very liberal terms to Japan; and Japan may accept the race against time, believing that she can organize the millions of men and develop the resources of China before the Germans are ready to break the treaty and challenge their erstwhile ally.

There is a substantial body of opinion in Japan that sees only a compromise resulting from the war. This is the second question this article is designed to consider, the results of a compromise. As

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in the case of a German victory there would be little chance of avoiding another war, though the psychological advantage of an interim of peace might lie with the Allies. Germany's power over Russia, the Balkan states, and Turkey, and even over Austria-Hungary, would not be such that she could again plunge them into war as easily as she would wish. There would be a tendency to independent thinking, and hope would prevail with several dissatisfied peoples of escaping from German tutelage. Germany might seek another war deliberately on this account, in order to consolidate her suzerainty; for war would give her excuse for enforcing martial law and for shifting armies to unfriendly frontiers, which has the effect of making them pliable. On the other hand, dread would prevail throughout the allied countries of another outbreak of war, and Germany would cultivate this dread by any means in her power. Propaganda and counter-propaganda would be at work. One of Germany's best cards would be the socialists, and so-called internationalists, who, she would point out, are numerically strongest in her empire. International socialist conferences and permanent international associations would be promoted, designed as now to prevent the desire for war in other countries, where, though not so numerous as in Germany, the socialists are not subjected to military authority. Military authority in well-organized, undemocratic countries is a powerful weapon. The civil law of this country tries Max Eastman in court though he has but a handful of followers; the military law in Germany puts Liebknecht in prison though the socialists in the Reichstag number nearly a third of the membership. And here is further evidence of the power of military discipline: Bulgaria, the handmaid of Russia and the centuries-old enemy of the Turks, followed the summons to war in reversal of two traditions.

A compromise that would leave the German army intact would enable her to strike at France, Italy, or Serbia overnight. Compromise is a narrow line, too dangerous to be safe. It would be better to prolong the war for as many years as prove necessary to make certain the allied victory. But a return actually and completely to the *status quo ante*, safeguarding Russia, Serbia, Italy, and France, would mean the defeat of Germany, for her gigantic war costs and wanton sacrifice of men have been based on confidence of victory, bringing monetary and territorial indemnity. And this termination can be achieved if the Allies continue the war and if the United States persists and gives them all the aid in her power.

This brings us to the last alternative, victory. There are men in the United States who see danger in victory for either side. Having devoted their attention mainly to social problems, they seem unable wisely to comprehend international affairs. They cannot see the bludgeon that is being swung over our heads, so blinded are they by the beams in American and British eyes. According to their contentions our American leaders are not to be trusted to administer international justice, and a victorious Britain will only take the place to which Germany aspires. Ignorance or prejudice is the basis of any such assertion. British statesmen for many years have been willing to enter an Anglo-American confederation on equal terms, and British interests both on the Atlantic and Pacific are identical with those of the United States, while British ideals are similar. The democratic colonies of Australia, Canada, and South Africa are factors of overwhelming influence. President Wilson has evidently come to an understanding of the necessity of this alliance, and he is undoubtedly proceeding with its consummation, though wisely avoiding any documentary pledges. These are unnecessary; the circumstances have already accomplished the fact. Furthermore, we have the league of nations for which the best minds in England, France, and the United States have been striving. There is no other alternative for the other nations, even, ultimately, including Germany, but to ally themselves with this league of nations. And while a German hegemony would be founded on fear, a league with an Anglo-American nucleus would hold respect and administer justice. The British would oppose us and we should oppose them wherever there appeared to be unfair developments.

The British would enter to-day into a

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permanent and binding agreement, which would be acclaimed more heartily in the British Isles than in any of the British colonies. The difficulty is with the United States. President Wilson would not dare at this moment to ask Congress to sanction a treaty of alliance. What would occur? German-Americans, socialists, Sinn Feiners, and pacifists would at once renew their campaign of prejudice, and would work themselves up to a fury of opposition. The virtues of Germany would again be extolled and the duplicity of England would be furiously proclaimed. The league could be formed in a day if President Wilson could take the lead. For apart from sentimental reasons, necessity compels the European Allies to accept it. Without the full assistance of this country the Allies will be defeated. They would be negotiating with Germany at this moment but for the belief and trust that we shall be able to save them and will do so.

The most insecure adherents of the present alliance are the United States and Japan. The danger lies in the fact that either of these nations can, with temporary if not with permanent safety, withdraw from the war. Great Britain, France, or Italy could no more do so than Russia could; the fate of all of them would, sooner or later, be similar to that of Russia. The European league is one of absolute necessity, menaced by a permanently threatening foe that it cannot alone defeat. The European league is therefore a permanent alliance of defense which will last at least as long as the menace continues, or until that menace succeeds in defeating and destroying it. The Allies must continue the war, if possible, to victory.

Anxiety necessarily exists in the chancelleries of the Allies over the attitude of this country, just as hope exists in Germany over it. European statesmen are aware of our uncertainty, and feel that it is a mistake to place unqualified confidence in America in international affairs. Our international policy is insecure and unsteady, likely to be altered by any change of administration. There is no reason to doubt that President Wilson will adhere to his war policy, but even if he does, it is possible that the war will continue till another presidential election takes place, and it is also possible that the political campaign may be fought on the issue of compromise or victory. The candidate of either great party might go to the country with a proposal to end the war and, with the nucleus of his own stand-patters, gather to his side the various elements of ignorance and those that love their prejudices more than the country, and win the election. The war candidate would be elected, but the long months of argument and uncertainty would cast a crippling blight upon the allied armies and on political conditions in Europe, encouraging the Germans and making the pacifists and socialists of Britain, France, and Italy bolder in their demands for a cessation of the war.

If the Allies continue the war till Germany is brought to safe and satisfactory terms, many if not all of the questions that now prevail and will continue as causes of war can be peaceably adjusted. The Balkan frontiers can be redrawn on fairly equitable ethnological lines and a confederation promoted among the states whose hostilities have hitherto been encouraged by Austria-Hungary and the Russia of the Czar. The subject races of the Turks, which they have massacred for centuries, can be delivered from them and in one way or another protected. Russia can be given assistance and support in developing a new government, and untrammelled outlets to the sea can be assured to her. China can be protected from Japan.

The one hope for the Allies and for the world is this league. The alternative is militarism on a more gigantic scale than we have yet known, with three great factors, the German, the Anglo-American, and the Asiatic, competing in armaments and intriguing against each other. If the war sustains what it has already brought about, the league of Allies including the United States, it will warrant its gigantic cost. The Western Front has been called unbreakable by no less a man than Lloyd George, and it may be such; but the internal condition of Austria-Hungary, where the people have not been made fanatical instruments of Hohenzollern ideas and will not continue to suffer interminably, will eventually cause the collapse of that empire, bringing down the Prussian structure behind it.

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THE FIGHTING SWING

By Badger Clark

ONCE again the regiments marching down the street,
Shoulders, legs, and rifle barrels swinging all in time—
Let the slack civilian plod; ours the gayer feet,
Dancing to the music of the oldest earthly rhyme.

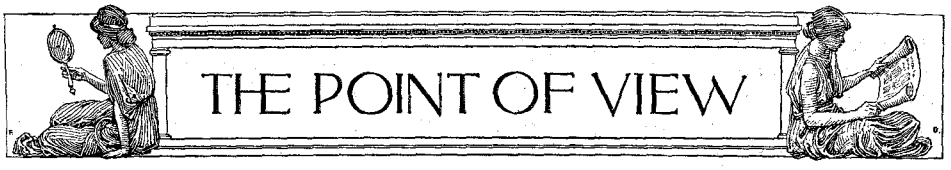
Left, right, trim and tight! Hear the cadence fall.
So the legion Cæsar loved shook the plains of Gaul.
Fighting bloods of all the earth in our pulses ring.
Step! lads, true to the dads. Back to the fighting swing!

We have kissed good-by to doubt, left the fret and stew;
Now the crows may steal the corn, now the milk may spill.
All the problems in the world simmer down to two:
One is how to dodge the shells, one is how to kill.

Left, right, glints of light! Down the ranks they run.
So the Janizary spears caught the desert sun.
Once again the ancient steel has its lordly fling.
Flash, sway, battle array! Back to the fighting swing!

Set and silent every mouth, steady every eye—
Groping, wrangling days are done; let the leaders lead.
Regulations how to live, orders when to die—
Life and death in primer print any man can read.

Left, right, eat and fight! Dreams are blown to bits.
Here's the Old Guard back to life, bound for Austerlitz.
Shake the soft and quit the sweet; loose the arms that cling.
Blood, dust, grapple and thrust! Back to the fighting swing!



A YEAR'S wandering through the length and breadth of America, in friends' houses instead of hotels, is bound to give one ideas about the country—especially when it was the golden year that sounded the great call to arms that made the whole land spring up to "salute the adventurers." To go from East to West across a neutral country, and to return across an ally in the greatest of all crusades, was a wonderful experience.

An Englishwoman's Point of View

Many American friends have said: "Tell us how things strike you," but, mindful of the six-week tourists who write books to explain India, I refrained till one friend went on to say: "At this moment events are drawing America and England together, closer than ever before, and any one who knows and loves both countries as you do must be able to help the stay-at-homes in either to understand the other better."

Individual likes and dislikes are neither here nor there, but what shall I say of the nature of interpretation between two races, at whose christening the wicked fairy inter-

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posed with that subtle curse which she sometimes lays on poor innocents who seem to the world to be twins—the curse that, though they seem to the world to be speaking the same language, neither shall understand the other? She laid it on Lear and Cordelia, and on other apparently related and even married couples. On first landing one feels nothing but the tie; familiar words make one fancy that both are taking the same (unspoken) things for granted.

The next stage is that you feel as if it would be easier to talk Russian; finally one feels the tie again and holds firmly to it. One of the wisest remarks in that wise book, "Guesses at Truth," by Julius and Augustus Hare, is: "Man's first word is Yes; his second No; and his third Yes again, but a deeper Yes."

Yes, there are many bonds between America and England—and many jars; and, as is so often the case in family ties, the bonds often constitute jars.

One great element of strength in those bonds is the fact of how much England really cares about the tie.

From one point of view this is inevitable, since, of course, our past belongs to you as much as to us. When Mr. J. R. Lowell was asked, "Who are the American poets?" he replied, "Chaucer, Shakespeare, and others." Yes, Spenser and Milton are as much yours as Whittier and Bryant; Crécy and Agincourt are as much your victories as ours; you built Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's as well as the Capitol and Boston State House. No wonder that when I write home about America friends reply: "We love to hear what you say of America, for of course we feel differently about her from what we do for any other nation."

I do not believe that, being so far away, you can possibly understand how much England cares for your being shoulder to shoulder with her. Of course she likes it when other nations approve her, but she is neither surprised nor hurt if they misunderstand. But it is very different when America is in question; then she really cares. She minds when you get across with her, and she cares—she cares more than you have the least idea of—when you say, "Well done," to the old country.

I had a letter lately from a leading woman in England, saying: "We know our debt to America, and we want you to translate our gratitude into words; but it is not gratitude so much as a delightful sense of comradeship and co-operation and oneness, which can never again be severed and which will make it so much easier to learn each from the other."

It is not only that America and England will gain from each other, but that the future peace of the world depends largely on a union of ideals among the peace-loving Anglo-Saxons. We used to hear of a union of hearts, which always suggested lovers' quarrels and much complication; union of ideals is a much sounder basis for friendship, both individual and national—possibly even for matrimony.

It was before '76, at Runnymede and various places on the far side of the water, that you learned the ideal of liberty; but you improved on that teaching in '76, and taught us a great deal. You ought to feel a glow of personal as well as of family pride when you see the Dominions lining up alongside the Old Mother Country, all fighting to the death in a war of which your President says: "It is as if the war of our own Revolution had to be fought over again."

BUT a common language is needed for the full results of such union. Have we got one?

Have we a Common Tongue?

Most people are busy learning French or Russian or Spanish with a view to future international needs: I should like to give a few hints on colloquial English, which is quite a different tongue from that of literature.

Bear in mind that the English are past masters of understatement. When an Englishman says anything pleasant always multiply by a really high figure. Even so you will not reach the warmth of the kind-heartedness inside him—"a long, long way" inside him but right there.

On the other hand, if he says anything cold, or even brutal, divide by at least ten before you imagine you have got at what he really feels, for he means no harm by a direct method of speech which makes your blood run cold. There is a legend of an English speaker who referred to the previous speech as both ignorant and stupid. The unhappy host gently remonstrated afterward, but the honest English blue eyes looked peacefully into his with the puzzled

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inquiry: "But the man was ignorant and he was stupid, so why shouldn't I say so?"

Yes, the English are conservative; it was in A. D. 660 that St. Wilfred, at the Synod of Whitby, urged an agreement as to the date of Easter, saying: "All the Christian world has agreed to it except those two stupid and obstinate nations, the English and the Scotch." Neither the two nations nor their St. Wilfreds seem to have changed much, but their bite is much kinder than their bark.

The other day a Tommy surpassed himself in getting after the Germans. "What's the matter?" said his friends. "Why, those brutes cut off my pal's hands, and I want to catch one of them to torture him." Next day he returned driving a German in front of him, but the German was munching Tommy's sandwich held in one hand, with Tommy's cigar in the other. "How's this?" said the friends. "Oh, I got him all right," said Tommy, "but the poor chap turned out to be so hungry that I had to feed him, and then, of course, I couldn't do anything to him."

Yes, Tommy is quite sound underneath, and the deeper you go the more you will like him and feel that he is just like you in the real things. You can trust him with your child or your old mother and be quite sure that he will spoil them with kindness, but he will be too shy to say anything about it.

John Bull gives his sons and his money and his time to the war, but he prefers to call it "business as usual," which chills any eager friend who comes up with a warm word about his heroism. If he would only suggest that he is a Spartan boy, letting the fox gnaw his vitals, his friendship with America would thrive better, but unluckily he was taught at school the Spartan code of silence. Disapprove of his code if you like—marry him and teach him a more human one, but do realize that he is acting by a code and not being individually disagreeable. The Persian poet says: "It is no use laying hen's eggs and looking for young turkeys." Realize that, in their own narrow way, hen's eggs have a use in life; and an Englishman has his uses—he is like Bob Jakes's dog—"Lor, it's a fine thing to have a dumb brute fond o' yer, it sticks to yer and makes no jaw."

Yes, you may rely on the Englishman in a tight place, but he will not play up to you when you are enthusiastic and he will steadily refuse to be put into a picture. He will march to death with the best of you, but it is against his code to look as if he were marching to music. It may be that he feels "kind of silly" when he is being looked at; or that, like Charles Lamb, he has no ear.

Of course it is a platitude to tell you that he has a silent conviction that he will muddle through somehow, though he is inclined to think he has done the wrong thing, so that he seldom feels any glow of self-satisfaction. "Is that so?" said an American friend; "does he really think he has done the wrong thing—he never says so, and then he never looks pleased to see one."

"Oh, dear," said I, "how you do misunderstand the poor fellow! That is part of his constitutional dumbness. You Americans who have the gift of speech ought to help out an afflicted fellow creature instead of counting it up against him. Why, if a bosom friend comes to see him after a five years' absence, he is only able to say: 'So glad to see you—you'll stay to tea, won't you?'"

If his wife or sister rushes at him with an enthusiastic piece of hero-worship, he will calmly remark: "That's not half bad." Perhaps you, thinking that you know the English language, turn away in a huff at his cold-bloodedness; but do not get excited—"not half bad" is his high-water mark of praise.

I assure you it will be one of the great gains of the war and one of the greatest triumphs of your quick-wittedness, if you learn to understand his language as well as speak it. You live in a champaign climate, which has given you a curiously French turn of mind, over and above what you may get from any French blood. You are alert and quick-witted to an extent which misleads you into thinking it is either cussedness or pride when the Englishman doesn't get there—or at least not till you have left! If you accost him unexpectedly he may look as if you had designs on his spoons, but it is only that he is unready. His psychology is accurately portrayed in Rudyard Kipling's "Puzzler."

An American told me he went to stay with an English general who had a son in Mesopotamia. "I thought that now I had

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a chance of hearing the inside of a hero's mind, at the very moment of heroism. A long letter came next day, and the mother read out bits: 'We went to such a place and did so-and-so.' 'But do tell me,' said I, eagerly, 'what he was *thinking* of—how did he *feel* when making such a splendid venture of courage?' She searched the letter, while I feared that his inmost thoughts were too sacred to be given to an outsider. However, that was not the cause of her delay. 'Here it is,' said she at last. 'I knew Arthur said something somewhere, and here it is, but he only says: "It was all a beastly mess."'"

Of course I have been taught here that we have no sense of humor (we hand the remark on and say that the Scotch have none), but I sometimes wonder whether there may not be a chaotic, perhaps an archaic, sense of humor in the English trick of understatement. True humor will not bear explaining, but this primitive, prehistoric form may need a word or two in the country which, as Mr. Page says, is as good as a visit into the future.

I have a brother who is English of the English; his favorite amusement is to make me think he is doing something I should not approve of. I never learn by experience, but always blaze out in the righteous anger of the careful elder sister. He takes it stolidly, inhumanly, and a few days later I find, through some one else, that he was busy over something much more unselfish than I had ever thought of attempting. You cannot think how irritating I find his sense of humor at those times.

I do not commend John Bull for being so bad to drive, and yet I am half afraid to say that I hope your boys will teach him pleasanter ways; it may be that his strength lies in this gruff birthmark which worried St. Wilfred at Whitby. I need not recall Hawthorne's story of the birthmark to you—I will only say that I am not sure whether the bulldog will do his job as satisfactorily if you teach him to be graceful—and you will reply, as did an American last night: "Be easy, there is no immediate danger." No, I do not want him altered—I only want him understood, for your poet exactly describes him when he speaks of those who

"Hide their best selves as they had stolen them."

Miss Montagu, in one of her delightful papers in the *Atlantic*, seems to think that your boys will be rather like Arthur—in taking everything as a matter of course. If they do, that one book of "Harvard Letters from the Front," edited by Mr. Mark Howe, will be enough to show how well they can describe if they want to do so.

But I shall never be surprised at any resemblance that may appear when your boys and ours stand side by side in the trenches. The Minuteman of Concord is the ideal of the young Englishman of to-day, who is flinging himself over the top, giving away his comforts and risking his life for every man in his company.

We long to see England rich in just such young men as your Minuteman, and you make the same prayer for America, so that in this, as in all the things by which men live, you and we have the same aims—liberty and the service of our country and our God.

I saw a very beautiful expression of the feeling between us on Memorial Day. I went early in the morning to the Old North Bridge with flowers for the Minuteman; a Southern friend was with me, and the two lost causes, British and Confederate, were alone on the bridge. We laid flowers before the Minuteman and on the grave of the two British soldiers whose fate so moved Hawthorne. His spirit may have joined us as we passed the Old Manse, but no one else was to be seen, when suddenly a ghostly procession came through the mist—six old veterans just risen from their graves; four tiny Boy Scouts hardly yet born; and two young men of the present carrying a bugle and a flag.

They went first to the British grave, and for the first time in history they laid on it England's flag and a branch of New England apple-blossoms; they saluted, blew a bugle call, and passed on to do the same for the Minuteman and his flag.

Then they stood in line on the bridge—each of the twelve threw a flower into the river and saluted, while the leader said: "We salute all the sailors who died in the Civil War."

Then after a last ghostly bugle call they melted away into the mist. Was it the mist of past or future?—for they had saluted the three great facts of past, present, and future history—the birth of democracy, the friendship of Anglo-Saxonism, and the future peace of the world which will surely spring from it.

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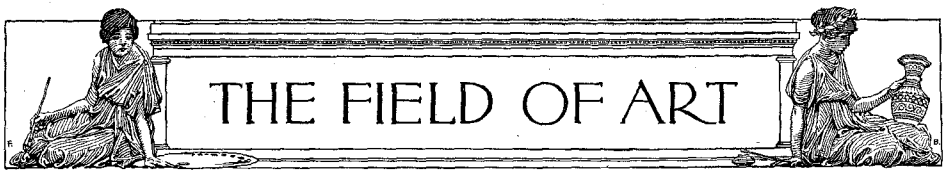

A ROMANCE IN THE EARLY LIFE OF VAN DYCK, WHEN HE PAINTED "SAINT MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH THE BEGGAR"

IN the summer of 1902, having heard much from my artist friends of a very beautiful Van Dyck, representing his own portrait as Saint Martin mounted upon a superb white horse, in the act of dividing his cloak with a beggar, I resolved to see the picture and consequently stopped at Brussels. The following day I took train for the village of Saventhem, to visit the village church. The building was plain, with few architectural ornaments, dating presumably from the early part of the fifteenth century. The interior was more than simple, bearing traces of rough neglect, with tawdry embellishments here and there of distinctly modern taste. My surprise, however, was great to find the altar of the chapel, at the head of the right-hand aisle, surmounted by a superb painting in the finest state of preservation: "Saint Martin Dividing His Cloak with the Beggar."

It was unquestionably a Van Dyck, of his early period, before his visits to Italy, bearing all the traces of Rubens's influence as demonstrated through his more sensitive personality. I was entranced by the picture, and after carefully examining it and taking a few measurements of the height of scaffolding requisite, size of painting, etc., I inquired of the old man who was sweeping in one corner where Monsieur le Curé resided. He led me to a little house near by the churchyard with a neat garden in front. Monsieur le Curé was a most kindly old gentleman and overjoyed at my great enthusiasm over the Van Dyck. "Oui, monsieur, all the strangers who pass here say it is a great picture, and dealers have come and tried to buy it. The one hundred thousand francs would have enriched the village, but the poor people of Saventhem would not part with it!" I thought to myself how readily that painting would bring a hundred thousand dollars if once in a dealer's on Fifth Avenue.

My request to make a copy of it was readily granted on the condition that I would have my scaffolding removed on Saturday afternoon in time for vespers. I left orders in Brussels for my canvas and went on to Paris and Aix-les-Bains. Late in August I returned and installed myself in a comfortable hotel in Brussels, as Saventhem had no adequate accommodations. Each morning I took a nine-o'clock train out and spent the day at my work.

Gradually I learned from the people of the village, and particularly a distinguished and charming gentleman, M. de Monck, that there was a romance in the life of Van Dyck associated with the painting. As my wife found the time hanging heavily on her hands while I was pursuing my work, I begged her to go to the public library in Brussels and see if the authorities on the life of Van Dyck bore out in any way the love-story of which I had heard—and these are the facts sustained by the records:

Van Dyck's first master was Henri van Balen, whose works can be best seen in the museums of Vienna and Dresden; but in 1612, according to the most credited biographers, he was enrolled among the pupils of the leader of the Antwerp school, Peter Paul Rubens. The luxury and splendor of this great master was no doubt an influence in the life of the young genius, as all his works bear the stamp of affluent distinction.

The intimate relation maintained at this period between pupil and master is frequently attested in contemporaneous records.

In the summer of 1620, his fame having then extended abroad, occurs in his biographies the name of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, the great English amateur. It was, no doubt, through the influence of this cultured Macænas that Van Dyck ultimately settled in England. It was also through the enlightened influence of this courtier that was begun the famous collections of Charles I and the Duke of Buckingham, which have been the art glories of England. In 1621 we find a passport issued to Van

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Dyck permitting him to absent himself for the purpose of "travel and study." His journey from Antwerp to the south was by the way of Brussels, which was the first stop.

Saventhem's only claim to importance in these days is the ownership of this picture. In olden days it was a township as well as a barony and had a burgomaster of blue blood by the name of Van Ophem. He was related to various counts and barons—not to mention a ducal house of Venice—and was burgomaster of the township of Saventhem as well as drossard of the barony of that name.

One of those to benefit by the prosperity of the times was the noble lord Ferdinand de Boischot, Baron of Saventhem as well as seigneur of various other domains. Endowed with a warm heart and generous nature, and being more than gratified when he returned to his barony in 1620 at the loyalty and heartiness with which he was welcomed, he resolved to make his people some gift which at the same time might be a fitting memorial to their patron saint, Saint Martin, to whose blessed name their small church was already dedicated.

Design of altar containing the Van Dyck.
From a drawing of the period.

When Anthony van Dyck appeared at Brussels the baron had already admired his work in Antwerp, at the house of the great master Rubens. He gave him a warm welcome and shortly after an order for a painting of the best-known events in the life of Saint Martin, accompanied by a purse of three hundred florins.

He also advised him that the household of the good drossard, Mynheer van Ophem, would welcome him, where he would not lack for comforts, though for lively intercourse he might have to live on memories!

Armed with a letter from the baron and the enthusiasm and confidence of his twenty-two years, Van Dyck rode off to Saventhem on a bright morning in May, 1621.

Of the family of Van Ophem, his third daughter, Isabella, had blond locks and was altogether a superior little person. She must have been a favorite with the drossard, as he insisted that she should learn to read and write, which was most unusual in those days, for the Flemish maidens had knitting, pastry-making, and the like to make up the sum of their accomplishments.

To her there came a young man a-riding down through the wood near by, far different from the round faces and cropped heads she had been accustomed to see. This one had soft, waving, brown curls, legs encased in buckskin, showing in their lines elegance and grace rather than strength of muscle. His dark-green velvet jacket was belted around a figure that acknowledged the slen-

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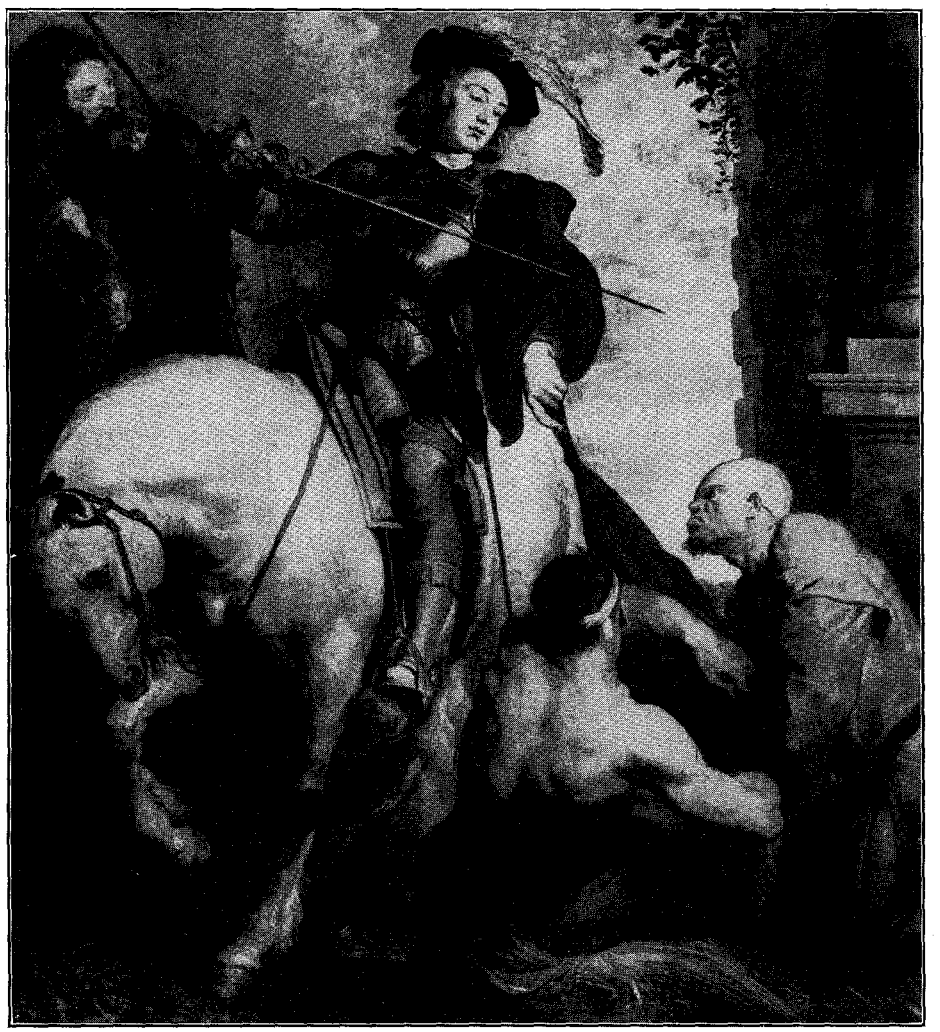
derness of his twenty-two years. But the glory of his outfit was the horse he bestrode —a handsome white creature with a proudly curved neck and the neat ankles that denote a long pedigree. The gray shadows of his satin coat were evidence of the good grooming he was given by the man-servant, who followed on a less brilliant charger.



Saint Martin Dividing His Cloak with the Beggar.
Altar-piece by Van Dyck.

Anthony van Dyck had but recently come from the court of King James and had much to tell of that privileged land and especially of the beauty of its fair sex. So the Van Ophem family were informed that this same young man was to become an inmate of their household for several weeks, or until he finished a certain picture for their church ordered of him by their kind lord the Seigneur de Boischot of Saventhem.

Coming to that simple home, with all he had to relate of men and things of the great world added to the personal attraction he had for all, young or old, who came his way, what more natural than that love should not be slow in bursting into bloom? How the blossom must have unfolded rapidly

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with youth, springtime, and propinquity all in its favor! So the summer days sped on. The panel of "Saint Martin Dividing His Cloak with the Beggar" was finished and hung in the chapel dedicated to the saint, where it hangs to this day (or did), and the pious said their prayers before it. No wonder it brings peace and happiness to their souls, so full is it of the love and ardor that filled Van Dyck's being during those weeks, helped on evidently by that foolish little Isabella herself.

Not many days after, however, this being now the middle of September, a fine cavalier, darker-skinned than they of Brabant, rode into Saventhem one noon and, asking for Mynheer van Dyck, requested speech of him.

The Chevalier Vanni, for it was he, had been sent by Rubens from Antwerp to hasten his favorite pupil on the road to Italy. The latter being considered the finishing touch to an artistic career, Rubens did not wish to see the talents which he had fostered go to waste in a Flemish village. He therefore ordered Anthony to depart at once, and Van Dyck dared not disobey, as respect for the master was still a power in those days. But it awoke in him a sense of the responsibility of his position, for he apparently went to Martin van Ophem with a request, in formal terms, that the father approve his suit and allow Isabella to become his betrothed. Van Dyck could not obtain that which he solicited, and, in fact, was refused in a most categorical manner; such foolishness must be dismissed from his mind, and his young friend must learn many things before seeking out any companion in life, much less one who was destined to occupy a place far above that which any *travelling painter* could offer her!

The Van Ophem family bade him Godspeed, and, though tears undoubtedly dimmed the blue eyes of Isabella, it was with a feeling of happiness and security that she saw Anthony pass out of sight, for she felt that not many months would come and go before he would again be at their door with wealth and a future.

Isabella married at thirty-five François Niels. At her death at the age of ninety her large fortune was left for the advancement of art in her native land.

The painting is described as follows by Max Rooses:

"Saint Martin is riding a dappled gray horse, with bluish lights on the body, raising a fore-foot and curving the neck, the neck well arched so that the head is bowed over. The rider wears a steel cuirass, and beneath it is seen a coat of mail protecting the chest, arms, and thighs, amaranth-colored leggings, light gray boots, a black hat with long gray plume. His cloak, of flame color, he throws back over his left shoulder, having already nearly slashed it through with his sword.

"A servant on a brown (bay) horse is beside him. On the ground is crouched a beggar whose bare back is toward the spectator. Another beggar, a paralytic leaning on a crutch, is also kneeling; the latter has on a sort of cloak, lightish gray, hanging from his shoulders in ample folds; his head is enveloped in a white cloth.

"In the background sparkles an azure sky dotted with little clouds, silver-white; to the right is a column and a pilaster on which ivy is clinging; to the left, in the foreground, a strawberry-bush shows a couple of red berries.

"It is springtime, that of the season of the year as well as that of the life of the artist; the whole of this performance breathes of youth and the joy of life and of Van Dyck. The brilliant hue of the blue sky, the downy clouds, the red of the cloak, the glistening of the cuirass, the light nuances of the white horse and of the beggars are all most alluring and seductive by the freshness and light of the ensemble.

"The saint's physiognomy is in no sense austere or ascetic, as is usual with saints; he is young, of a pleasing exterior, an air of elegance, and habited with taste (*coquettement vêtu*). A radiant and fresh light is over all the scene, detaching clearly the figures against the brilliant sky; no deep tints (colors), no contrasts between light and shade; the lighting (*éclairage*) is serene and limpid like a fine spring day."

The original sketch by Van Dyck for his great picture of "St. Martin Dividing His Cloak with the Beggar," through the generosity of one of its founders, has become the possession of the Toledo Museum of Art.

CARROLL AND BERTHA BECKWITH.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

DURING THE GERMAN DRIVE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IT is now some weeks since Hindenburg's army began its second drive toward Paris. When the advance was being checked by General Foch, the new American army in France was for the first time moved up to the active battle front with the French reserves. While this was happening, German submarines suddenly appeared on the American coast, sinking a dozen unprotected merchant craft and, with the quite familiar German idea of international law and of chivalry in war, setting adrift on the open ocean crew and passengers, men and women.

Public feeling, during the first of these several episodes, reflected not so much apprehension as perplexity over the seemingly overwhelming violence of the German blow and over the question, what in reality was the relative strength of the opposing armies. When the American reinforcements joined the battle, a sense of reassurance was instantly manifested, even on the Stock Exchange. As for the exploits on our Atlantic coast, judgment was promptly expressed, first that no such demonstration would stop the transport of men to Europe when it had not stopped it even in the European war zone, but second, that Germany had at least given unmistakable testimony as to whether or not her own generals regard America's part in the European war as a formidable makeweight.

A Period of Uncertainty

WHILE this later German drive was in progress, financial markets moved uncertainly. That was measurably accounted for, perhaps, by the extent to which, in Wall Street's phrase, they had already "discounted" the facts of the existing situation. Beginning in the early days of May, there occurred a rise of prices on the New York Stock Exchange which, all things considered, was as remarkable in its bearing on the general situation as it was unexpected, even to Wall Street. Up to that time, the stock-market of 1918 had been falling steadily. Even before the year began, there had been a decline of 15 to 25 per cent in the autumn months of 1917; but almost as much more was lost in average Stock Exchange values between the end of 1917 and April of the present year.

For this depression there had appeared to be abundant reason. The war was going badly: Italy had been invaded by the Teutonic armies. Russia, with the Bolshevik anarchists in control of such pretense of government as there was, had fallen to pieces and was under physical control of the German armies. The transfer of large German forces from the eastern to the western battle front, for an attack in force on the Allied positions, was merely a matter of time.

Misgivings of Early Spring

FACTORS of great discouragement were believed to exist in the situation at home. Our building of new merchant ships progressed so slowly that, even when combined with the outturn of English yards, monthly production at the end of winter was less than half the tonnage sunk each month by German submarines. Our export trade had declined because of the growing shortage of shipping until, in the first three months of 1918, and despite the fact that average prices of exportable merchandise were 30 per cent higher than the year before, the value of our total exports was nearly $200,000,000 less than in the same months of 1917.

An autumn of drought had threatened such destruction of the autumn-sown wheat acreage as to open the easy possibility of another crop as small as the de-

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ficient yields of 1917 and 1916. Following that season, an exceptionally harsh winter had brought about so complete congestion of traffic on the railways that not only were consumers confronted with a "coal famine," but the mills on which the government depended for its war supplies could neither get sufficient fuel for operation nor ship out their actual product. As a result the country's output of steel, which had exceeded 42,000,000 tons in 1917, had fallen in January to a rate which, if continued, would have meant only 28,600,000 tons for 1918, and in February had only recovered to a 33,500,000 rate.

There was, in fact, a very general feeling that our own "war programme" was falling down. That it had failed was asserted with acrimony in Congress; and back of all stood the disquieting belief that another short wheat crop was threatened as a result of an unfavorable winter. These larger influences had come into view at a moment when the conviction was growing that the absorption of the country's capital into the Second War Loan was tying the hands of the investment market; when another war loan was impending, which might (so the Treasury intimated) have to ask for $10,000,000,000, or 40 per cent more than the capital drawn from the market by both loans of 1917 combined, and when no one knew what would be the effect on the money market of the huge income and excess profits tax collections during June.

Such had been the governing influences up to the opening of spring, and the financial markets were promptly subjected to another and even more crucial test. The German army attacked in the west; the British line gave way, and during a period of nearly a month the reader of the news looked first at the head-lines to see whether Amiens or Ypres had not fallen and the Germans broken through to the Channel ports. During that trying period, prices on the Stock Exchange stood unmoved; they yielded only slightly when the war situation was at its worst, and more than recovered their loss afterward.

AT length, toward the end of April General Foch, now in command of both French and English armies, struck back. The Germans were defeated with heavy slaughter; the forward movement ceased, and was replaced by repeated demonstrations by the Allies against the enemy. Suddenly, and almost without warning, the Stock Exchange became the focus of such activity and strength as had not been witnessed since the United States went to war. Within three weeks, prices for the leading investment stocks had advanced on the average more than 10 per cent, with a rise of 15 to 20 per cent in some of the most active issues. When the upward movement reached its climax there was a series of eight consecutive days in which transactions exceeded a million shares—traditional evidence of an important movement, which had not been presented since the stock-market of December, 1916.

The Rise in the Stock-Market

In all respects the market repeated the phenomena of the forward movements which, in 1915 and 1916, foreshadowed and reflected the rapid expansion of American prosperity, along with the huge gold imports of the period. Yet there were no longer any large gold imports in the spring of 1917. What was more striking, $4,170,000,000 had just been subscribed to the Third War Loan, involving requisitions of that amount on the money market of the ensuing three or four months, while a further payment of $3,000,000,000 for war taxes was to fall due in June. It was unmistakably one of those occasions in which it was more interesting to inquire what it was that the market had foreshadowed than to discuss intrinsic values of the stocks themselves. The consensus of financial judgment had passed a very hopeful and very emphatic verdict.

The various reasons for this change of the market's attitude came into sight, as they are apt to do, after the movement on the Stock Exchange was nearly over. First, it was discovered that the heavy snowfall of December and January had both sheltered the growing wheat during the extreme rigors of the season, and that, melting away when winter ended, it had provided abundant moisture for the soil. Last year and the year before, the spring months were cold and overcast; it was at that time that the wheat crop of both

(Continued on page 44 *following*)

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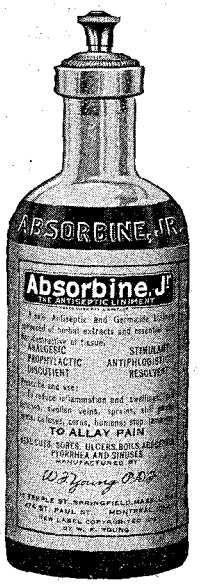

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Financial Situation, continued from page 130

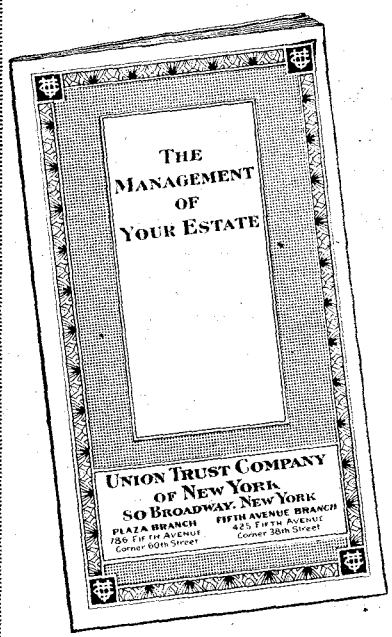
years was injured. This year, weather conditions throughout the country in April and May were as nearly ideal as is possible in a country of so great an area.

SUNNY days, with unusually high temperatures but cool nights, alternated for a series of weeks with exactly the due proportion of rainfall. The winter wheat crop, for which a yield of 540,000,000 bushels was estimated in December, and of 560,000,000 in April, drew out a government forecast of 572,000,000 in May, even after allowing for winter-killed acreage. In fact, the area remaining under growing wheat was nearly half a million acres above that of the largest previous harvest. Before the close of May the farmers themselves (who are not in the habit of overestimating their own crops in advance) were predicting a yield of 600,000,000 bushels for the winter wheat. This would be the third largest winter crop in our history, and greater by 43 per cent, or 182,000,000 bushels, than last years' winter yield.

Our Brilliant Harvest Prospect

Meantime the auspicious weather which was

Financial Situation, continued on page 46



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Financial Situation, continued from page 44

bringing the early wheat to harvest was starting the spring wheat under the best of conditions. If the acreage planted to that crop is increased 15 or 20 per cent this year, it would exceed by three to four million acres the area on which 351,000,000 bushels were raised in 1915, and 17 bushels per acre have been raised in favorable years. This was the basis for the prediction in the later weeks of the present springtime that 1918 might witness another "billion-bushel wheat crop." What such a harvest or anything approaching it would mean to American prosperity (with the minimum price of wheat fixed at a level higher than any reached on the open market in nearly half a century) should be obvious enough, even with cost of labor and supplies higher for the farmer as for every one else.

What it would mean to our Allies in Europe must be judged largely in the light of our own curtailment of consumption. The largest wheat export movement on record from this country was the 333,000,000 bushels of the "wheat year" ending in the middle of 1915. We consumed at home that year 493,000,000 bushels, exclusive of what was used for seeding or for reserves carried over into the new season. Grain-trade statisticians estimate that this home consumption, under Mr. Hoover's vigorous propaganda, has been cut down during the past twelve months to something between 400,000,000 and 450,000,000 bushels. Taking the higher figure of the two, supposing a 1,000,000,000-bushel yield this season, and allowing for seed and "carry-over" the same amount as in 1915, the wheat available for export in the coming grain year would be nearly 400,000,000 bushels, as against the previous high record of 333,000,000. It would be only a question of shipping room to carry it to Europe.

The American War Programme

IN that direction, equally impressive changes had occurred in the situation. Before the congressional investigations were completed the course of events had begun to show very clearly that, so far from the government's programme of production having broken down, it was on the eve of an output unprecedented in either military or industrial history. By May it was possible for the Shipbuilding Board to report that American yards were launching one new merchant ship every day; for the British Premier to say to Parliament that new ship construction by the Allies had at last overtaken weekly and monthly losses, and, finally, for the French Minister of Marine to report to the French Chamber's committees that in April alone, 40,000 tons more were launched than were sunk

Financial Situation, continued on page 48

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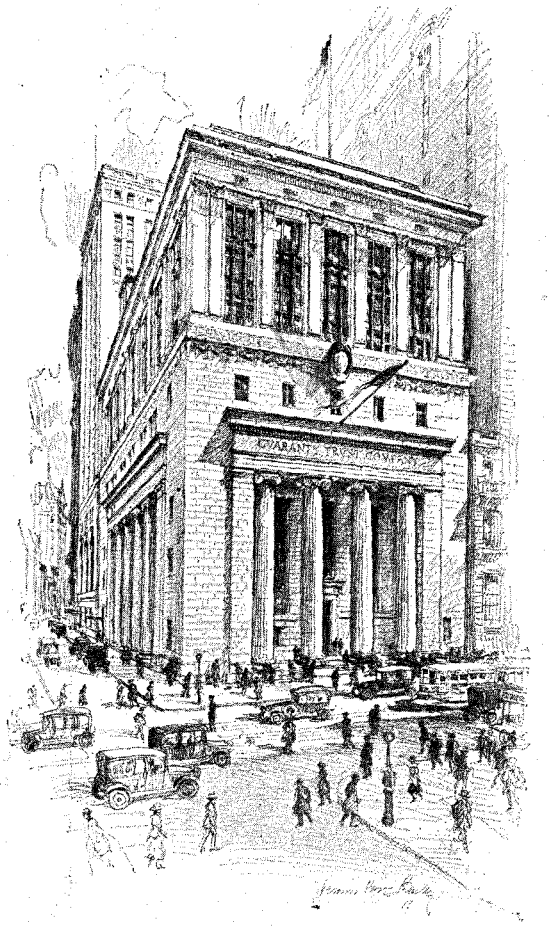

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Financial Situation, continued from page 46

by enemy submarines, with certainty of the excess growing much larger for the full month of May.

Output of steel at the American mills, which had fallen in January to a yearly rate of 28,600,000 tons, had risen again in April to 44,000,000, a quite unprecedented production. Output of aircraft remained longer a point of doubt and misgiving in the public mind, giving opportunity for the published accusation, by an excited amateur mechanician, that a billion dollars had been spent by our government for aeroplanes without producing a single fighting machine to show for it. In this particular allegation it was discovered, first that the accuser had hopelessly mixed up authorized appropriations with actual expenditure, next that the $163,116,000 actually spent on aircraft production had covered engines, ports, clothing, salaries, and supplies, and finally that, despite the delays of experiment and changing specifications, the aeroplane output, like the output of new ships, was actually on the eve of "quantity production" at a fairly bewildering rate. On top of these discoveries as to the progress of the war-construction programme came the Secretary of War's announcement that more than half a million American soldiers were in France already; supplemented by statements that in the first ten days of May ten thousand soldiers per day had been sent to Europe, and that within a year the American army at home and abroad would be four to five millions strong.

Even in relation to the money market and the anticipated overstrain on supplies of capital, nothing had happened exactly as had been apprehended. The $4,170,000,000 subscription to the Third War Loan created hardly a ripple in the country's money markets. In fact, the closing of the lists for that subscription was almost instantly followed by the "Second Red Cross Campaign," which asked for the voluntary gift of $100,000,000 by the American people, and actually obtained $170,000,000. In this remarkable response, at any rate, there was no question of "anticipating income" or "borrowing subscription money from the banks." The people had gone down into their individual pockets and individual bank accounts.

Considering the outcome in the light of the immense subscription by 17,000,000 separate applicants for the immediately preceding war loan, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the fund of actually available capital in a prosperous country like our own, which can be reached by an extensive "drive," far exceeds all the estimates of bankers and political economists. But that, after all, is only what we had been taught before, not only by the results of the European war loans but by our own older appeals to the patriotism of the people at large, as far back as the Civil War.

Financial Situation, continued on page 50

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The first Bulletin entitled *"The Proper Balance of Safety and Income"* is just off the press.

You should read the first Bulletin and be placed on our mailing list for future bulletins. Write for it today.

FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE BANK
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $2,000,000

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

6% Farm Mortgages

We Need More Food

We need more food and it must come from the farm. The farmer must be financed. Our Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds are safe, profitable and patriotic investments. Send for pamphlet "G" and offerings.

Denominations $100 and up

E. J. LANDER & CO. (A532) **Grand Forks**
Capital and Surplus $500,000 **North Dakota**

PRINCIPAL SECURE INTEREST CERTAIN

The average farmer to whom we loan money is able to meet his interest payments with less than 1/20 of his crop returns.

Our Southern Farm Mortgages are secured by productive farms worth more than twice the amount of the mortgages.

Write for booklet and list of 6% and 7% farm mortgages.

6% Paid On Time Certificates.

SESSIONS LOAN & TRUST CO.
ESTABLISHED 1887

DRAWER 366 — SESSIONS STANDS FOR SAFETY — MARIETTA, GA.

Financial Situation, continued from page 48

HERE were reasonably convincing grounds for the rise on the Stock Exchange in the spring. Yet they would leave a fair presumption that, if the judgment of the financial community had been that the outlook for the war itself was growing hopeless from the Allies' viewpoint—that the outright defeat of the French and English armies was impending, with the German Government left in a position to dictate its own terms of peace—then that one consideration would not only have counterbalanced all the others, but would have superseded them? What, then, was to be inferred as to the attitude of the financial markets toward the war news?

Stock Exchange and the War

It was quite possible to find ground for great discouragement. The German army was certainly penetrating further into France than it had reached since September, 1914. It had administered one severe defeat to the British army in the north during March, and, though defeated by General Foch in April, the reverse had not been followed by a German retreat like that which followed the battle of the Marne, or even like the French and British withdrawal in the early weeks of this season's German drive. With some local losses of ground the German army held its positions, and in the closing week of May resumed the offensive with the same violence as before, and with similar initial gain of ground.

Simultaneously, on the eastern front of the Teutonic lines the campaign of forcible penetration and of political and economic subjugation was extended. Rumania was crushed and compelled to make peace on terms which practically gave the use of its national resources to its Teutonic neighbors. A German general with a file of soldiers entered the legislative assembly of the Ukraine, dispersed the legislators, and dragged the presiding officer roughly from his place. Notwithstanding the recently signed treaty, recognizing the Ukraine as an independent and friendly state, German troops had been quartered throughout the country and had fired on bodies of peasants who resisted the depredations of the invaders, quite in line with the German programme in Belgium and Servia. German regiments had co-operated in Finland with a faction which had signified its willingness to accept the political hegemony of Germany. Proclaiming Lithuania independent of Russia, the German Emperor declared that state to be "allied to the German empire by an eternal, steadfast alliance," adding significantly that the conventions to this effect would provide "that Lithuania will participate in the war burdens which secured her liberation." This hint Lithuania herself interpreted as meaning that Germany proposed to recruit her own armies from the Lithuanian people.

FROM this it was only an incidental step to reports that German princelings would be placed on the thrones of these newly created

Financial Situation, continued on page 52

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SIMPLIFY YOUR INVESTMENTS

Iowa Farm Mortgages
H. B. Allfree Service

We have just published a booklet entitled "Your Investment Problem Simplified," which we will be glad to send upon request.

THERE IS A WAY to simplify your investment task: Instead of selecting one *specific* security for immediate investment as you have funds available, choose a *type* of security in which you can invest at any time with equal confidence no matter what conditions prevail.

If you have funds to invest we would like to correspond with you about Iowa Farm Mortgages, a form of investment both for the present and for the future, regardless of conditions.

H·B·ALLFREE, INC. IOWA FARM MORTGAGES **NEWTON, IOWA**

The Farm Mortgage as an Investment

Investor's Service Bureau
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue New York

A pamphlet giving some reasons for the popularity of farm mortgages among experienced investors will be sent, upon receipt of 2c. postage, to any reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

7% BONDS ISSUED BY CITIES OF CALIFORNIA

For the Improvement of Streets

Write for Circular S 11 and Prices

OAKLAND STREET IMPROVEMENT BOND CO.
Hall & Jennison, Oakland, California

An Investment Rule Without an Exception

A rule practically without exception is to invest (1) so that the principal is safe and (2) so that the income is as great as safety will permit.

Our 6% farm mortgages and 7% city mortgages conform to this rule. During the 20 years that we have been in this business no client has sustained a loss.

Write for our booklet, "Safe Investments."

R.O.CULP & CO.
MORTGAGE LOANS AND INVESTMENTS
TEMPLE, TEXAS

Our Introduction To Scribner Readers

As a means of introducing to you our investment offerings and our service, may we send you a copy of our booklet entitled

"Convenient Investments That Return the Highest Profit with Safety."

This is a compilation of facts, figures, maps and illustrations of aid and interest to conservative investors.

Bankers' Loan & Securities Co., Inc.
CAPITAL $ 1,500,000
New Orleans, Louisiana

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IOWA

First Farm Mortgage and Tax Free Municipal Bonds

Partial Payment Plan if Desired

Denominations

$50 — $100 — $500 — $1000

Absolute safety of principal combined with attractive earning capacity. Iowa leads all states in value of her live stock and farm crops. First state "Over the Top" in Third Liberty Loan drive. Iowa First Farm Mortgage and Municipal Bonds are acceptable as collateral in all financial circles. Their soundness is unquestionable. Send for

FREE BOOK—Iowa Investments No. 13A

Bankers Mortgage Company

Authorized Capital $2,000,000

Des Moines Iowa

A Savings Bank Investment

For Individual Investors

Many savings banks invest their deposits in Maxwell Farm Mortgages. You may invest in the same safe securities and earn 6%.

Write for our booklet, "INVESTORS SERVICE TESTED FOR 47 YEARS."

MAXWELL INVESTMENT CO.

Established 1871 Kansas City, Missouri

WE SELL 6% TEXAS FARM MORTGAGES

and guarantee principal and interest. For 32 years we have protected every client. Inquiries solicited.

THE W. C. BELCHER LAND MORTGAGE CO.

Incorporated 1885. Capital & Surplus $350,000

FORT WORTH TEXAS

Financial Situation, continued from page 50

states; reports which, whether well-grounded or not, would at least have fitted into the logic of the situation. Even in the old state of Russia, the torso of a shattered and dismembered political organism, the Germans appeared to dominate by alternating cajolery and threats. The vague talk by the Bolshevik leaders, of armed resistance to the pretensions of the Teutonic invaders, was framed in no more antagonistic a spirit than their sullen threats of action against the Entente Allies, if any effort were to be made by them to protect from German seizure the northern and far eastern ports of Russia with their magazines of munitions—supplied by the Allies, and for which the present Russian Government had refused to pay, now or hereafter. Regarding even these political figure-heads in the government of old Russia, the question again repeatedly asserted itself, whether the Trotzskys and Lenines were actually paid agents of the German Government, modern Benedict Arnolds who had undertaken to achieve the betrayal of their country through packed political assemblages instead of through personal surrender of a fortress, or whether they were merely fanatics of the social revolution who had been used as blind and foolish instruments by the German autocracy.

Germany's Napoleonic Dream

Considered from the view-point of seemingly existing facts, a survey of the whole of Europe gave a sufficiently gloomy picture. What basis was there or is there, then, for confidence in the outcome by the financial markets of the Allies? Primarily, it may be answered, the conviction in sober minds that enslavement of the continent of Europe by a brutal and cynical despotism could not possibly be permanent in the twentieth century, without the complete subduing of the people's individual will and aspiration.

Nothing that has happened on either eastern or western front represents so complete a conquest as was embodied in the achievements of Napoleon after 1805. Not even the placing of German or Austrian archdukes on the thrones of the Finlands and Lithuanias of to-day could match the series of exploits which created the kingdom of Holland for one brother of the conqueror of that earlier period, put another brother on the throne of Spain, made a brother-in-law King of Naples, and tore from the hands of Prussia nearly half her territory to create for a third brother a kingdom of Westphalia. We are told in all narratives of the present Prussian court that the Kaiser's son, the Crown Prince of the empire, is an industrious collector of Napoleonic relics and an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon's career. It is wholly in character that a member of the present imperial family should give a higher place in his personal regard to the soldier who crushed the Prussia of 1806, stripped her of political independence, and forced her subjects into the French army, than to Prussian statesmen of the period, the Hardenbergs and Steins, who or-

Financial Situation, continued on page 54

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5½% FIRST LIEN FARM MORTGAGES 6%

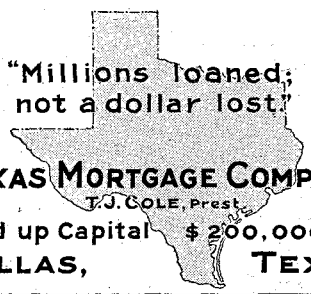
The mortgages we offer investors are *first liens* on farms in the "Black Waxy Belt" of Texas.

A bound and illustrated book, just received from the press, entitled

INVESTING

presents some important facts which you as an investor should know. We would be glad to have you read this book.

For a free copy write us on your business stationery



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Paid up Capital $200,000.00
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INVESTMENTS EXEMPT FROM DISTURBANCES

Regardless of disturbances which the unknown future holds, funds which you invest in farm mortgages will not be adversely affected. The very basis on which we negotiate farm loans exempts them from disturbances slight or serious.

"The Great Wheat Way"
"Farm Mortgages as Investments"

present interesting investment facts about our loan territory. Write for these booklets and for a list of our 6% Kansas and Oklahoma First Farm Mortgage Investments.

THE FARM MORTGAGE TRUST CO.
TOPEKA KANSAS

Farm Mortgage Loans

Carefully selected and conservatively made in the best agricultural sections of

Kansas and Oklahoma

by one of the oldest farm loan companies in this part of the country. This business was established in 1872 by L. U. Humphrey, later Governor of Kansas. Write for booklet and list.

The Humphrey Investment Co.
Farm Loans
Independence, Kansas
McAlester, Oklahoma

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 726. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. LAWRENCE, KANSAS

Farm Mortgages and Land Bonds

For a quarter of a century our First Mortgages on improved Middle Western Farms have been in demand by conservative investors and large corporations. Not a dollar has been lost.

SIX PER CENT NET

Our Mortgages and Land Bonds net investors 6% and range in denominations from $100 up. Each investment secured by a cultivated farm worth several times amount of loan.

We would like to explain our method of "Personal" Service. Write for *Circular S* 78 and send for last copy of "Investograph," our monthly Investment Digest.

GOLD-STABECK CO.
FARM MORTGAGES—MUNICIPAL BONDS
MINNEAPOLIS • • • MINNESOTA

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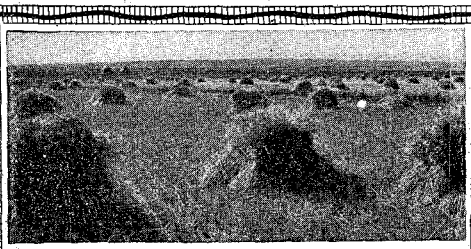

AN OLD COMPANY;
A NEW ADVERTISER

FOR 30 YEARS we have served our investment clients with *three types* of securities, all of *one class*. Our securities will be explained and our services offered to readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE through a series of advertisements of which this is the first.

The one class of investments we offer are those secured by first mortgages on productive farms.

The three types of securities are (1) individual farm mortgages; (2) farm land bonds which are integral parts of large mortgages; (3) collateral trust bonds secured by mortgages deposited with a trustee.

Denominations from $100 *upward.*

If you are an investor write for literature describing our securities.

VERMONT LOAN & TRUST CO.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT (*Address nearest Office*) SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

THE QUESTION OF
INTEREST

There is often a great difference between the promised profit and the actual yield from a speculation. The promise of 6% *fulfilled* is better than the anticipation of 10% *unrealized*.

Investors in our 6% farm mortgages have, without exception, received their interest when due.

If you have saved $100 or more you should send for our booklet,

"Investing for Safety and Profit"

LIBERTY TRUST COMPANY

FORREST C COCHRAN - Pres
CAPITAL - - - $ 250,000
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Financial Situation, continued from page 52

ganized the Prussian people in the darkest of those earlier days of foreign subjugation, and ended by providing the army which completed the victory at Waterloo a few years later.

Can Europe Be Subjugated?

WHATEVER may have happened to the Prussian people, the Prussian Government and rulers are manifestly bent on rolling back European civilization beyond even the first decade of the nineteenth century. But the European people outside of Prussia have moved very far along the road of political consciousness and political aspiration in the intervening hundred years. The comment even of an Imperialist German newspaper on the Eastern exploits of the German Government is that "we have learned in the last four years that only actuality rules in diplomacy." The apology of the Vice-Chancellor at Berlin for the bullying of the Ukraine Rada by General Eichhorn was that this Prussian officer had been led to apprehend a possible "Sicilian vespers" for the benefit of the intruding Germans and at the hands of the Ukraine people. This was sufficiently frank confession of a tyrant's sense of his own insecurity.

What form the uprising against the invaders may be expected eventually to take depends on many circumstances not yet unfolded. But the financial markets are manifestly basing their present attitude on the belief (which they equally held in 1806 and 1809) that a political structure of this sort, built up by an insolent military autocrat, is a house of cards whose inevitable collapse is likely to lead the way to his. In the meantime the campaign on the western front is of a kind which Napoleon never had to confront until Leipsic and Waterloo, and, with American reinforcements coming forward at the present rate, time is playing heavily on the side of the Allies.

That restoration of national rights and civilized intercourse of states can come only with the defeat of Germany is at present the unmistakable conviction not only of political leaders but of financial markets. Plans and discussions on all such markets, outside of the Central Powers, pivot on the aggressive continuance of the war until its purposes are achieved. How greatly the situation is changed in this regard from that of a year or two ago, may be judged from the absence of any response on the stock exchanges to the occasional rumors of "peace overtures" such as used to stir the financial depths in 1915 and 1916. No one is discussing the probable condition of things after return of peace. The stock-market itself rises or falls, far less according to its like or dislike of the financial burdens imposed to carry on the war than according as it sees evidence that our own part of the programme is being conducted with greater or less efficiency. In common with the governments, the markets are frankly recognizing that, in President Wilson's words, the only thing that now counts is to win the war.

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THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Exchange Members and What They Do

By William W. Craig

IN some respects the New York Stock Exchange resembles a club, although the comparison applies to superficial details alone. Like a club, the Exchange is a voluntary association whose applicants for membership are passed upon by a committee after a fortnight of scrutiny of their character and business qualities. As in a club the members pay annual dues of $100 a year, in addition to an initiation fee, and in return they enjoy the privileges and facilities of the building at Wall and Broad Streets. Here the likeness ceases.

The social features of the club, its real purpose, is replaced on the Stock Exchange by business opportunities. The lines drawn by family or wealth, so frequently noted in the exclusive club, are not present on the Exchange, where honesty, skill, judgment, and quickness in buying and selling securities are the passports to high standing, and caste counts not at all.

It is possible that a few of the 1,100 members hold their "seats" merely because of a certain business prestige which is received from them, but the great majority of memberships are owned for the income to be made from their possession. The active broker uses his seat, or privilege to buy and sell, for the commissions he may make; the banking-house with a Stock Exchange membership owns it for the commissions it may save. That is, the banking-house, because it has the right of a partner on the floor, is in position to handle securities for customers without paying out a commission or, at the most, by paying a relatively small fee if a broker outside the firm is engaged to execute orders.

The present brokerage commission is established at not less than $12.50 for buying 100 shares of stock whose price is more than $10 a share and $6.25 per hundred if the market value is less than $10 a share. The same commission applies to sales, but these charges are in effect only between members and non-members. If one member, or member-firm, engages an-

Continued on page 56

We are issuing a circular describing interesting possibilities in the stock of an industrial corporation

The 1917 net earnings of this Corporation exceeded five times its dividend requirements.

Investments in this offering may be made through us either outright or on the partial payment plan.

Current conditions and probable future developments deserve investigation.

Write for descriptive circular

HERRICK & BENNETT

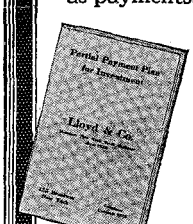
Members New York Stock Exchange

66 Broadway, New York

PARTIAL PAYMENT INVESTMENT

Monthly Investment of $25, $50 and Up

THESE sums may be applied on the purchase of seasoned dividend-paying stocks following a moderate deposit. For instance, $100 down would purchase 5 shares of Southern Pacific Railroad to yield at prevailing quotations around 7%. The balance would be paid in installments of $25 per month. Quarterly dividends of $7.50 each would be credited as payments.



Ultimate Ownership of Prime Securities

Upon completion of payments for the 5 shares of Southern Pacific, the investor would own outright securities worth at present around $415 and paying $30 annually.

Write for our booklet "Investing Your Monthly Savings" explaining the partial payment plan in detail.

LLOYD & CO.

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE SINCE 1879

135 BROADWAY - - - NEW YORK

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A New Era Dawning for Railroads

In the dawning of this new era, there are several important questions for investors to consider before they either buy or sell railroad securities, and these questions are answered in an article appearing in our fortnightly publication

Securities Suggestions

Numbers eight and nine of this publication, which currently discusses leading developments in the financial world, also contain comprehensive articles on the following subjects:

The Present Status of the Steels
The Ohio Cities Gas Company
Position of Standard Oil Pipe Lines
The Willys-Overland Company
The Part Payment Plan

To get these free booklets, write for 16-K

R. C. MEGARGEL & CO.
Established 1901
Members New York & Chicago Stock Exchanges
27 PINE STREET NEW YORK

Thrift Higher Up

Thrift should not be confined to wage earners and those on small salaries.

Everyone receiving a regular income should save.

Can you save $50 a month?

Buy a $1,000 bond or 10 shares of some good investment stock on the Partial Payment Plan and gain an effective spur toward systematic saving.

Send for Booklet B-17
"The Partial Payment Plan."

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots

Main Office, 61 Broadway, N. Y.

New York, N. Y. **Bronx, N. Y.**
Newark, N. J. **Brooklyn, N. Y.**

Members New York Stock Exchange

Continued from page 55

other member to buy or sell stock, the commission is $2 per hundred shares, with an additional fee of $1.12 for each hundred shares if the stock is received or delivered by the latter. The same charges apply to the purchase or sale of $10,000 par value of bonds.

The indication here given that there are Stock Exchange brokers for the public and also brokers for other brokers suggests that the work of the members is diversified. There are, in fact, no less than seven classes of members, excluding another class which seldom if ever takes an active part in the business on the floor. There is the member who, as partner in a firm, executes the orders sent in from his office and nothing more. There is the "$2 broker," who fills the orders of fellow members, whose work is limited to this field unless he engages in speculation for his own account.

The "specialists" form another group. A specialist elects to handle business in a limited number of stocks, filling buying and selling orders for his colleagues on the floor. Then comes the member who handles "odd lots" of stocks and is, in a way, separated from his fellows. The odd-lot firm acts as a dealer and not as a broker on commission. The Exchange member representing such a house buys fractional amounts of stock as they are offered and sells full units of 100 shares each against an accumulation of small purchases. On the reverse side, the dealer sells odd lots as his customers directs and buys in full units against sales. In other words he is constantly trading against his commitments. Like the specialist, the odd-lot dealer acts as the agent between the commission broker and the market. There is another group who devote nearly all their time to orders in bonds, acting in part as specialists in particular issues.

The five different alignments of Exchange members mentioned comprise those whose activities are of direct importance, considered in the light of the public's relation to the market. They work the machinery which enables the public to buy and sell at the best advantage. It should be said in passing, however, that business on the Stock Exchange itself forms in frequent cases only a single department of the operations of a Stock

Continued on page 58

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COAL—LABOR

Coal production and not coal transportation is the national problem this year. Scarcity of labor requires greater use of machinery.

The best coal mining machinery is made by the

Sullivan Machinery Co.

This company was organized in 1850 and pays dividends of $10 per share.

The company has no bonds or preferred stock and earned $62 per share last year.

In normal times prosperity is assured by old established agencies in seventeen foreign countries. In proof of this: In 1913 the company paid an extra dividend of 10%.

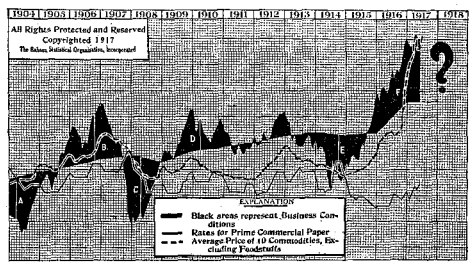
Full Particulars on Request

Earnest E. Smith & Co.

Specialists in New England Securities

52 Devonshire Street, Boston

Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges



Run your business on *facts*—not chance

You never needed *facts* about market conditions as you do today. Babson Reports are a reliable index to commodity buying, and the business trend. Babson Service is a safe guide for investors.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars sent free. Write Dept. H-4a of

Babson's Statistical Organization

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Largest Organization of its Character in the World

THE SCRIBNER POCKET INVESTMENT SERIES

This series consists of a number of short booklets presenting information on various subjects helpful to investors. Current titles include:

How to Invest
What Is the Stock Exchange?
Bonds and the Investor
The Investment Position of Municipal Bonds
Our Foreign Bond Holdings
Partial Payment Investments
The Farm Mortgage as an Investment
The Farmer Must Be Financed

These booklets are sent upon request accompanied by 2 cents postage.

Investor's Service Bureau
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue New York

MUNICIPAL BONDS

For Discriminating Investors

No form of an investment to-day is more sound, or desirable. Our new booklet, "The Investment Position of Municipal Bonds," tells you why. A copy, together with information regarding present attractive issues yielding 5% to 5¾%, furnished upon request.

STACY & BRAUN
INVESTMENT BONDS

Second National Bank Building, Toledo
New York Cincinnati

SAFETY AND SALEABILITY

Because of their extreme safety, Municipal Bonds have a quick sale in both good and bad times and are subject to very slight market fluctuations.

In *"The Ideal Investment"* we have explained, briefly and simply, seventeen facts about Municipal Bonds which every investor should know. May we send you a copy?

MUNICIPAL BONDS
KAUFFMAN-SMITH-EMERT
INVESTMENT COMPANY
ST. LOUIS MISSOURI

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THE
STEEL
STOCKS

We have prepared an exhaustive table showing the relative position of the 16 leading steel companies.

Special Circular SM-30
Sent on request.

E. W. Wagner & Co.
Members New York Stock Exchange
33 New Street New York

A MANUAL FOR STOCK AND BOND INVESTORS

If you contemplate investment in stocks or bonds our manual, a book of 272 pages, giving current statistics, price range, dividend record and a brief history of all standard issues, both active and inactive, will aid you in your selection.

Write for the July issue

JOHNSON & WOOD
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
AYMAR JOHNSON J. FLETCHER SHERA
CHALMERS WOOD, JR. VICTOR S. BYRON
111 BROADWAY · · · NEW YORK

INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may consult our Financial Department for information regarding their investments.

We do not prophesy the future of the speculative market or make decisions for our readers, but we do furnish relevant information to assist investors.

Inquiries should be addressed to the

Investor's Service Bureau
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue New York

Continued from page 56

Exchange firm. There are houses which assist in underwriting stock or bond issues of corporations whose securities are not dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and dealings in securities of this class supply a very large part of the general market. Some Stock Exchange firms specialize in government, municipal, and corporation bonds, which may or may not be on the Exchange; others pay attention to stocks and bonds whose primary markets are outside of New York.

Before the war ended international transactions in securities by cable, the "arbitrageur" was a skilful and usually successful member of the Stock Exchange. He sought to seize a profit by taking advantage of price differences for the same stocks at the same time on the London, Paris, or Amsterdam markets and the market at New York. Rapid transmission of orders by cable enabled him to buy at one price in a foreign market, say, and sell the same stock a few seconds later at a higher price in New York.

The seventh class of broker, the floor trader, is a free-lance, working for himself. His thoughts and energies are centred on the sensing of price tendencies for the profit which may be taken by quick buying and selling. He may buy and sell from 5,000 to 10,000 shares or more of stock in a single day and have no commitments outstanding when the market closes. His principal interest to the public lies in the fact that frequently in periods of dulness it is the floor trader whose willingness to take chances supplies a market for particular stocks where dealings would be light were it not for his presence.

The value of a Stock Exchange membership fluctuates, naturally, in accordance with the state of business in securities. The current price of about $53,000 indicates that bidders reckon that the income which a membership would bring in warrants the investment of this sum, just as the price of $95,000 in 1906 reflected a greater degree of prosperity on the board that year than in 1918. The full membership of 1,100 is always represented by seats outstanding, although it is estimated that no more than 600 members are active on the floor. There are 450 Stock Exchange firms domiciled in New York and about 132 out-of-town firms which hold seats.

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A WET DAY IN THE SOMME COUNTRY, 1917.

From the painting in water-color by Charles Hoffbauer, sergeant in the French army, reproduced here in color for the first time by permission of the owner, Enrico Caruso.

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Painted by John da Costa.

THE NEW FOURTH OF JULY, 1918.

United after nearly a century and a half.

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